

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND★

October

ARE
MOVIE
STARS
GOOD
SPORTS?

by
**ALICE
MARBLE**

NOW
10¢

in England

DETTE
BERT

Now Tyrone Power and Annabella
Stay Romantic Though Married!
ALL FASHIONS BY DEANNA DURBIN, PRISCILLA LANE


**ALL THAT 'I AM A FUGITIVE' OFFERED
AGAIN IN THIS
FIRST BLAZING STORY
OF AMERICA'S
MIGRATORY WORKERS!**

**JOHN GARFIELD
AND
PRISCILLA LANE**

*Triumphantly Teamed in the First
Big Starring Picture of Their Own*

"DUST BE MY DESTINY"

with
ALAN HALE
Frank McHugh • Billy Halop
Directed by **LEWIS SEILER**
Screen Play by Robert Rossen
From a Novel by Jerome Odlum



From the flaming pages of the novel that shocked its way to world fame, Warner Bros. have screamingly screened the heart-and-soul story of a nation's lost generation—the migratory workers . . . of a boy and girl searching for the grapes of happiness, battling alone against the wrath of a violent destiny. Watch for it! See it! Everyone's calling it 1939's Academy Award drama!



Her trim tennis dress first drew his eye but it was her smile that won him completely!

Your smile is your own priceless possession! Guard it with Ipana and Massage!

Sleeveless tennis dress of white piqué with zipper closing and brief, contrasting bolero.



Don't take chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage helps to promote healthier gums, brighter smiles!

A "LITTLE GIRL" tennis dress, snowy-white against sun-bronzed skin, can stop almost any man's glance. But it takes a bright and sunny smile to hold him for keeps!

Not even perfect style sense can win for the girl who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush." For a dull, pathetic smile soon discounts other charms.

Avoid this tragic neglect. Remember no other aid to charm is more important than care of your teeth and gums. For on them depends the beauty of your smile.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If *your* tooth brush shows a tinge of "pink," it's your cue to *see your dentist at once!* It may not mean anything serious. Often, he will

tell you that your gums have become lazy from lack of vigorous chewing—and you can frequently blame our modern soft-food menus for *that*. And, like so many other modern dentists, he's likely to advise "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens in lazy, weakened gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. See how much Ipana and massage can help you to have brighter teeth, healthier gums, and a lovely, winning smile.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

NEXT MONTH!

READ

Exclusive Story of HOLLYWOOD'S MOST AMAZING ROMANCE!

It's incredible! It's fantastic! "They said" it would never happen. But it's TRUE!

Hollywood's most mysterious star has fallen in love! She is a great artiste, who has won the world's acclaim—but of all the screen's glamorous personalities she has had the most tragic love-life. Everything else has come to her in abundance by reason of her terrific talent: a huge fortune, artistic triumph, the independence to live her own life as she chooses; but never a great and lasting love. Now she has found it, and it looks like the real thing!

You may guess right now the identity of the great star. But you would never guess the identity of the man who apparently is giving her life new meaning. So you'd better be sure to get the next issue of The Smart Screen Magazine, which will tell you the fascinating story.

Also in the November Issue:

LESLIE HOWARD AND THE LADIES!

Ever since "Pygmalion" the smooth and suave Mr. Howard has been the attractive subject of feminine discussion—and argument! In our next issue he turns the tables and talks—about women. We believe our men readers will want to know what he thinks and says; we KNOW the ladies won't miss a word!

PAUL C. HUNTER, PUBLISHER

NOVEMBER SCREENLAND IS ON SALE
OCTOBER 1ST

October, 1939

Vol. XXXIX, No. 6

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Cover Portrait of Claudette Colbert by
Eugene Robert Richee, Paramount

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135 WOMEN
with nothing on
their minds

BUT MEN

Out of the boudoir...on to the screen! See women as they don't see themselves! Dowagers and debutantes! Chorines and mannequins! Countesses and cowgirls! See them in cold cream and mud packs! In smart boudoirs and sleek salons! See them with their hair down and their claws out! See 135 of them biting, kicking, scratching and kissing in the most hilarious Battle Over Men ever screened!



**NORMA
SHEARER**

**JOAN
CRAWFORD**

**ROSALIND
RUSSELL**

The Women

(AND IT'S ALL ABOUT MEN!)

*Biggest All-Star Cast in Years in the Hit Stage
Play Broadway Cheered For A Solid Season!*

with **MARY BOLAND · PAULETTE GODDARD · PHYLLIS POVAH
JOAN FONTAINE · VIRGINIA WEIDLER · LUCILE WATSON**

From the Play by CLARE BOOTHE

By Arrangement with Max Gordon Plays & Pictures Corp.

Screen Play by ANITA LOOS and JANE MURFIN

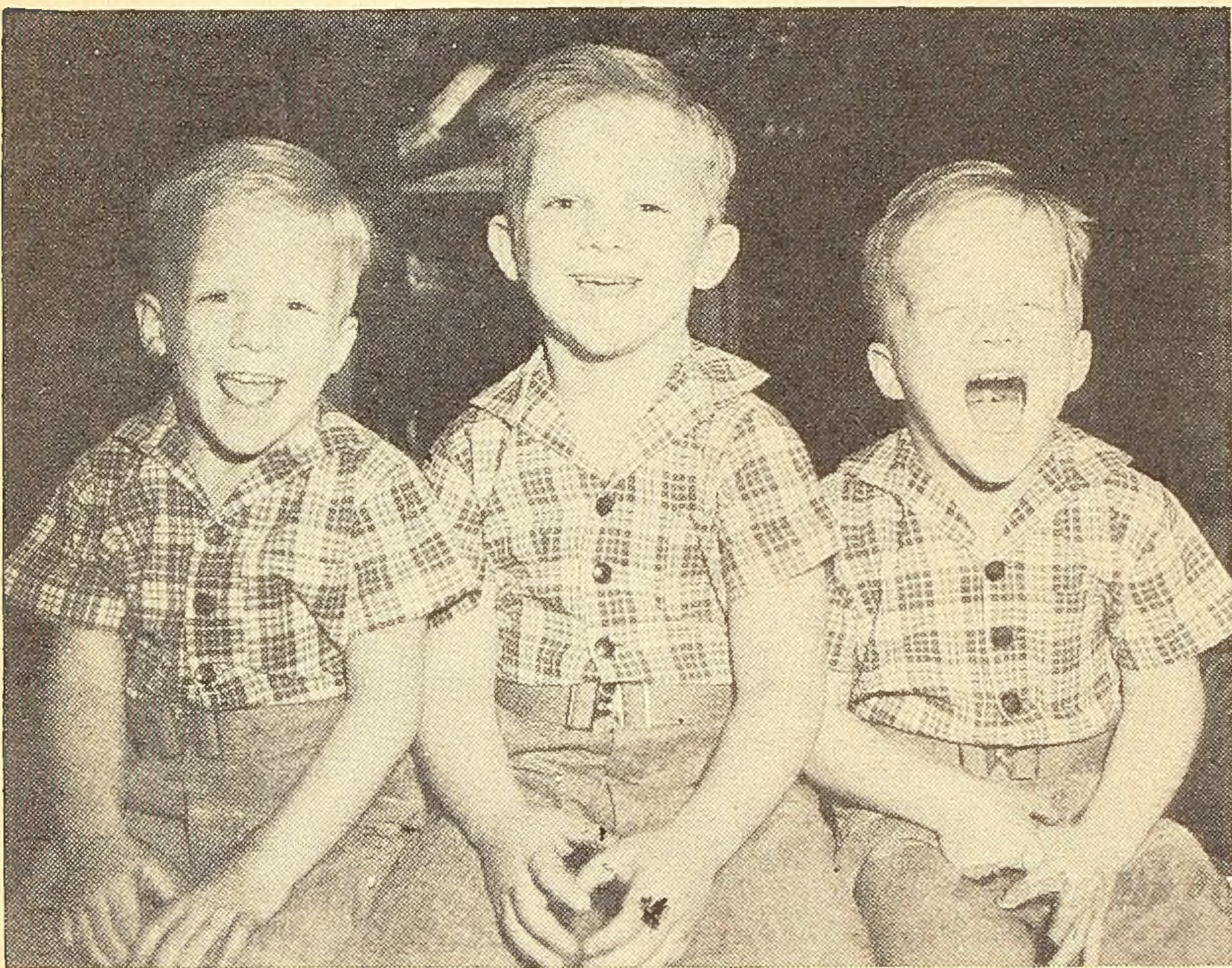
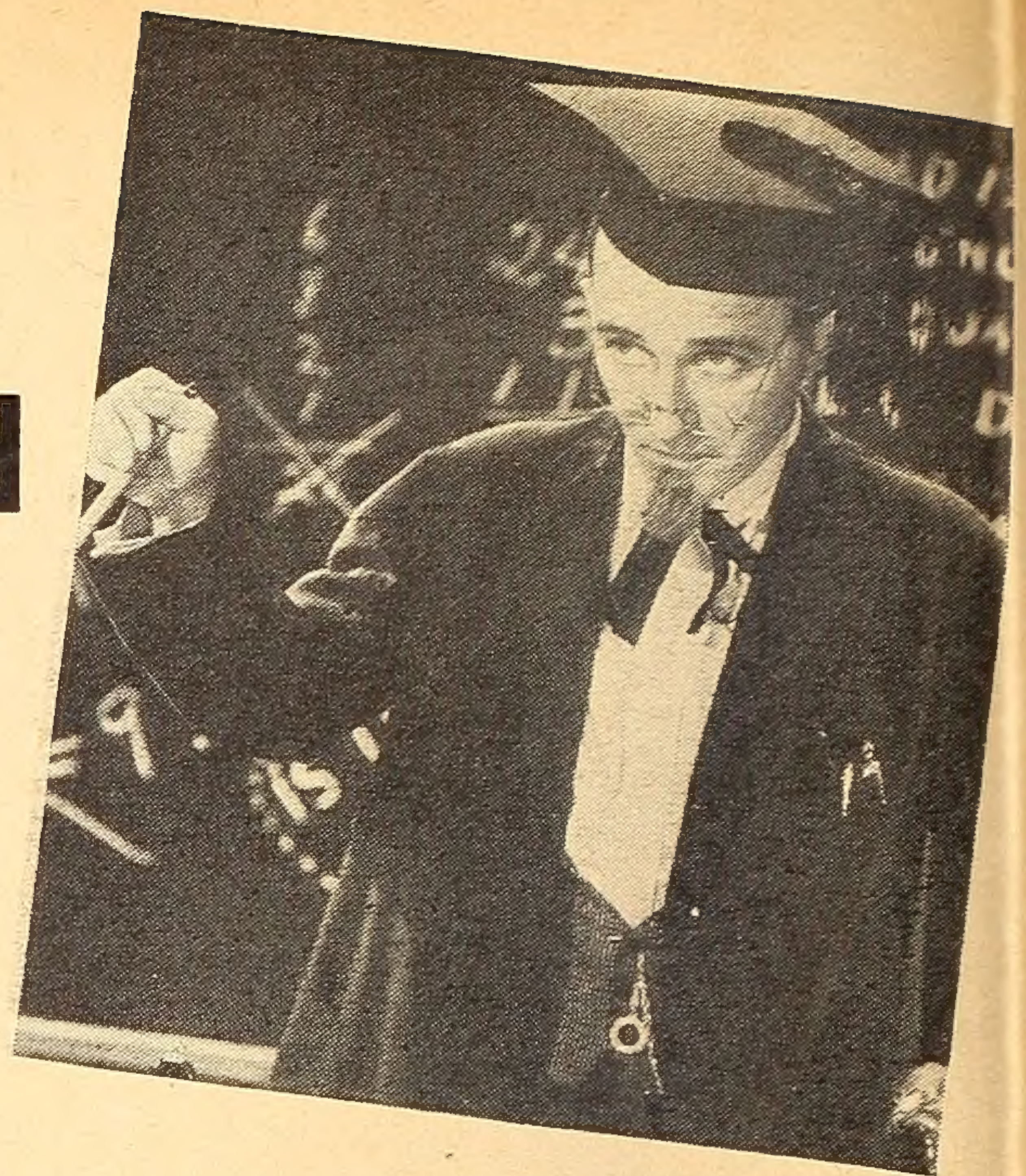
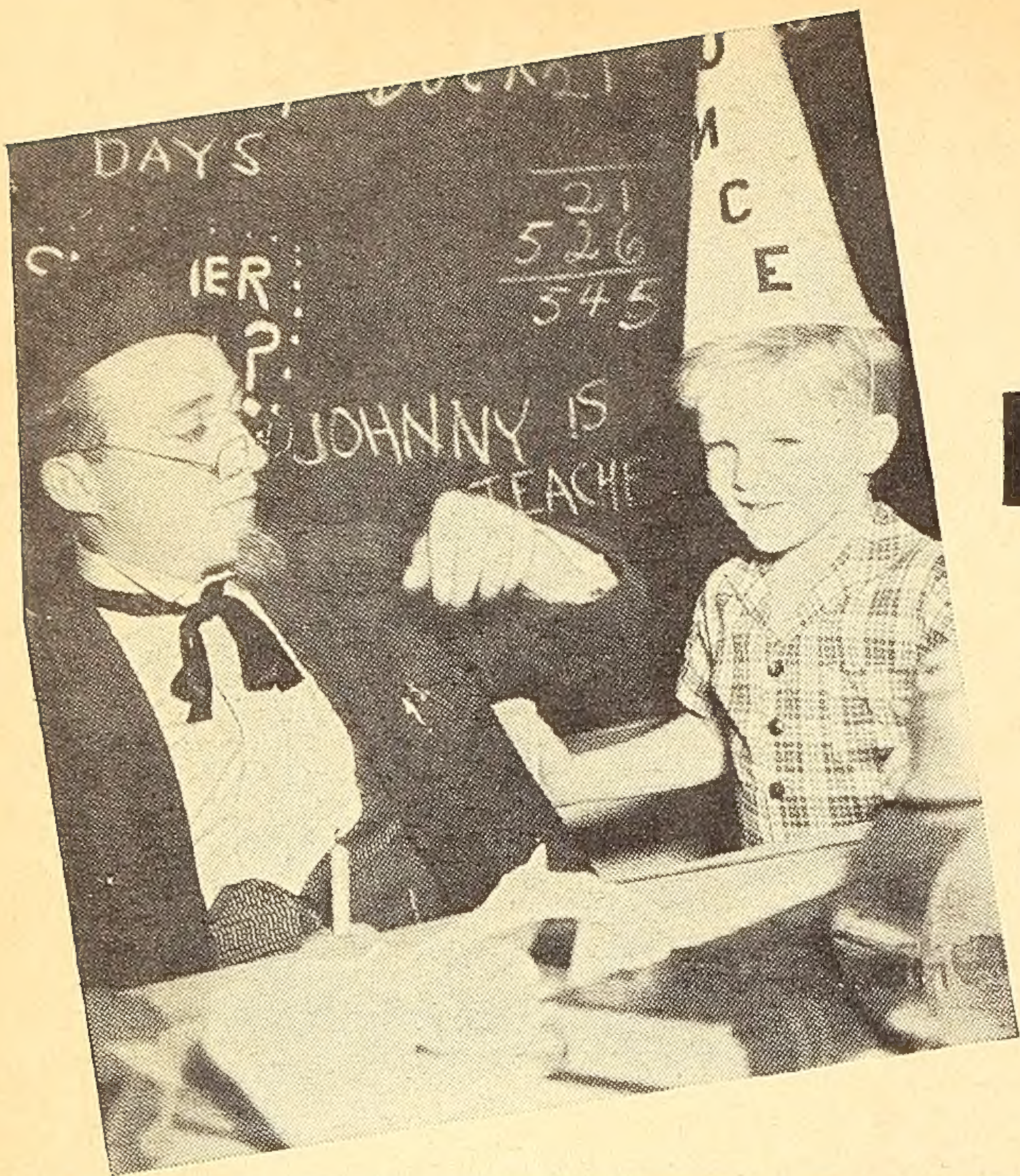
Directed by GEORGE CUKOR · Produced by HUNT STROMBERG
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



ONE-ROUND RUSSELL AND GO-GET-'EM GODDARD IN THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY

Hot from Hollywood

**Last Minute
News Notes From
The Film Front**



THE other day Barbara Stanwyck quietly walked into a Hollywood store and picked out a baby buggy. She was trying to be as inconspicuous as possible. That only increased the tension. Bob Taylor a father! Before the vision begins to overwhelm you, listen carefully. I investigated, and there is no Taylor heir en route. Barbara was merely playing the fairy god-mother once again. She'd heard that an electrician on her picture couldn't afford to buy a baby buggy for his new child, so she sent him one anonymously. Of course this is an habitual action with Barbara. She never encloses her card, either. Maybe when she was a poor orphan she always wished that a miraculous present would just drop out of the air for her.

THE Joan Crawford-Charlie Martin romance continues to be a pet Hollywood topic. So many women here can't see how Joan could be so intrigued with a man so much younger than she is. The good-looking Charlie is only twenty-four. And then there are the gals who say if they were in Joan's shoes they'd find a devoted youthful beau exactly the answer. Some of the village cats meow that his name is really Charlie Wiener. The successful scenario writer who is now Joan's constant escort has a lot in common with her in that only a short time ago he was a radio announcer in Brooklyn. Young sprouts in their early twenties, who have an eye for movie queens, take heart!

He's no dunce! The cap was put on Gary Evan, top, eldest Crosby son, in fun; and Professor Bing Crosby, himself. Above, how the Crosby kids, Gary Evan and twins Phillip and Dennis, react to scenes for Paramount's "The Star Maker;" they cut-up and bring "teacher" an apple.

IF YOU were Bella (Mrs. Paul) Muni the chief thing you'd have to put up with would be Paul's moods. He's always in one. When they're good he's very very stimulating. And vice versa. Lately Bella has been attempting to dispose of property. He's made a violent about-face in the little matter of owning a home of his own. He was an enthusiastic rancher until he marveled at the gorgeous panoramic view a costly sea cliff house offered. They spent fifty thousand dollars remodeling this secluded dream place, which was expensive to start with. A year of a superb view of the Pacific and Paul had another change of mind. He and Bella rented a small home near the studio, within walking distance. The ranch and the dream went on the market. They're still there at last report. But even a rented house was too great a strain. While making his new film drama Paul's been living in his studio dressing-room, while Bella has been staying with her brother and sister-in-law, the Abe Finkels. It'll be a New York address for the Munis for the winter, because he's actually found a play after four years' search. He'll return to the theatre in a Maxwell Anderson show.

THE Hawaiians are still buzzing over Ginger Rogers' vacationing there last month. Used to movie people, the islanders (of all races) were vastly amused at her disguise stunt. It garnered far more publicity than if she'd just arrived as herself. Ginger and Ruby Keeler took the boat trip together, Ruby as is, but Ginger beneath the brunette wig she affects whenever she wants to ditch her public. The thing actually does change her looks amazingly! You never guess who she is. That is, unless you look pretty closely, as a number of clever fellows did. From then on everyone who could read knew that Ginger was playing a Hollywood game.

YOU can't hold Judy Garland down now that she has a car of her very own. It was a birthday present, and her mother sprang it in the novel manner any girl would love. There was a ribbon which Judy had to follow from her bed, when she awoke. It led all through the house until, on the front porch, Judy found a tiny box. Inside were the keys to the car, which was hidden around another corner. She also will have a swimming pool, but she's acquiring it a harder way. She has a two-dollar-a-week allowance (how's that for economy for a gal who earns a thousand a week?) and she intends to pay off on the pool at the rate of a dollar-and-a-half per week. Her mother has advanced the necessary cash for the construction of the pool.

NOTES from a Hollywood Diary

By Lydia Allerdyce

99 kids and Bing . . . One of the most amusing sights in Hollywood recently has been the big set where Paramount has surrounded Bing Crosby with at least a hundred boys and girls, dancing and singing, and having a wonderful time helping him bring "The Star Maker", based on the life of Gus Edwards, to the screen. Bing believes the role of the star maker, the Broadway showman who made kids of old New York into the stars of today, is an even grander role than his famous "Sing You Sinners" triumph. We've seen some of the rushes and we agree about Bing, also about Linda Ware, discovered by Producer Rogers, who discovered Deanna Durbin. When she sings with Walter Damrosch and the entire Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra accompanying her, it is a great moment. Preview audiences have actually sung the old-time favorites in the picture—"School Days", "By The Light of the Silvery Moon", "I Can't Tell Why I Love You But I Do".



Miss America has a new Beau . . . Of course, we wouldn't want to give away any secrets about our age . . . but we do remember when we thrilled to Ronald Colman in the first "Beau Geste" some fifteen years ago. Well, Miss America has a new "Beau" now. Yes, all of you are going simply gaga about Gary Cooper in Paramount's new "Beau Geste". William A. Wellman has made the



really great picture of his career. And as that carefree, dashing soldier of the French Foreign Legion, Michael "Beau" Geste, Gary is terrific. Ray Milland, Robert Preston, whom you liked in "Union Pacific", play the two other Geste brothers. Brian Donlevy is the vicious Sergeant Markoff. Just to tell you how good this new "Beau Geste" is, I saw a screening of the old "Beau Geste" . . . and well, there's just no comparison . . . the new one is twice as thrilling.

Hollywood's newest glamour girl . . . Rumors 'round Hollywood that Paramount had the new child star sensation and was giving her, her picture debut in the new Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray starrer, "My Love For Yours", led us to do a little investigating. The rumors were true



all right. The little lady is Miss Carolyn Lee, and we can't rave enough about her after glimpsing her in "My Love For Yours". She plays the role of the little adopted daughter of a New York business woman (Miss Carroll) who manages by her child's faith in two grownups to show them the course of true love. You'll agree when you see Carolyn Lee that this is only the beginning of a great career in pictures for Paramount's newest little starlet.

More laurels for Laughton . . . With Charles Laughton once more a member of the Hollywood community, interest, of course, is high concerning that grand actor. So we were delighted to see Laughton's newest picture, "Jamaica Inn". Readers of the Daphne DuMaurier best seller will be delighted with director Alfred Hitchcock's treatment of this thrilling yarn. And Laughton fans will acclaim Laughton's finest role—the gentlemanly villain who paid his gaming debts with the loot of a crew of shore pirates. And Mayflower-Pommer Productions can be proud of bringing Maureen O'Hara, a charming and talented actress, to the screen.



Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Allerdyce, will play. Remember. If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.

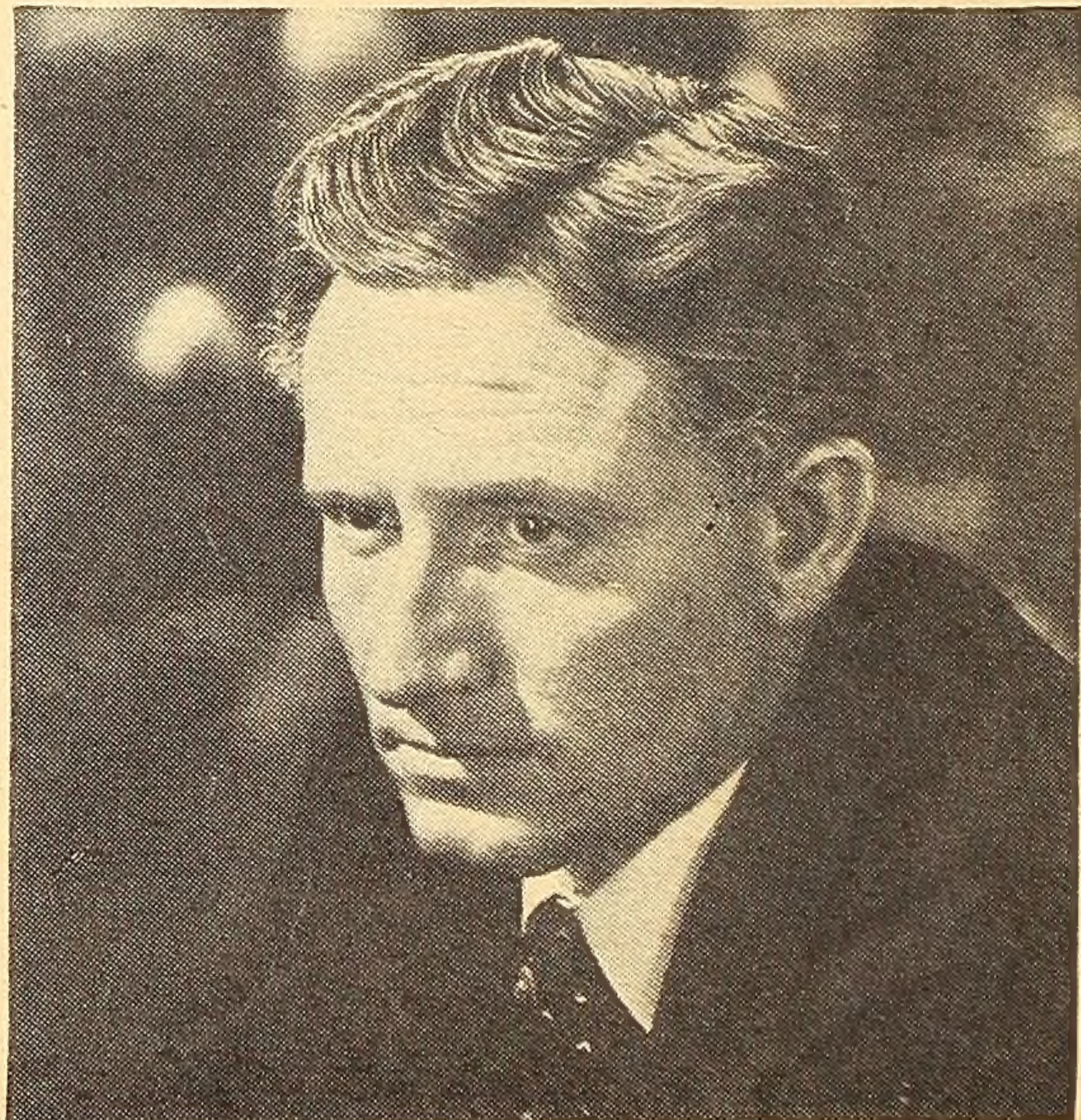
"STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE"



Screenland Honor Page

ALL honor to "Stanley and Livingstone," triumphant picturization of high adventure in darkest Africa—the heroic search of *Henry Stanley*, ace newspaper reporter, for *Dr. Livingstone*, missing missionary. It's excitingly staged and acted—and especially thrilling because much of it actually happened! You'll cheer Spencer Tracy's superb performance of *Stanley*, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke's inspired portrayal of *Dr. Livingstone*. A great show, for young and old.

Spencer Tracy as STANLEY gives another great performance—it's a habit! His best scene occurs when he faces a "jury" of skeptics who doubt that he ever found DR. LIVINGSTONE, despite his plea for tolerance. Right, a Tracy close-up. Left, a scene with Walter Brennan and Hardwicke. Top, just after STANLEY's historic words: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"





"You're absolutely right, madam, the new Listerine Tooth Paste fights decay better because of its marvelous power to penetrate and cleanse tiny defects in enamel where so much decay starts."



"I see that my youngster uses it because of the way Luster-Foam cleans the little pits in enamel that are so seldom reached otherwise," says Mrs. Maida Seyer, of City Island, N.Y.



"That marvelous Luster-Foam 'bubble bath' wakes up your whole mouth—and gets teeth cleaner and brighter so fast," says lovely Athalia Ponsell, famous New York model.

Let this new tooth paste with Luster-Foam give you a *million dollar smile!*

New Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth and brings luster in thrilling new way

What's the secret of this new dentifrice? Why does it make teeth so clean, so brilliant? Why do people who bought it as a trial, keep coming back for it? Why do we sell a million tubes a month?

The answer is Luster-Foam detergent... that amazing energizing agent found only in this dentifrice.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam's energy is released in a dainty, aromatic "bubble bath" of amazing penetrating

and spreading power. You have no idea of how clean, how fresh, it makes your mouth feel, how it brings out the highlights on the tooth enamel and super-cleans it.

It surges over and around the teeth, and even goes to work on hard-to-get-at areas with their pits, cracks, and fissures, where more than 75% of decay is estimated to start.

Start now using this dentifrice with Luster-Foam detergent. See in your mirror how it helps to brighten teeth, and to give them the luster you've always desired.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY

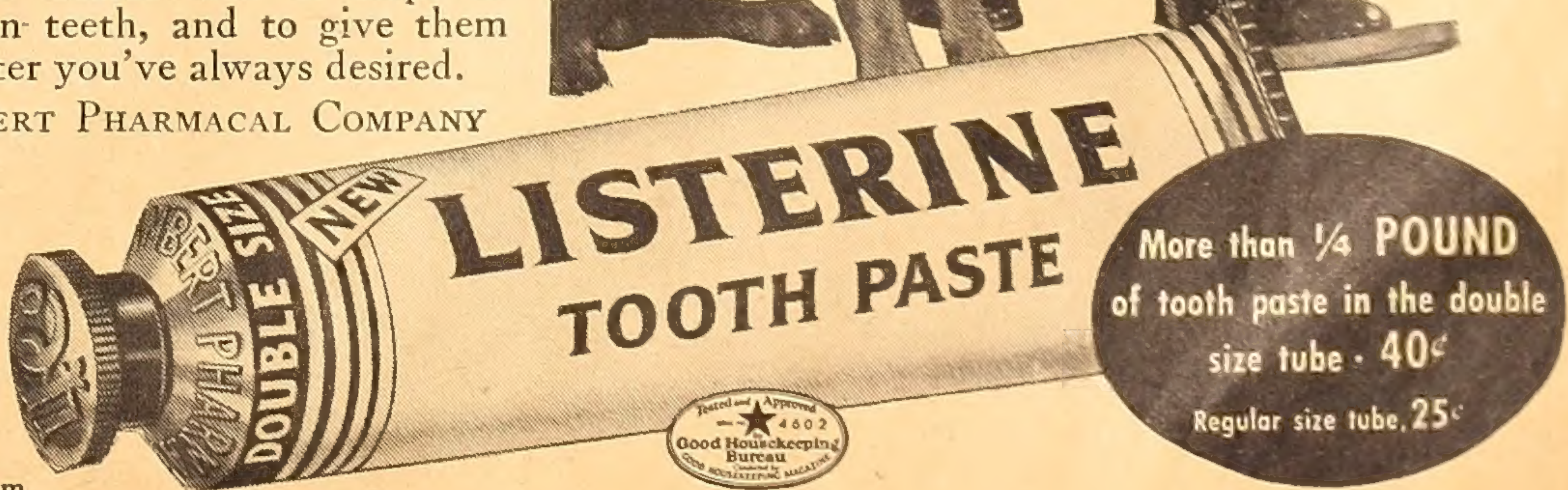


"Can't kid me! There's nothing like the new Listerine Tooth Paste for getting off tobacco stained films from teeth," opines Henry W. Herbert of New York, N. Y.

THE NEW FORMULA



P. S. Listerine Tooth Powder Also Contains Luster-Foam



More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube - 40¢
Regular size tube, 25¢

**"B-ettes solve
a most difficult
personal problem"**



**Internal
Sanitary
Protection**

No Odor, Belts, Pads or Pins

A nurse told Mrs. L—about B-ettes and suggested she try them. Now she finds this dainty *internal* method of sanitary protection a blessing every month—no pads, pins or belts and *no odor problem*. Invisible even under the sheerest gown—and so easily disposable!

Try B-ettes next time and you should never go back to older ways. Buy them at any drug or department store and pay *nothing extra for their many extra advantages*—25¢ for twelve, 10¢ for purse package of 4. Say "Bee-etts". Mail coupon below today for trial package.

**Based on letter in our files.*

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S-10

TAGGING the TALKIES

**Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53**

**The Man
in the
Iron
Mask**

**Edward
Small-
United
Artists**



A lavish, romantic spectacle has been filmed from Dumas' classic. The dual heirship to France's throne is settled by making one twin king and exiling the other. Louis Hayward subtly enacts the dual lead, differentiating between the two portrayals only by change of voice and mannerisms. Dashing sword play, dungeon brutality, gallops to the rescue, furnish thrills. Joan Bennett plays dark-haired *Maria Theresa*. Joseph Schildkraut, Warren William in cast.

**Frontier
Marshal**

**20th
Century-
Fox**



The story of the "wickedest" town in the old west—Tombstone, Arizona—is told in this bang-up western. Randolph Scott at his best as *Wyatt Earp*, sheriff who brings law and order to Tombstone, and Cesar Romero does justice to a good rôle—*Doc Holliday*, most-feared man. Binnie Barnes is exceptionally good as the dance hall queen, and Nancy Kelly plays *Doc's* faithful sweetheart. A good picture which captures the bawdy atmosphere of early western camps.

**The Mag-
nificent
Fraud**

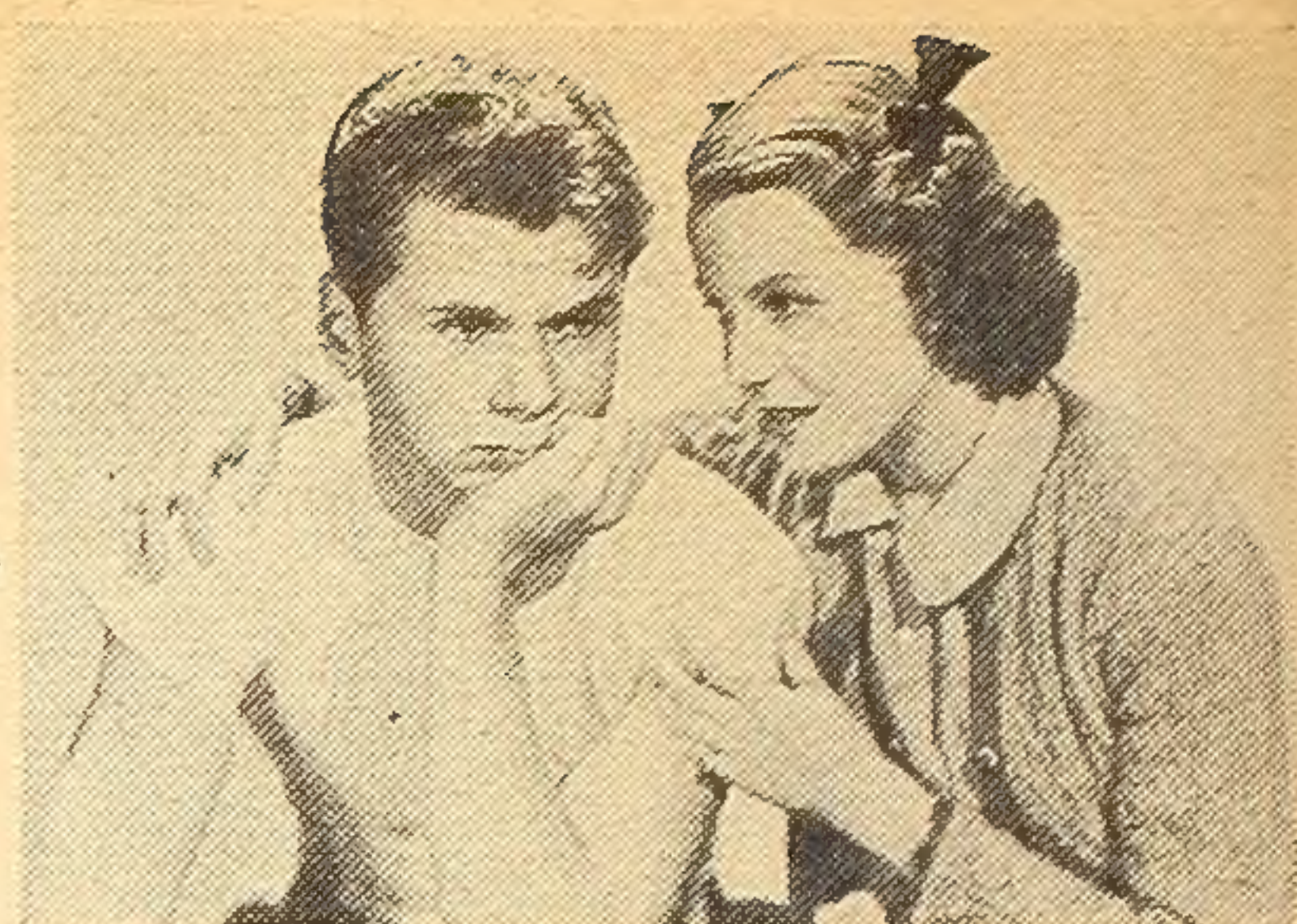
Paramount



An amazing deception which takes place in a mythical South American republic when an actor impersonates the dictator, who's been killed by an assassin's bomb, in order to obtain a ten million dollar loan. Akim Tamiroff, ace character actor, plays the dual stellar rôle with great skill. Love scenes between Lloyd Nolan, the dictator's right-hand man, and Patricia Morison are torrid. Steffi Duna's a native solo dancer. Ideal picture for sophisticated audiences.

**What A
Life!**

Paramount



The every-day troubles of a school boy are told in this cute story. If, in your high school days, you knew a boy like *Henry* or your luck ran like his does, you'll understand what a life *Henry* leads. Jackie Cooper gives an outstanding performance as the blundering, bewildered kid who's always getting into trouble. He manages to get into a first-class jam when he wants to take a girl (cute Betty Field) to the school prom. All others in cast are good.

**Andy
Hardy
Gets
Spring
Fever**

M-G-M



The seventh of the popular "Hardy" series turns out to be the best to date. This one is concerned with the love of an adolescent schoolboy for his teacher. *Andy*, jilted by a teen-age sweetheart, falls in love with his dramatic teacher, played by Helen Gilbert, a charming, capable newcomer. The comedy's very funny and human, and Mickey Rooney does a swell job as the love-sick *Andy*. Lewis Stone as *Judge Hardy* and *Hardy* family members lend fine support.

**Indian-
apolis
Speed-
way**

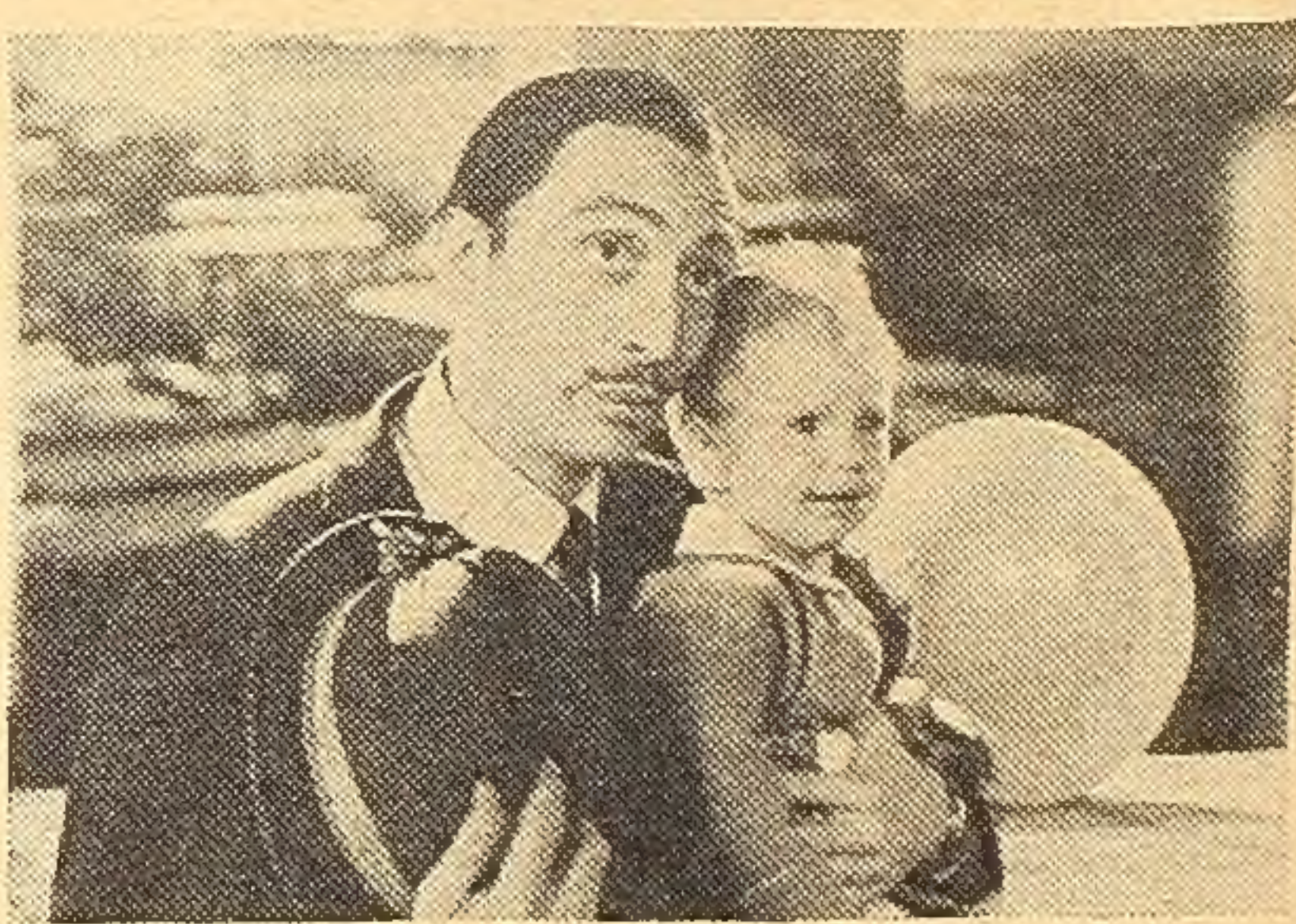
Warners



An action film built around the thrills and heartbreaks of auto racing. Famous racer *Joe Greer* (Pat O'Brien) tries to keep brother *Eddie* (John Payne) from the game, but fails. They split because of Ann Sheridan and in a brother vs. brother race, a friend, Frank McHugh, is killed, unnerving Joe. The brothers are reunited when *Eddie's* injured and *Joe* conquers fear and races to win with him. Pat makes the speed-mad racer touching and believable.

**Unex-
pected
Father**

Universal



The cute antics of Baby Sandy, of which too few have been incorporated in this film, and Mischa Auer's clowning, especially his ballet steps, are the only redeeming features of this comedy. Sandy, baby girl who plays boy parts, has rôle of an orphan who's taken care of in haphazard fashion by a group of theatrical people in order to keep him from a disreputable uncle. Dennis O'Keefe and Shirley Ross, who must marry to keep Sandy supply romance.

Winter
Carnival

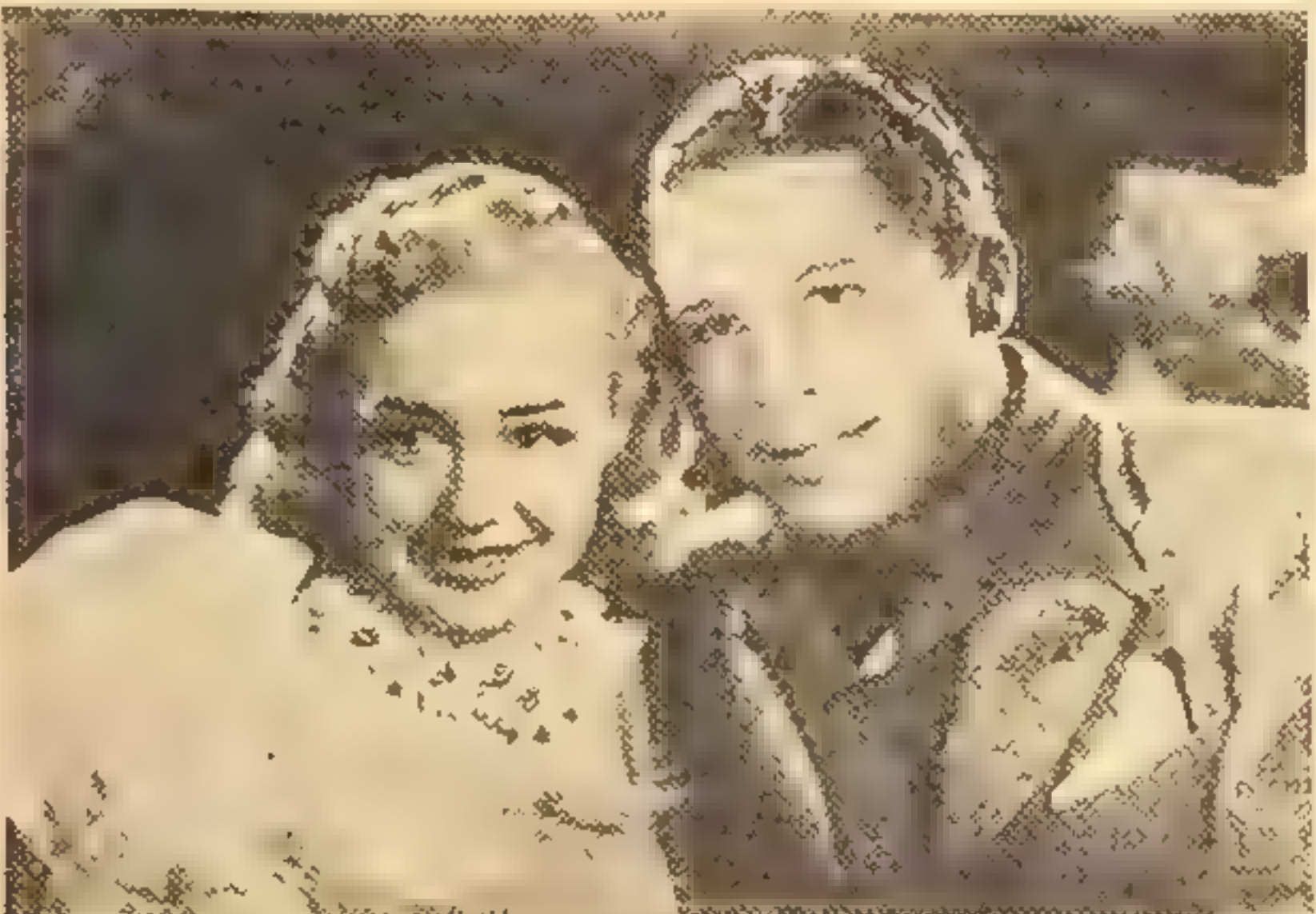
Wanger-
United
Artists



The annual Dartmouth College Winter Carnival provides background for this film. It takes place during the two-day annual festivities when students display skill on skis and skates. Not much of a story, but it's gay, light entertainment and has Ann Sheridan as the ex-Carnival Queen who wins back the college professor (Richard Carlson) she once jilted. La Sheridan is easy on the eyes, but that is not enough. She needs a good meaty story for her next.

Career

RKO-
Radio



A homespun story of small-town life featuring John Archer and Alice Eden, "Gateway to Hollywood" contest winners. Edward Ellis delivers a fine performance as town's chief storekeeper who prevents a financial panic when the local bank fails. The romantic angle has Ellis seeing his son (Archer) through a tragic romance when Anne Shirley jilts him. Leon Errol and Raymond Hatton contribute some side-splitting comedy as the town's drunks.

Should
Hus-
bands
Work?

Republic



This domestic comedy is No. 3 in the "Higgins Family" series. The question brought up by the title covers the plot of this farce about a typical American family. This time they're in the cosmetic business. The man of the house loses his job and his wife gets the important position the husband's been after. The jokes and gags are funny, yes, but they're not new—we've been laughing at 'em for years. Jimmy, Lucille and Russell Gleason are in cast.

Mr.
Wong in
China-
town

Mono-
gram



The third in the series based on Hugh Wiley's thrillers about the eminent Chinese detective, *James Lee Wong*, is a fast-paced murder mystery. A Chinese princess is killed by a poison dart and *Wong* finds the motive and names the murderer. Boris Karloff plays the Chinese sleuth to perfection and Grant Withers gives a good performance as *Inspector Street*. Marjorie Reynolds is seen as the over-anxious reporter. Not very exciting, but has suspense.

Boy Friend? Even the girls dodge dates with Ann!



**Ann could have dates galore
if she'd guard her charm with MUM!**

ONE DAY is just like another—to Ann. No one drops in to see her. Men never take her out. Even the girls avoid her!

What would *you* do—if you knew a girl lovely in *other* ways—but careless about underarm odor? Of course you'd avoid her, too! Nobody wants to be around a girl who neglects to use Mum!

Too bad the girl who offends this way so rarely knows it herself! No one likes to tell her, either. Nowadays you're *expected* to know that a bath is never enough! A bath removes only past perspiration, but Mum prevents future odor

before it starts. Hollywood says Mum... nurses say Mum... *you'll* say Mum once you've tried this pleasant, gentle, *dependable* cream!

QUICK! Mum takes 30 seconds, can be applied even after dressing or underarm shaving!

SAFE! The seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. Mum is safe for skin.

SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today. Be sweet for that movie or dancing date. Be popular *always!* Use Mum!

MUM GIVES THOROUGH UNDERARM CARE



MUM

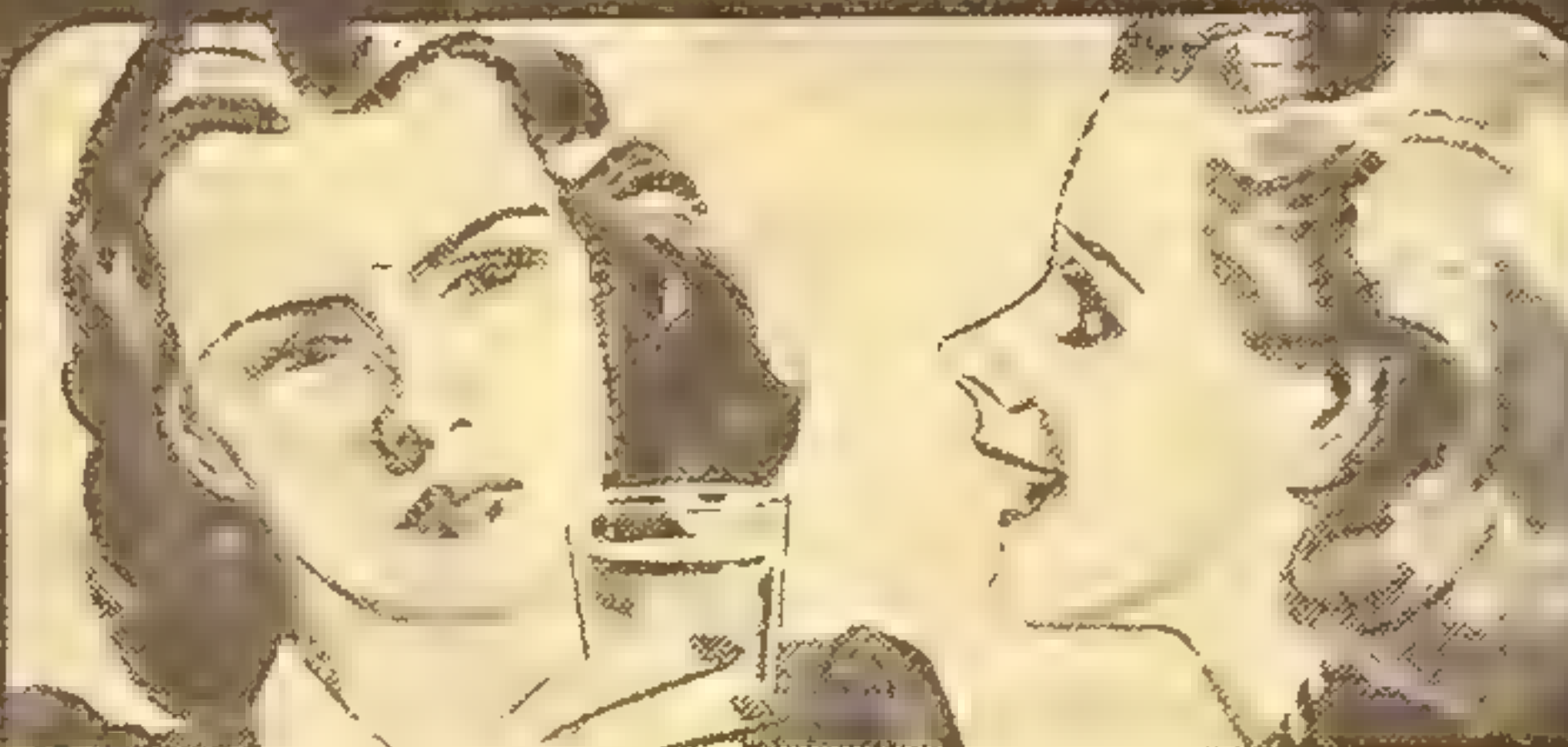
For Sanitary Napkins
More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum frees you from embarrassment, is gentle and safe!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

EX-LAX MOVIES

"The girl who punished herself"



BETTY: I don't know which is worse... constipation or the remedy!

SALLY: You're silly to punish yourself that way. Why don't you try Ex-Lax?



BETTY: Ex-Lax? You expect that to work for me... a little chocolated tablet?

SALLY: Don't let its pleasant taste deceive you. Ex-Lax is a dependable laxative—thorough and effective!



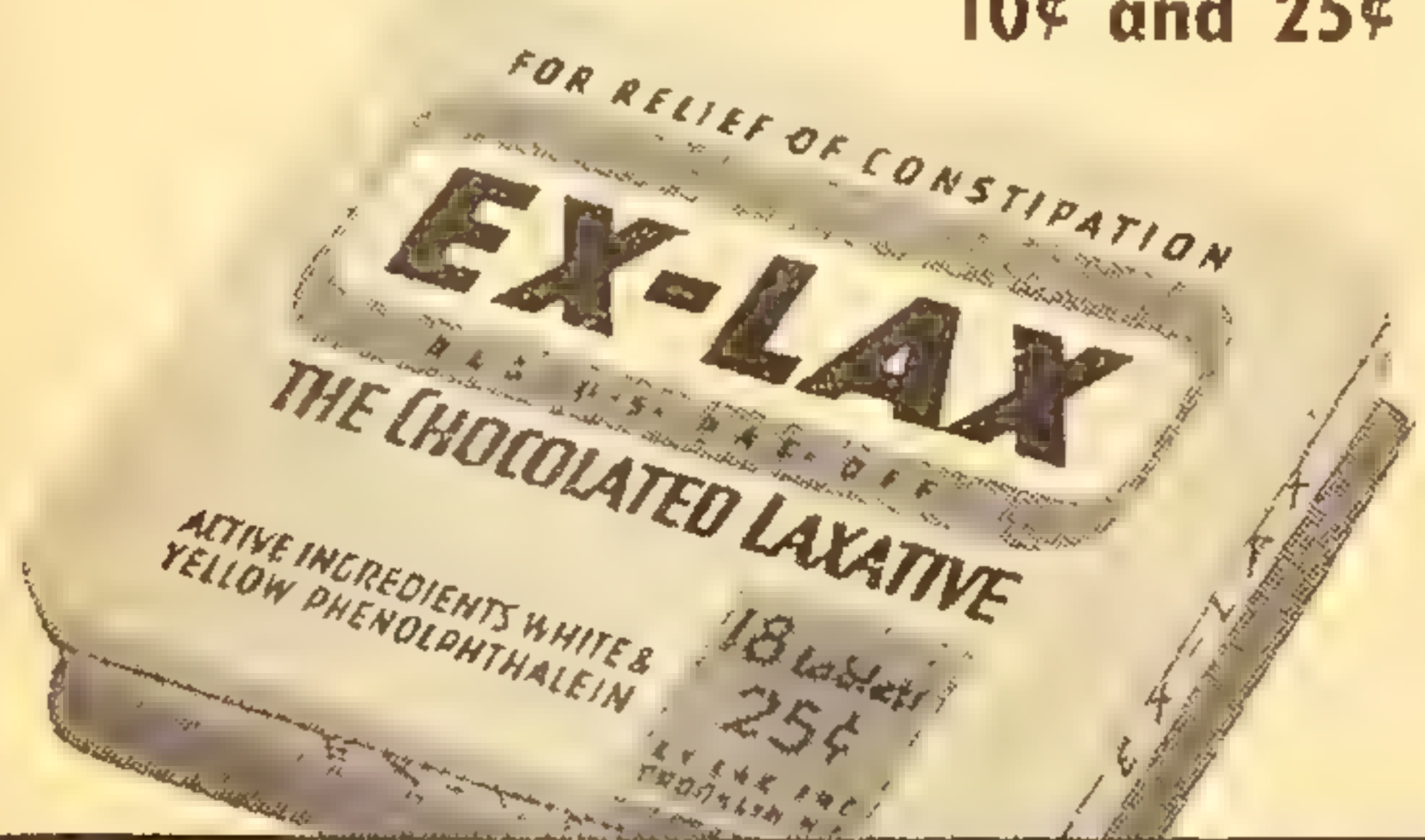
LATER

BETTY: No more strong, bad-tasting laxatives for me! That Ex-Lax was just the thing. It fixed me up fine!

SALLY: What did I tell you! We've used Ex-Lax in our family for over 30 years

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle*! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



CALLOUSES

NEW Amazingly Quick Relief!

Dr. Scholl's new discovery! Quickly relieves painful callouses, burning sensations on bottom of feet. New shape and design. 630% softer than before! Separate Medications included for removing callouses. Cost but a trifle.

NEW Super-Soft

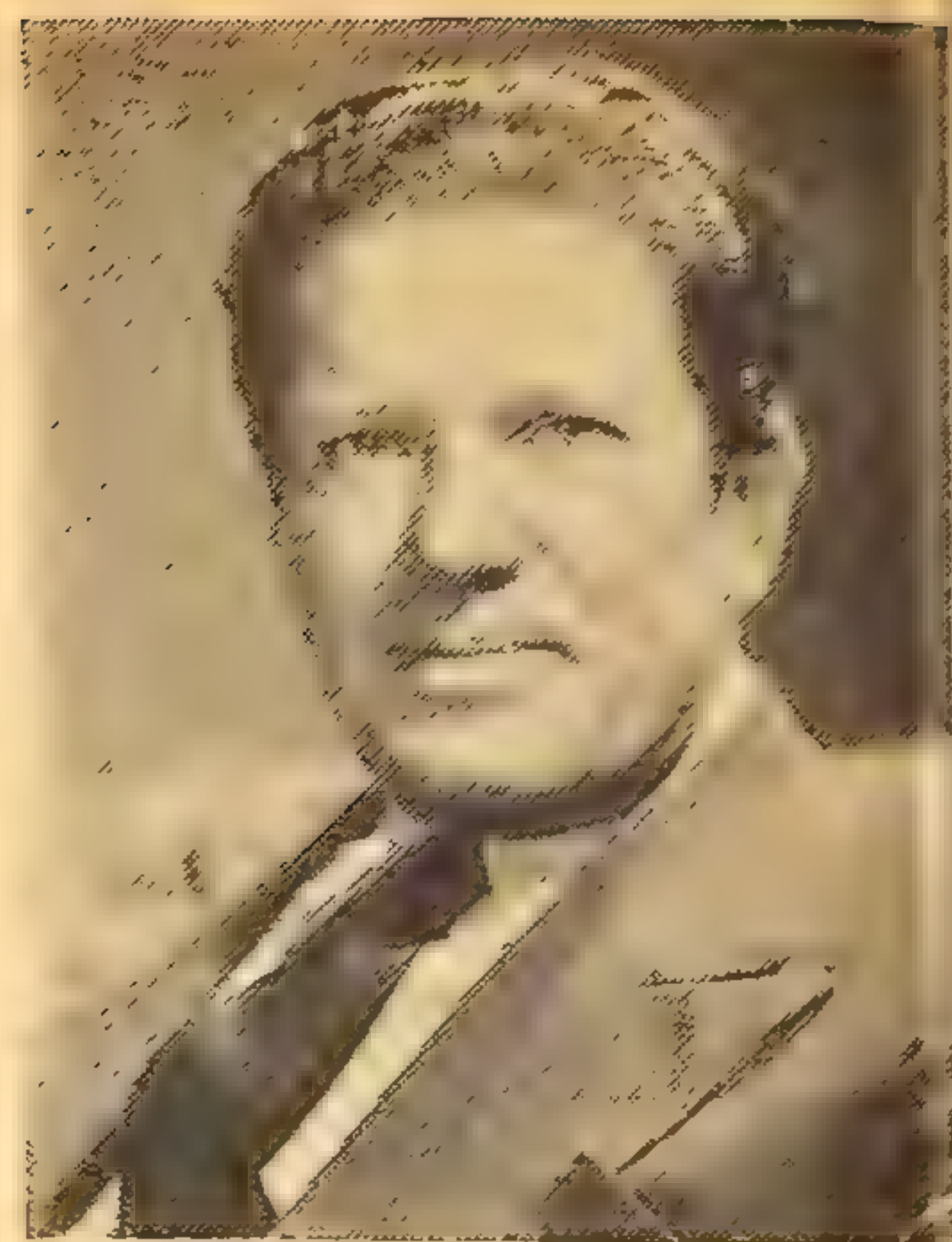
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

BABY PICTURES

Developed on a thumbnail

By

Malcolm H. Oettinger



BOB BURNS:
cornets and corn;
Joe Miller in overalls.



GERALDINE FITZGERALD:
tragedy at Vassar;
masked beauty.



BOB HOPE:
Cyrano in the groove;
streamlined Punch.



RITA HAYWORTH:
crooning Circe;
brunette heat-wave.



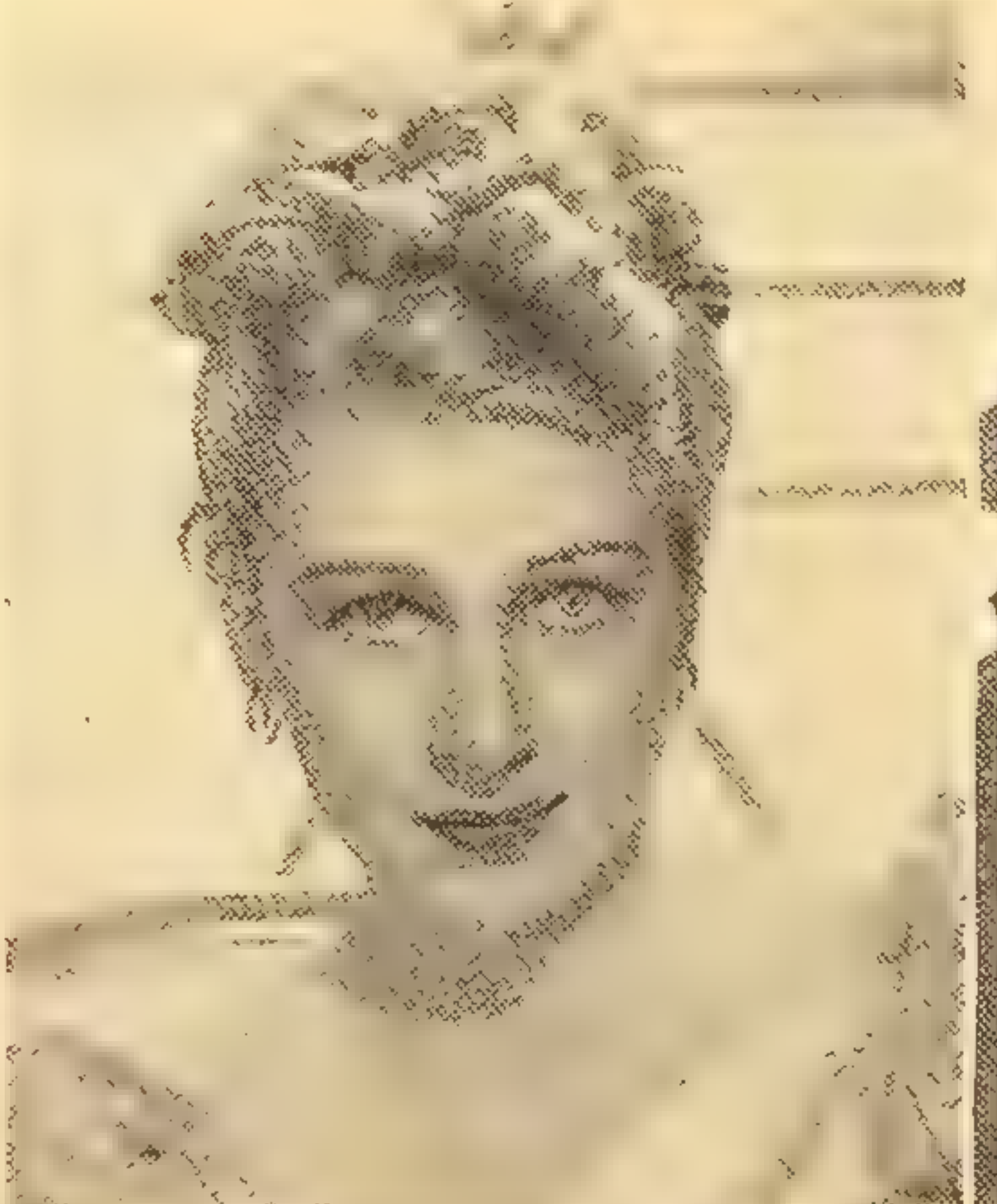
ROBERT DONAT:
attorney for the defense;
Frank Merriwell redivivus.



GAIL PATRICK:
honeymoon at Lake Como;
black velvet on marble.



JACK BENNY:
Caspar Milquetoast for mayor;
an echo backfiring.



SHIRLEY ROSS:
Fanny Brice's sober sister;
café canary.



RITZ BROTHERS:
visitors' day in the ward;
Utopia in reverse.

SCREENLAND

HENRY FONDA:
salt of the
earth;
forefathers'
son.



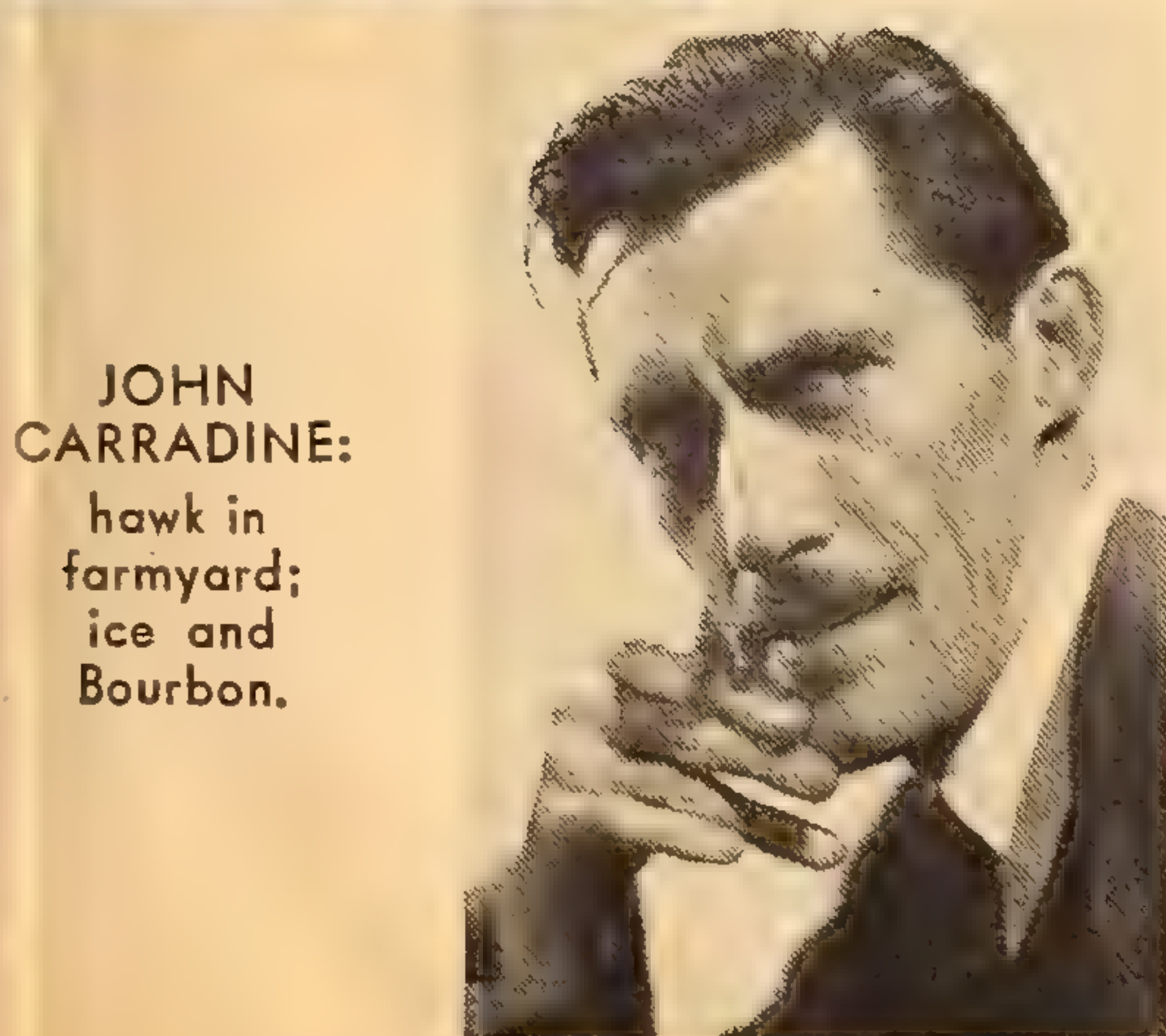
DOROTHY
LAMOUR:
drama in
raw;
-deep
ent.



EDWARD
ELLIS:
homespun
senator;
commonsense
and
greasepaint.



BINNIE
BARNES:
private
number;
Britannia
waives
the rules.



JOHN
CARRADINE:
hawk in
farmyard;
ice and
Bourbon.

WHAT DOES *YOUR SMILE* REVEAL?

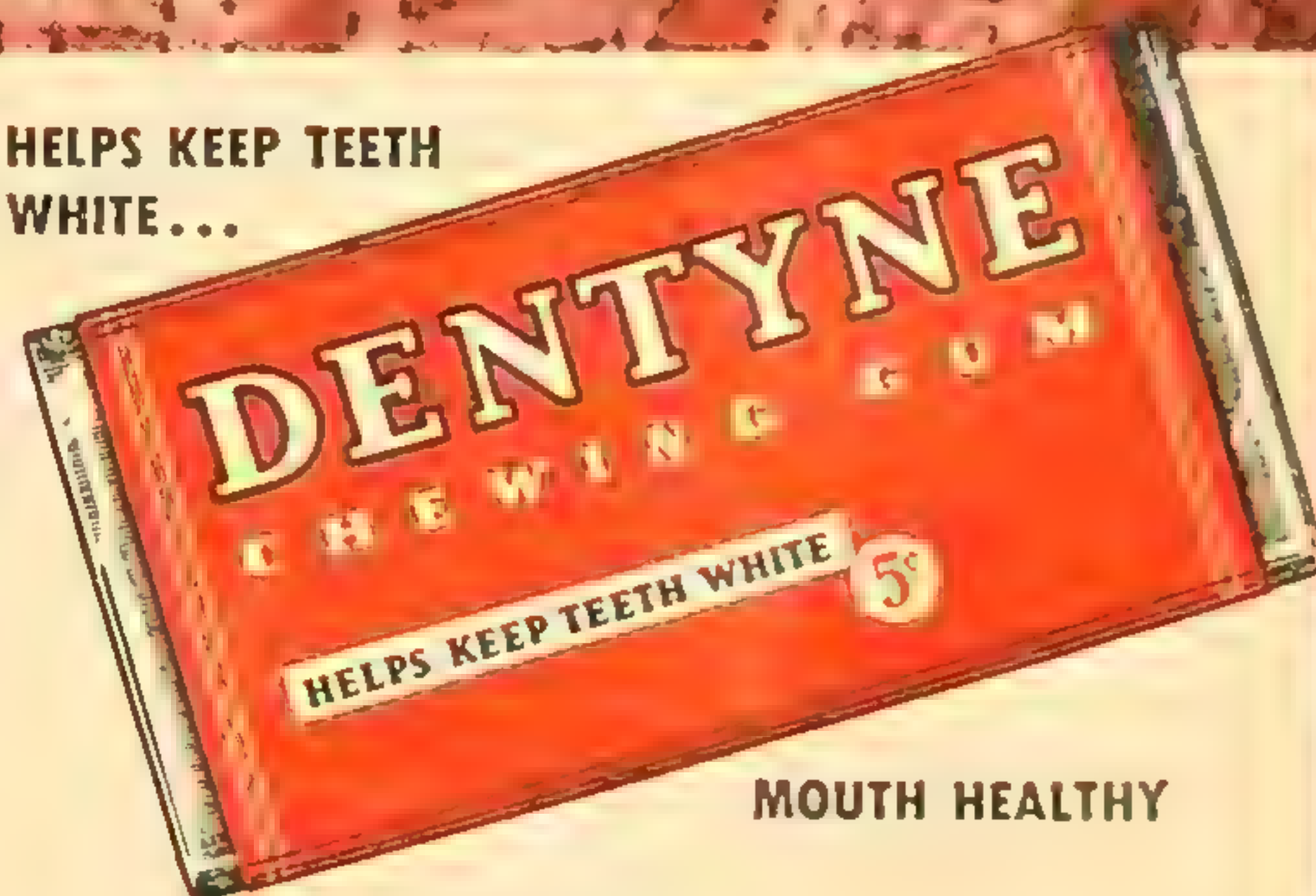
John Brahm, Director of the Columbia Picture,
"LET US LIVE", calls this a "hopeful smile"
...winsome because it reveals sparkling teeth.



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City.....

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MR. STEWART GOES TO WASHINGTON!

Here's the story with a punch! All the inside stuff on JAMES STEWART on location in the Capitol, acting in "MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON". Packed with interesting experiences of the young actor making this great picture in the nation's Capital. EXCLUSIVE IN THE OCTOBER SILVER SCREEN!

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INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES

**Charming Joy Hodges says
Fall is her favorite party
season and confides her pet
recipes for pumpkin pie
and other timely goodies**

By

Betty Boone

"LIKE my little house because it's so farmy!" exulted Joy Hodges, greeting me at her low white dwelling in the valley. "In the morning, when I wake up, I can hear the horses going by on the bridge trail, and the birds doing their various exercises, and chickens—there must be some very important chickens around here, the way they sound! It all reminds me of my home state, Iowa. I wasn't actually born on a farm, but I spent a lot of time on one, and I love anything farmhousy. Mother and I had an apartment when we first came out, but we knew we wanted to live in a house and be in the valley, so we've been looking on and off for months. It was while I was away in New York that Mother found this and sent me a telegram about it. I called her up and she was so excited she could hardly tell me what it was like. Finally I said: 'Well, if you like it, and it's farmy enough, take it!' We've just moved in," went on Joy, conducting me into the house, "so things aren't as they will be when we are really settled. But it's fun fixing things up. We hope to have everything sort of early American

farmhouse, if you see what I mean. You know, chintz and maple in the bedrooms—mine is green, because I rest better in green than anything else—and rugs that are good but you aren't terrified when your guest wander in on them from the garden. The couches here in the living room have the chintz I am using for drapes—but the drapes haven't come yet. Most of the flower prints for the walls are up—and I have my piano, of course.

"I want it to be a modern farmhouse though. I want people to feel that they can have a good time here and not be afraid the family heirlooms will fall to pieces, or they'll break something. But I insist on beamed ceilings and a fireplace. This one burns wood and we can get a good sized log in it for these chilly California nights. I can hardly wait to have a party! I like to serve dinner first, then have everyone stay and play games," she went on. "I don't cook, though I'm learning how to make some things because my little Chinese maid is learning American dishes and it's fun to experiment with her. But I just play around at it.

"I know what menu I'll have for my first Fall dinner. It will be a harvest party—quite informal—and we'll probably run up



She's a Hollywood movie star, but Miss Hodges still likes the same food and fun she enjoyed as a youngster in her home state, Iowa. On opposite page, Joy cuts the season's first pumpkin pie. Above, she decorates the Fall dinner table.

to Arrowhead and get some colored leaves to decorate, as well as gourds and apples and jack o' lanterns. We'll begin with my favorite soup. It is green split pea soup combined with tomato soup. According to the size of your party, you take one can of Heinz green split pea soup to half a can of tomato. When you serve it, you put a spoonful of unsweetened whipped cream on each plate of soup."

Because turkey is a festival meat, Joy will serve that, with a special chestnut dressing.

CHESTNUT DRESSING

- 3 cups finely broken stale bread
- 2 cups diced celery
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 2 cups chopped chestnuts which have been boiled and peeled
- 4 tablespoons butter
- Salt and paprika

Place in a large bowl the finely broken stale bread and pour over it just enough boiling water to make the bread adhere in a dry dough. Then place some butter in a frying pan and when hot put in the diced celery and chopped onion and fry together slowly until slightly browned; then add to the bread. Place $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chestnuts into a pan of boiling water, first slitting the shells with a small sharp knife. When they have boiled for 20 minutes, take them out one at a time, place under cold water and peel. Do not drain the water off the chestnuts as the skin will then dry on them and be difficult to remove. When they are peeled cut them into small pieces and place them with the rest of the ingredients. Add paprika and salt to taste and thoroughly mix all ingredients.

"I suppose candied sweet potatoes would be a little too much, so we'll have a sweet potato dish that we're awfully fond of here. It combines apples and sweet potatoes."

FARMHOUSE SWEET POTATOES

- 4 medium sized sweet potatoes
- 4 medium sized apples

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
- Butter and bread crumbs

Wash sweet potatoes thoroughly and boil until tender. Meanwhile pare, core and slice the apples into a saucepan with the granulated sugar and 1 cup water; boil slowly until the potatoes are ready. Then peel the potatoes and cut lengthwise in thick slices. In a deep buttered baking dish put a layer of sliced potatoes, dab with bits of butter and sprinkle with brown sugar. Add a layer of cooked apples. Repeat until all the ingredients are used. Add the liquid from the apples. Sprinkle the top with bread crumbs and add a few dabs of butter. Have a moderate oven and bake for 15 minutes.

(Continued on page 92)



Above, Joy Hodges comfortably perched on her desk, telephoning her lucky guest list.

MEET THESE FASCINATING PEOPLE...

From the great Broadway play
GOLDEN BOY!

BARBARA STANWYCK

as
LORNA ... She's the dame from Newark



starring
ADOLPHE MENJOU

as
MOODY ... He loves Lorna

starring
WILLIAM HOLDEN

as
JOE BONAPARTE ... He wants to be a big shot



SAM LEVENE

as
SIGGIE ... He loves the duchess

LEE COBB

as
PAPA BONAPARTE ... He wants his son



BEATRICE BLINN

as
ANNA ... She loves Siggie

JOSEPH CALLEIA

as
RISKE ... He wants a champion



TENDERLY ... THE SCREEN TELLS THE HEART-WARMING STORY OF THEIR EMOTIONAL CONFLICT AND ROMANCE!

GOLDEN BOY

A ROUBEN MAMOULIAN Production • Based on the CLIFFORD ODITS play as produced by the Group Theatre of New York • Screen play by Lewis Meltzer, Daniel Taradash, Sarah Y. Mason, Victor Heerman • Produced by William Perlberg

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

The fabulous parade of the motion picture capital...from pies to premieres...and the great human story of the men and women who conquered the entertainment world! Just as the tunes of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" brought back your happiest memories...so will the drama of 1001 thrilling yesterdays in "Hollywood Cavalcade" warm your heart anew!

**MOVIE FANS...HERE'S
THE PICTURE MADE
FOR YOU...AND WE
DO MEAN *You!***

IN. TECHNICOLOR! Hollywood Cavalcade

*Staged anew!
Photographed today!
with great stars of today...
and great personalities of
yesterday!*

SEE Buster Keaton, Ben Turpin and the Keystone Cops in slapstick, custard pie comedy, with Don Ameche directing.

SEE Mack Sennett bathing beauties (Alice Faye is one!)

HEAR Al Jolson sing again "Kol Nidre"...the song that electrified the world!

SEE Hollywood...as it was...as it is...in a three-ringed circus of entertainment!

*The most brilliant new
note in entertainment!*



A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck
In Charge of Production

with
ALICE FAYE
DON AMECHE

and
J. Edward Bromberg
Alan Curtis • Lynn Bari
Stuart Erwin • Buster
Keaton • Donald Meek
Jed Prouty • George
Givot • Eddie Collins

Directed by Irving Cummings
Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen
Play by Ernest Pascal • Story by Hilary Lynn
and Brown Holmes • Based upon an original
idea by Lou Breslow

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Lionel Barrymore

DEAR MR. BARRYMORE:

Will you step right up, please, and let me pin SCREENLAND'S own Special Award for Valor and Merit upon your chest?

The fact that you *can* step right up is the grandest thing that has happened in Hollywood for years. For you, Mr. Barrymore, are its Number One Actor, even though perhaps not officially so acclaimed. For my money, and I have paid it out to see your films a second time (first time free, on pass) you are the motion pictures' truest, sincerest dramatic actor, and one of its finer persons. Also, to me you are THE Barrymore. And always have been. Not so beautiful, maybe, as

your spectacular brother John; but a far greater artist. And the fact that it has been eight—count 'em, eight—whole years since you have won an Academy Award is a disgrace. It was 'way back in 1931 that the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences "honored" you for the best acting performance of that year, the rôle of Norma Shearer's lawyer-father in "A Free Soul." I think you honored the Academy with your acceptance.

Now you have won something much bigger than a mere Oscar. You've won through to celebrate your 61st birthday, the anniversary of your 30th year in motion pictures, and your return to health after three years of suffering. You, Lionel Barrymore, are above paltry awards. You make your own. Your great performance of *Gramp* in "On Borrowed Time" must have been richly rewarding. Even more, your personal accomplishment on your San Fernando Valley farm: the split-rail fence you built yourself. I met you just once, but the memory of your kindness, your modesty, and your absolute lack of all hamminess remains with me—as your splendid performances have done. Any time you want a little help with that split-rail fence, don't fail to call on me.

Delight Evans



A great actor—and a great man—wins his battle! Lionel Barrymore, below, with his Scotties on his farm—healthy and happy again. Left, with the split-rail fence he built himself. At right, his great rôle as GRAMP in "On Borrowed Time," with Bobs Watson as PUD.





Typical big-time Hollywood social event: Norma Shearer is hostess to supper party at the "Troc" honoring Helen Hayes after opening of Helen's play, "Ladies and Gentlemen." Left to right in Weissman's candid shot at left: Rosalind Russell, Burgess Meredith—stage actor in Hollywood for another film try; Norma; Orson Welles, young Mercury Theatre producer-actor making first movie for RKO; and Miss Hayes, the star of the evening.

Close-up, below, of noted Leland Hayward and famous wife Margaret Sullivan as she gossips between acts at opening of Miss Hayes' play at the Biltmore Theatre in Los Angeles. Play drew only lukewarm notices, but the audience was terrific!

HOLLYWOOD WHIRL



Early arrivals at theatre were Norma Shearer and her party. Above, Shearer's screen team-mate in "The Women," Rosalind Russell, is seen with Burgess Meredith. Right, Franchot Tone's supper partner was Loretta Young, sporting smart new coiled coiffure she wears in new film, "Eternally Yours."



Now what do you suppose Norma and Franchot Tone, in picture at right, can be talking about? It's Franchot's first public appearance since his Hollywood return after Broadway stage run; his ex-wife, Joan Crawford, is Norma's rival in "The Women." Another ex-Broadwayite, Margaret Sullivan, talks over the shoulder to Frank Borzage, who directed Maggie, if you remember, in "Three Comrades." You'll see her on screen again soon.



Hollywood Whirl
Photographs by
Len Weissman



Isn't this just like Hollywood! All the somebodies show off their best party clothes and spirits for opening of—a stage play, not a movie, with great big spree afterward honoring—Helen Hayes, who snoots the screen



That Sullivan gal! Seems she sort of stole the show that evening with her dynamic personality. Above, she tells a story—with gestures—to George Cukor and Miss Russell. Left, Orson "Man from Mars" Welles and Miss Hayes. Left above, Hedy Lamarr and Sullivan flinch at Weissman's camera.



Mickey has a girl, Mickey has a girl! Yes, and he doesn't care who knows she is Jean Swaisgood, pretty youngster shown with the irrepressible Rooney enjoying antics of the Dancing Hartmans at opening of the Coconut Grove, above.



Here is a Hollywood couple we see photographed all too seldom: Alan Mowbray, one of the movie colony's genuine guys, and his charming wife—watching floor show at Grove.



Mary Martin, left, the MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY girl of Broadway, now with Paramount, steps out with Cesar Romero.



They didn't know it was being taken! Paulette Goddard and Chaplin, at "Four Feathers" premiere, think they're ducking cameraman Weissman—but they're not!



It may not be glamorous, it may not be big news—but every time we get a grab shot of Mr. and Mrs. Walt Disney we print it, because we sure do like 'er



Three refreshing Irish grins, belonging to Frank McHugh, Lynn Overman, and Jimmy Cagney, caught by our camera-man as they swap stories, above, at the gala opening of the Coconut Grove. You'll note the boys are drinking—coffee.



Mrs. Ray Milland at premiere of "Beau Geste" with Joan Crawford and Charles Martin while hubby was at microphone.



Another happy couple we can't resist grabbing whenever we see 'em—Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Morris. Next month we'll show you their very gorgeous home.

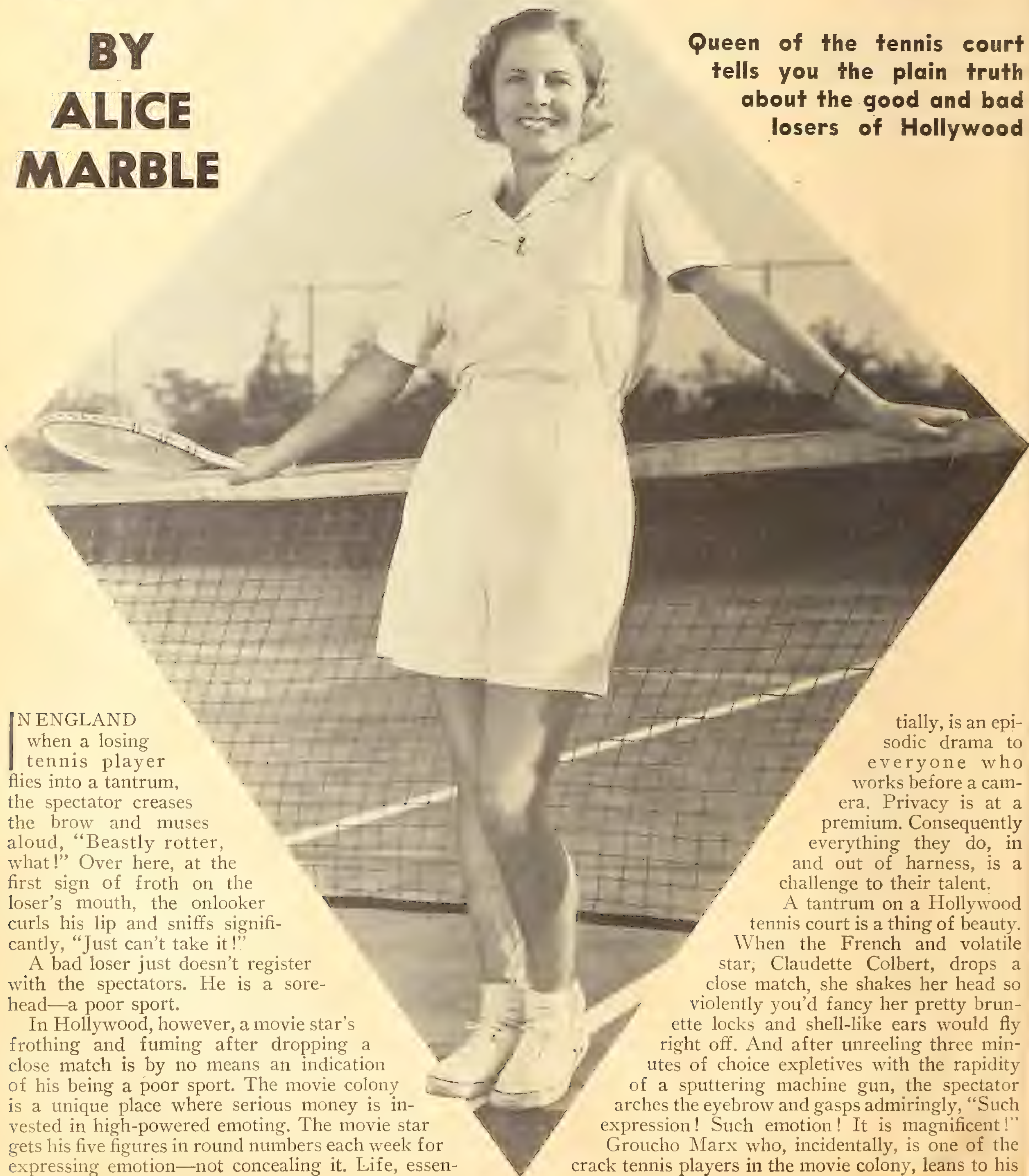


Remember nice Lois Wilson, film favorite of silent days? Here she is, with Jeanette MacDonald, who is today's nicest star, at luncheon at the Ambassador.

ARE MOVIE STARS *Good Sports?*

BY
**ALICE
MARBLE**

Queen of the tennis court
tells you the plain truth
about the good and bad
losers of Hollywood



IN ENGLAND

when a losing tennis player flies into a tantrum, the spectator creases the brow and muses aloud, "Beastly rotter, what!" Over here, at the first sign of froth on the loser's mouth, the onlooker curls his lip and sniffs significantly, "Just can't take it!"

A bad loser just doesn't register with the spectators. He is a sore-head—a poor sport.

In Hollywood, however, a movie star's frothing and fuming after dropping a close match is by no means an indication of his being a poor sport. The movie colony is a unique place where serious money is invested in high-powered emoting. The movie star gets his five figures in round numbers each week for expressing emotion—not concealing it. Life, essen-

tially, is an episodic drama to everyone who works before a camera. Privacy is at a premium. Consequently everything they do, in and out of harness, is a challenge to their talent.

A tantrum on a Hollywood tennis court is a thing of beauty. When the French and volatile star, Claudette Colbert, drops a close match, she shakes her head so violently you'd fancy her pretty brunette locks and shell-like ears would fly right off. And after unreeling three minutes of choice expletives with the rapidity of a sputtering machine gun, the spectator arches the eyebrow and gasps admiringly, "Such expression! Such emotion! It is magnificent!"

Groucho Marx who, incidentally, is one of the crack tennis players in the movie colony, leans to his

Only woman tennis star in the world to hold the six most important championship titles at the same time, Alice Marble has signed a film contract and will soon be a movie star herself!

"A tantrum on a Hollywood tennis court is a thing of beauty!" says Miss Marble in this gay story. Here's a brand new slant on movie celebrities from the girl wonder of the sports world



Stars revealed in their true light as good or bad sports include Clark Gable, Jack Benny, Charlie Chaplin, Groucho Marx. Above, Alice Marble with her best friend among picture people, Carole Lombard.

forty laughs—when facing defeat. With the inimitable Marxian flourish, he unwinds an American twist service to the back of his partner's neck that leaves the unwary staggering around wondering who threw what at him while all on hand roll around the ground in confusion. By way of soothing the victim as he comes out of the fog, Groucho observes, "Hear that laugh? Next time I'll murder you. They'll probably throw in a little applause."

It may seem that I am looking for a graceful way out of the question: "Are Movie Stars Good Sports?" This is not so—at least, not very much so. After all, I am placed in somewhat the same position as a major league baseball player who is asked to write an article entitled: "Is Judge Landis Just In His Decisions—And Why Not?"

A movie star mixes into a tennis battle with the same zest and fervor that he pitches into a high-tension dramatic scene. With his vibrant personality so exposed, it is the star's prerogative to open the emotion valve and spout fire and fury after a lost match. After all, tennis is

not the pink tea and crumpet pastime it was once generally believed to be. There is more concentrated action and physical energy expended in a hotly contested tennis match than in any sport extant. Individual competition is fierce. The player rises or falls on his ability to outsmart and out-wear his opponent. And because of this very demand for prolonged concentration in the course of a set, movie stars are probably the game's greatest disciples. It gets their mind off the toil of the studio and the grief of the cutting-room floor.

Paul Lukas and Charles Farrell, two of the closest friends in Hollywood, rarely let a day slip by without waging their celebrated grudge match. Two snarling mercenaries fighting a gory duel to the death for a stolen cargo of pieces of eight would seem like a couple of prattling gossips compared to Lukas and Farrell on the tennis courts. Paul is Hungarian. And fiery. Charley is determined. And grim. After an apoplectic hour and a half both drop exhaustedly to the sidelines. One elatedly sipping the sweet wine of victory. The other draining the bitter dregs of defeat, as the (*Please turn to page 94*)

Girls! Want to be more popular? Then learn to cultivate the art of conversational charm from five smart Hollywood stars

Don't be a dud...

SHINE!

By
**Adele W.
Fletcher**



WE ALL have the same magnets with which to attract. Some use their magnets and, in consequence, they are popular. Others neglect their magnets and wonder why they don't get around. One of our most powerful magnets is our conversation.

Which brings Joan Crawford instantly to mind. Joan has a way of catching your interest and holding it. With sure instinct she has avoided the several pitfalls which threatened her conversational charm. There always are visitors on the Crawford set. The last time I was there (and when you go to California it is a must to see Joan) Adrian took time to come over and say hello. One of the executives of a big radio program must hear what she thought of last night's broadcast. Jimmy Stewart and Lew Ayres cornered her. And Charles Martin telephoned; but maybe that doesn't count. It was evident that morning, as always, that Joan had escaped all of the conversational pitfalls into which she might have fallen, that her magnet was working.

First, as Joan rose in the world, she might have become stupidly snobbish about her background and embroidered stories of her past. This would have ruined her. She would have fooled no one but herself and the slightly false aura which would have surrounded her would have alienated the men and women who now are her friends and quite as interested in and affectionate toward the little slavey of Stephens College who did more than her share of work and took more than her share of heartbreak as they are in the

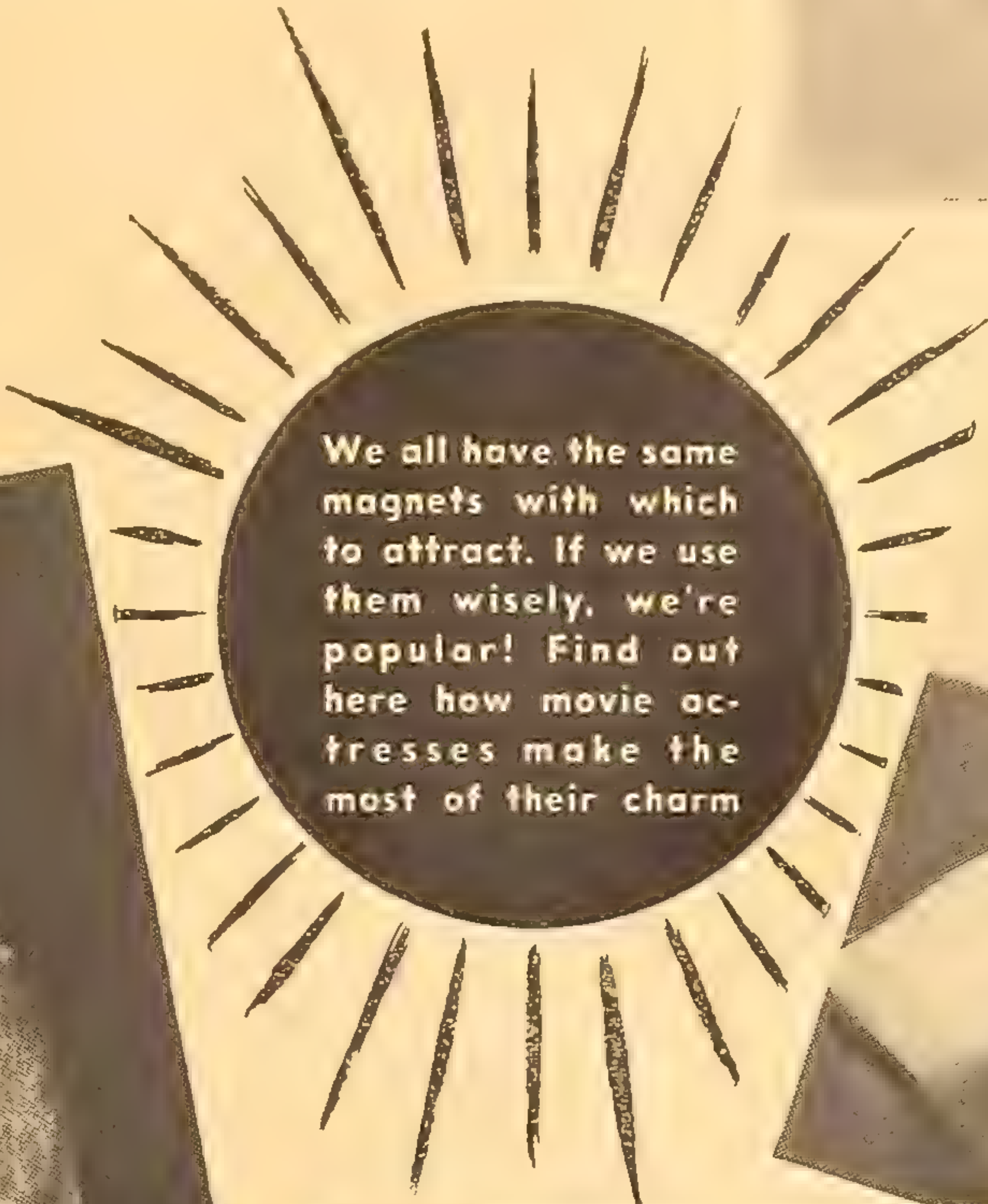


glamorous, self-educated movie star she grew up to be.

Self-educated! Those words encompass the second pitfall Joan avoided. One by one she discovered the many new interests a cultural world holds. Books. Music. International affairs. Art. The eternal parallel between events current and historical. And because it is human nature to assume that knowledge which is new to us is new to others also Joan could have stuffed her findings down her friends' throats or, just as bad, tried to be impressive and bored everyone unmercifully. Instead she absorbed her new knowledge quietly and as it colored her point of view she became a more interesting and stimulating talker. Also, gradually and quietly, Joan managed to become a more beautiful talker. For she worked on her speaking voice, which originally was somewhat flat with a midwestern twang, the way a smart woman will work on her wardrobe and a beauty will work on her face and hair.

It takes perception to realize our voice isn't all it could be. We're likely to be deaf to our own voice. We're likely to fail to hear the midwestern or New England twang, or any other unfortunate geographical characteristic of which we are guilty. But not Joan. Long before she began to take voice lessons, ambitious for a singing career too, she brought her tones the deep beauty of a cello—by tuning her ear to voices that undoubtedly were beautiful, by experimenting with different tones, and by refusing to be discouraged when it proved no overnight job to correct the bad voice habits of years.


We were sitting on the
(Please turn to page 74)



We all have the same magnets with which to attract. If we use them wisely, we're popular! Find out here how movie actresses make the most of their charm



SHINE!



Screen stars aren't all born with beauty, wit, and charm. They study and work to improve themselves—and in this story they tell other girls how to do the same. Joan Crawford, opposite page; Irene Dunne, Olivia de Havilland, Sally Eilers, and Rosalind Russell (top).

SHINE!

How Tyrone Stay Romantic

Still honeymooners, the Powers invite us for an informal visit to their new home—where they have made marriage a glorious and glamorous adventure



SCREENLAND is first to show you the interior views of the Tyrone Powers' honeymoon home. Right above, Annabella's beautiful bedroom. Lovely mistress of the mansion doesn't neglect domestic duties—left above, important conference with the cook. Left, antique ecclesiastical figure and a very old chest.

EVER since that eventful night last spring when Tyrone Power pushed me through Claudette Colbert's cellophane party tent into a pansy bed (he didn't mean to, really, it was simply a case of not knowing his own strength) I have held in my little pink paw something vaguely resembling—er—refined blackmail. (Blackmail is a handy little gadget in the writing racket—some day it may even take the place of the typewriter.)

And so when I read in the newspapers that Ty and Annabella had moved into their lovely honeymoon house out in Brentwood, and like the newly married Clark Gables and Bob Taylors wanted a private life all their own with no snooping Press allowed, I merely shook my head sadly, sighed a couple of "Tchs, Tchs," and reached for the telephone. Who did the Powers think they were to enjoy a private life while I had crushed pansies all over the back of my new evening dress! And that, so help me, was how your Cousin Liza was the first writer to get invited to the Tyrone Powers for an

and Annabella Though Married

By

Elizabeth Wilson

intimate look-see at their new home and their domestic happiness. I had so much fun with them that I think I will go in for blackmail entirely. I find it much more subtle than the sledge-hammer.

When I arrived at the Powers' (they live right across the street from the Gary Coopers and the Fred Mac-Murrays which makes it nice for Annabella if she wants to borrow an egg or a cup of sugar in a hurry) they



were sprawled across the grass down near the swimming pool engaged in an exciting game of backgammon. Annabella, looking like a fifteen year old in her white shorts and blouse, was beating the daylights out of Tyrone. "It's a pleasure to let her win," said Ty, winking at me as he folded up the board. "She's so cute when she wins."

"It's the only game," said Annabella, "at which I *can* beat him. It doesn't give him any pleasure to let me win at badminton or the pin machine game, I notice." Annabella speaks with a delightful accent which cannot be duplicated on paper. A frank, straightforward young person, she looks you right in the eye when she speaks to you—but not for long—those eyes invariably turn to Tyrone with a look of adoration in them the likes of which I have never seen in this world.

"We give you exactly a thousand guesses," said Ty magnanimously, "to tell us what that peculiar marking is on the back of the backgammon board. Examine it carefully, and don't throw (*Please turn to page 78*)

More views of the Powers' Brentwood home. Left above, Ty's bedroom—pictures of his mother, Mrs. Patia Power, and his bride are on bedside tables. Right above, the handsome library—the paper-bound French books are Annabella's. Right, her dressing room, feminine but not fussy.





Jackie Grows *up!*

What, Skippy smokes a pipe? Yes—he's now seventeen and leader of his own swing band—but still a nice, unspoiled kid

By
Jerry Asher



Jackie's first pipe, left, was a present from his parents—read in our story just why they let Skippy smoke! Above, cute scene with Betty Fields from Paramount's "What A Life." Right, Bob Burns performs with the Cooper band.



ON SEPTEMBER fifteenth of this year, Jackie Cooper turns seventeen. On this same day, his current starring picture, Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen," will be released throughout the United States. As a symbol of everything that typifies the normal, healthy American boy, Jackie steps across the threshold of maturity. With a background that is rich in experience, mellowed with sane and intelligent guidance, his prospects are inspiring.

To you especially who have suffered the pain of a hazardous adolescence, Jackie's story should be appealing. Gratifying too is the realization that a child can practically be born and brought up within the confines and confusion of a Hollywood studio and still remain unspoiled. It doesn't happen often. Jackie is an outstanding pattern for ambitious movie mamas to follow.

The Jackie Cooper of today no longer has to pout that lower lip, because a studio insists that his naturally curly brown hair be bleached a more-photographic blonde. Neither does he have to suffer the embarrassment caused by the stupidity of a rumor that once whispered he was a midget. Jackie stands five feet nine inches in his bare feet. He weighs close to one hundred and fifty pounds and is as husky as they make 'em.

How nice it would be if there were more women around studios like Jackie Cooper's mother! Mabel Cooper, who is Mrs. Charles Bigelow today, once supported Jackie by playing the piano in vaudeville. When Jackie became a big M-G-M star, then his mother really did go to work. Perhaps it was her own determination that Jackie be treated as any other normal child, that was instilled in her son early in life. Knowing how easily Jackie could become precocious in his world of adult movie stars, his mother allowed him as much responsibility as he was capable of handling. At Christmas time he wanted to give presents to his studio friends. Instead of calling a department store and ordering a selection of expensive gifts, Jackie's mother had him make out his list. Then they decided just how much he could spend. She took him shopping and made him look around until he found what he wanted for what he wanted to pay. Then Jackie wrapped and delivered all the presents himself. His mother wanted him to know the value of money, to experience the pleasure of giving things himself.

Contrary to what has been printed, M-G-M did not deliberately let Jackie go. When he approached that age that makes executives fear and tremble, they offered him a straight two-year deal. There was no guarantee

however, of the parts that Jackie would do. Signing again meant a steady income and security. Then again Jackie's entire future might be ruined by wrong parts. Everything was at stake. Having the courage of her convictions, and faith in Jackie's talent, his mother refused to sign.

Perhaps the nicest thing Mabel Cooper ever did for Jackie was to select Charles Bigelow for his stepfather. As a matter of record, it was Jackie who was calling him "Dad" before Mr. Bigelow had popped the question! Never has there been a closer association or a finer understanding between a father and son. In Charles Bigelow Jackie has a real friend, a confidant, with tolerance and a broad-minded approach to all the problems of youth, life, and living.

When Charles Bigelow (who is a production executive at the Monogram studios) speaks of Jackie Cooper, there is no mistaking his deep regard for the boy. Jackie never ceases to amaze him with his adult approach to things, the reasonable way he figures things out, the respectful way he listens, takes advice, and uses it. With eyes that grow moist and a voice that chokes a bit when he mentions Jackie's name, Charles Bigelow speaks: "When Jackie left Metro he went out on a highly successful personal appearance tour. When he returned we realized that another turning-point in his life had come. Whenever there has been a decision to make, Jackie has always been right in on it. It concerned his life, so it was up to us to suggest but never force. We asked Jackie if he'd like to go to public high school, pointing out that it would be different than the private tutor he had been used to. We reminded him that the other children might resent him because he was a movie star. We tried to point out all the advantages and disadvantages of the change. Jackie listened, thought it all over, and decided he wanted to go. That's all we wanted. The next day he entered high school.

"The boys were kind of tough on Jackie at first. But the girls liked him, which made the boys worse, because they blamed it on Jackie's movie career. So they were really out to get him. Jackie never complained. Pretty soon after he had entered into all the school activities and proved himself regular, the Seniors took him up. This doesn't happen often in high school life. After that everyone was Jackie's friend. He'd bring them all home, and we had the understanding that our house was always open to them. Finally, though, Jackie began to get a bit restless. He didn't say much but I knew something was bothering him. (Please turn to page 93)



Nowell

REVEALS THE PATH TO HAPPY ROMANCE!

IN HOLLYWOOD more and more stars are turning to astrology every day for guidance and advice. It is not only the old vanguard of stars who seek to tear aside the veil to the future, but the newcomers who are placing their trembling feet upon the first rungs of the ladder to fame and fortune are also turning to astrology with the question on their lips, "Will I succeed in my quest for happiness?"

Astrology points out the way to success or failure. It has announced the success of many great stars months and even years in advance of the time they were discovered. Astrology clearly pointed out the rise of such luminaries as Garbo, Hepburn, Jean Harlow, Mae West, Ginger Rogers, Shirley Temple, Robert Taylor, and Hedy Lamarr, and it can still reveal the road to greatness for the Hollywood unknowns of today who will be our stars of tomorrow. Astrology can also indicate the path YOU should follow in your pursuit of elusive happiness and success.

Let us examine the chart of one of the most outstanding newcomers to the screen in many a day, and find out what the future holds for her. I had the good fortune, just a few months ago, to predict for lovely Greer Garson, whose success in "Goodbye Mr. Chips," has established her as one of Hollywood's most promising stars. It was at the home of producer Gabriel Pascal that we met, and Miss Garson had not yet flashed across the screen firmament as a star. I was instantly captivated by her radiant charm and found that Miss Garson was born on September 29 in the brilliant Sign of Libra.

The next day I set up her chart and visited her in her

dressing room at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. There I interpreted the amazing findings of that chart. "You are destined to become one of Hollywood's leading stars," I predicted. "Your chart reveals that success is definitely assured for you in 1939 and that after the release of your picture, 'Goodbye Mr. Chips,' you will be acclaimed by press and public."

That prediction was made for Miss Garson before the film had even been previewed. There was no possible way of knowing that the picture would be such a tremendous hit or that Greer Garson would be so widely acclaimed, except through the revelation made by her chart. The message was inscribed in the stars in fiery letters.

The question has been asked: Is Greer Garson a flash in the pan? Will her sensational success endure, or will she marry in the near future and retire from the screen? Her chart reveals that Miss Garson is definitely here to stay, and American audiences will respond to her charm, culture, and grace. Although she had never before played in pictures, she had previously appeared on the stage in London, where she obtained the valuable training which prepared her for the screen. It is shown in her chart that Greer Garson will marry by the end of 1940 but she will not give up her career for marriage.

There are other famous screen stars who were born in the talented Sign of Libra. That Sign includes all those whose birthdates are between September 23 and October 22. If you were born in this Sign, it might prove helpful for you to observe the trend of events in these stars' lives so that you may mould *your* life to

Noted Hollywood astrologer Norvell, opposite page, predicts the future for famous screen stars and for you. Right, Greer Garson, whose success in "Goodbye Mr. Chips" Norvell predicted. Far right, Norvell with Priscilla Lane, whose Sign is Gemini, suitable for romance with Libra. Right below, Norvell interprets his astrology findings to Miriam Hopkins at her Hollywood home.



fit the coming events shown in a chart for Libra-born.

First there is Carole Lombard, whose career is typical of the indomitable courage possessed by Libra persons. It will be recalled that Carole was once disfigured in an auto accident that threatened her entire career, but her courage and perseverance stood her in good stead and she won out over terrific odds. Now Lombard, in common with many others born in the Sign of Libra, is definitely starting a new cycle in her career that will carry her on to greater fame than ever in the next five years.

What about Carole Lombard's marriage to Clark Gable? Will it last? For several years now I have predicted for Carole and it was only two weeks after her marriage to William Powell that I read in her chart that they would be separated. When she was engaged to marry Clark Gable she asked me anxiously, "Am I taking the right step, Norvell? Will we be happy together? I could never stand the disillusionment of another unhappy marriage."

I carefully checked both Carole's and Clark's charts to see what their future together would hold. There were many pleasant surprises and some warnings, but in general the results were excellent. I warned Carole that she, in common with most Libra-born, was inclined to be a little too dominating and independent for marriage. Clark Gable's chart shows that he is the type who must be the boss, and if Carole listens to the warnings of the stars, she and Gable can find the supreme happiness in marriage of which they have both dreamed.

Next among those born in the Sign of Libra is Miriam Hopkins, whose return to the screen in "The Old Maid" was clearly indicated by her chart. I have read Miss Hopkins' chart several times in the past, and have predicted many of the outstanding events of her life through the science of astrology. Recently, at her charming hill-top home, I again interpreted the message of the stars for her future. Her chart reveals that Miriam will concentrate more on her career in the coming months than she has in the past year or two. She will attain fame in a certain type of rôle wherein she submerges her own character. Although Miriam has a decided flair for light comedy, her chart shows that she will be remembered longest for her serious dramatic portrayals, rôles which have a definite psychological undertone. Her rôle in "The Old Maid" shows clearly the versatility and scope possessed by most persons born in the Sign of Libra. Although Miriam Hopkins will (*Please turn to page 88*)



YOUR 1939 HOROSCOPE

Free!

SPECIAL OFFER TO SCREENLAND READERS

NORVELL, noted astrologer who predicts the future for Hollywood stars, offers SCREENLAND readers his expert advice in the solution of their problems, according to the science of astrology. Send for FREE horoscope reading for your birth Sign. Simply write name, address, birth-date in coupon below, enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope and mail to: Norvell, Box 989, Dept. F, Hollywood, California.

Please send me NORVELL'S Horoscope. I enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.

MY NAME IS.....

MY ADDRESS IS

CITY..... STATE.....

MY BIRTHDATE IS

Barbara Learns to *Live*



**Marriage to
Bob Taylor
has made a
merry min-
gler out of
moody Stan-
wyck! This
frank story
tells how
and why**

**By
Liza**

*Exclusive home
pictures by
Len Weissman*

OF COURSE I was as pleased as punch, just like millions of other Americans, over Queen Elizabeth stepping down from her throne and mingling with the people. I think it was very heartwarming and friendly. But I don't want Elizabeth to get stuck up about her muchly publicized mingling, and I don't want all that praise to go to her pretty little head, because the World's Number One Mingler is not

England's Queen, but Hollywood's Barbara Stanwyck. Mrs. Robert Taylor to Metro. And Ruby Brough to those friends lucky enough to have Barbara call them over the phone and say, "This is Ruby Brough calling."

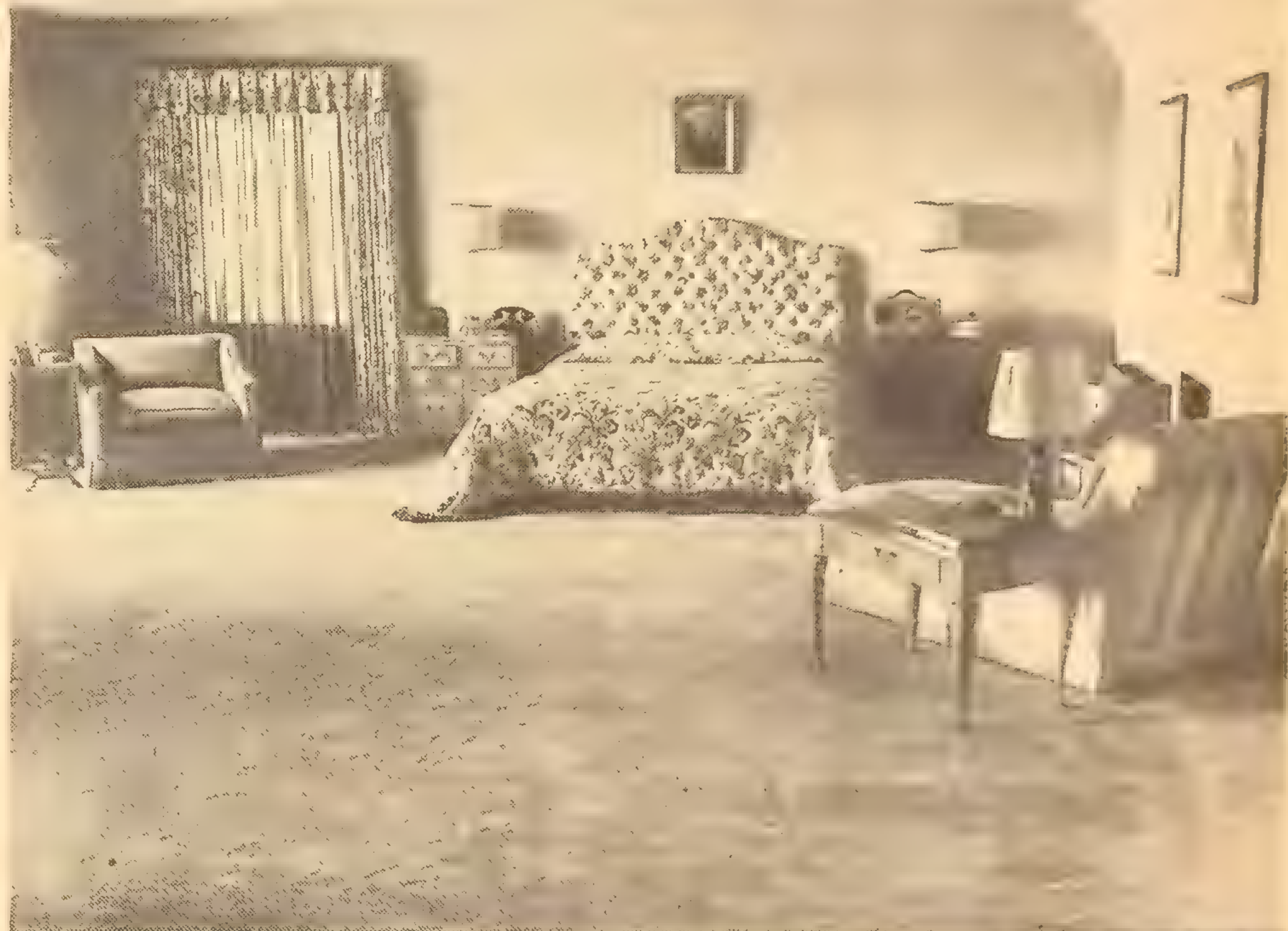
Time was, and not so long ago either, when an interview with Barbara Stanwyck was just about as impossible as an intimate little gabfest with Garbo. In fact, the girl from Brooklyn and the girl from Stockholm

had a lot in common. Both of them were shy, unapproachable, exclusive, reserved, and just about as chatty as a dish of cold cuts. Garbo wanted to be alone, but Barbara doubled it in spades. On the studio lots, and on the Hollywood streets, those days when Barbara had to go to the dentist or the bank, she scurried along, sort of cold and distant, with a chip on her shoulder. Today it's a *clip* on her shoulder—a costly little bauble of sapphires and diamonds from Mr. Taylor.

Barbara always was a swell person, she was born that way, but Hollywood slapped her down but good when she first came out here, and being shy and sensitive she climbed into her shell and stayed there in all her lonely misery until regular guy Bob Taylor came along and dragged her out by her hair. Bob's always been a great one for having people around, he loves people, and so when Barbara married Bob she suddenly found herself knee-deep in people—and discovered to her surprise that she was crazy about them and they were crazy about her. Ever since then she has been mingling like mad. "We want to rent a house in town next winter," Barbara told me recently. "It's so far out here people don't want to come out. And we want to have parties and things." Well, you could have knocked me down with a feather duster.

The first time I was admitted on a Stanwyck set the freeze-out system was in use, and I had to tiptoe around, I couldn't raise my voice above a whisper, and I only caught a hasty glance of Barbara as she ducked into her dressing room and banged the door. "She's a grand person," the studio press agent hurriedly assured me. "She's just a little stand-offish." Huh, I'll say! But the last time I visited a Stanwyck set—it was some weeks ago and the picture was "Golden Boy"—I heard shrieks of laughter coming from Barbara's portable dressing room which had a big sign "Mrs. Robert Taylor" painted across it. And what a happy little family group presented itself! Bill Holden (*Golden Boy* and *White Hope* of Mr. Harry Cohn of Columbia Pictures) was eating a hearty breakfast while Hollis Barnes, Barbara's hairdresser and best friend, massaged his neck. On the couch sat Robert Kalloch, designer, with two girls from the publicity department, and a guy from the trade papers. On the floor lounged Adolphe Menjou and a visiting fireman from Iowa who was just wandering through and dropped in for the laughs. Barbara, the bride, was endeavoring to tell Mr. Kalloch (*Please turn to page 72*)

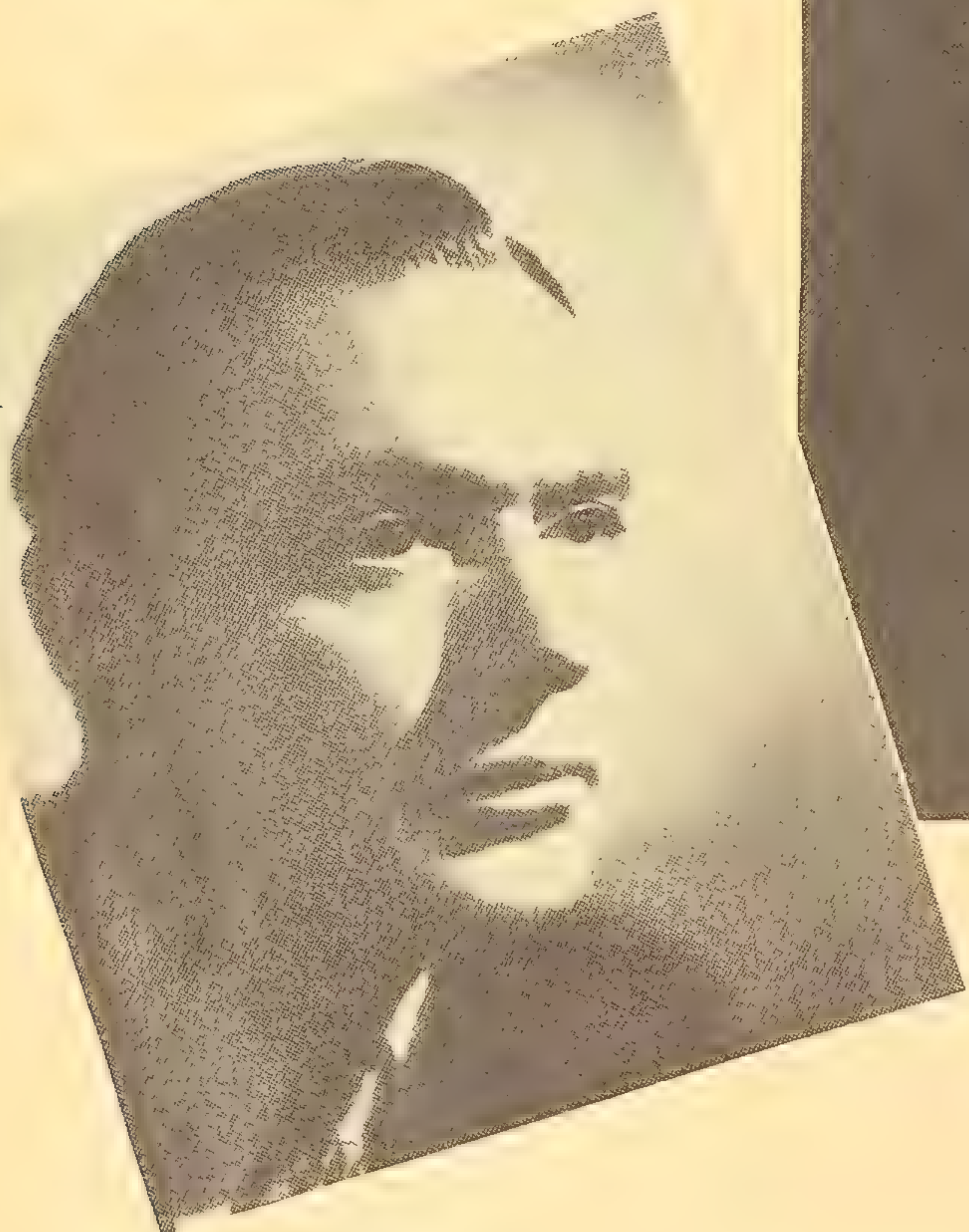
Just to show you what radiant romance and marriage can do for a girl, see the close-up on opposite page of the once-shy and morose Barbara Stanwyck. And there's the first picture ever made of her own dressing room with "his" portrait in the place of honor. Our pictures at right show Barbara in her happy new rôle of Mrs. Robert Taylor: top, in the playroom; next, Barbara's bedroom; right, in the dining room with her fine collection of old silver.



BOYER behind the 8-BALL

Forget the "great actor" stuff and see Charles as an old friend knows him

By
Stiles
Dickenson



Boyer qualified for membership in the Universal Studio production crew's "Behind-the-8-ball" club when he reported for a scene wearing the wrong necktie. Irene Dunne attaches official emblem to his coat. Membership in the "club" automatically ensues when a member of the cast or crew commits some error. New members must wear emblem for 24 hours.


NO, HE hasn't changed a bit. Greatness stays great in any country or environment. Charles Boyer is the same in Hollywood as he was in Paris. If Boyer were dumped in the heart of cannibalistic Africa he would impress the hungry chief with his aura of greatness and escape being boiled in the pot. I was most interested to see Charles at work and at play out here in Hollywood after having seen him for years in his native France—in the studios, playing in the theatres, and acting as host in his charming modernistic home in the Parc Monceau.

My first sight of him was in his new home topping one of the hills overlooking miles of canyons and mountains, with Hollywood nestling far below. Now, of late, I have been watching him making his new film out at Universal City. The original plan was to have Boyer co-star with Deanna Durbin but they decided to postpone that interesting project for a year, to let the young lady grow up a bit more. After the overwhelming success of "Love Affair" the natural thing was to team him with the lovely Irene Dunne again and the film is called "When Tomorrow Comes."

I remember seeing Charles do some scenes in the Paris studio for "Mayerling." Particularly do I remember those where he was surrounded by scores of young women in the restaurant scene laid in old Vienna. The ladies sur-

rounding him didn't act like blasé extra people working on just another picture, but seemed as excited as all you femme fans would be at finding yourself in such close proximity to the fascinating Boyer. Between scenes they would flutter around him, which I must admit he seemed to enjoy. Then, what should I see on arrival on the set at Universal City but Charles once more surrounded by scores of young ladies! It was a scene where all the girls were waitresses on strike, holding a meeting. Of course I'll have to wait till I see the picture on the screen to find out how and why Charles was in the midst of these lovely striking waitresses. Between shots the same scenes that I had witnessed in Paris occurred at Universal City. The gals all fluttered about Charles and once again he seemed to like it and enjoy it thoroughly.

Many re-takes were made of the crowd singing the theme song, the rallying song of the striking waitresses. Everyone seemed to have great fun at each re-take. Then the climax of hilarity came when they were told to hold a certain note, with mouths wide open, at a given signal from director John Stahl, for a still photograph. Some of the blue notes issuing from the gaping mouths were so funny everyone was convulsed. Over and over they had to do it and over and over the scene was spoiled with shrieks of laughter till at last a good shot was obtained. Then all the gals were free to sip some coffee, light some cigarettes and flutter (*Please turn to page 73*)



HERE'S
TO
YOUTH!

Hollywood, don't forget that the Young Crowd must have its fling! Make all the costume dramas and socially significant epics you like, but give us also contemporary Youth at its gay and carefree best, portrayed by such fresh and vibrant personalities as Lana Turner and Lew Ayres, shown here in a scene from "These Glamor Girls."



LOVELY LINDA

Newcomer of promise and appeal is Linda Darné, 20th Century-Fox discovery on current exhibition in "Hotel for Women" and later playing the leading rôle in "Public Dances" Number One."

DASHING DON

...eche has won more
... success with screen
... radio audiences than
... by a more spectacular
... former. Now in "Holly-
... and Cavalcade," the pag-
... of early picture days,
... with Alice Faye.



Frank Potcolny

"TEMPTRESS" FASHIONS!

Joan Crawford, as the siren in "The Women," must wear clothes calculated to lure the wary male. Here, she poses in a cunningly sophisticated white dinner gown with molded bodice and jewel-encrusted belt.




awford demonstrates that outdoor clothes can be glamorous! She is wearing an ensemble composed of beige circular skirt with wide cummerbund, knitted sweater of interwoven old rose, pale blue, and beige under a camel's hair jacket with silver buttons. Her fish-net turban matches the sweater.





**“HOLD
YOUR OWN”
CLOTHES!**

Norma Shearer, as the wife in “The Women” who manages to hold her own against competition by Joan Crawford, wears “charming lady” fashions such as this brown and white wool suit

A vintage black and white photograph of a woman standing in a room. She is wearing a long, sleeveless dress with a black and white polka-dot pattern. Her hair is styled in a short, wavy bob. She is looking slightly to her left. To her left is a dark wooden table with a lamp on it. The lamp has a large, light-colored shade and a decorative base. On the table next to the lamp is a small, ornate vase. The background is a plain wall with a decorative molding at the top. The floor is made of large, light-colored tiles.

In this corner, Shearer fights the battle of "The Women" in a black and white polka dot dinner dress. Now see the picture and find out who wins the fashion fight of the Hollywood century!

AND HERE IS IRENE DUNNE

Photographs of Irene Dunne by Ray Jones of Universal Pictures, for whom Miss Dunne is co-starring in "When Tomorrow Comes" with Charles Boyer.



Very, very special! Seldom does Irene Dunne consent to pose for fashion pictures, so take a good look at these. Above, Irene makes fashion news with her beaver jacket with bright red leather belt, her postillion hat with wide streamers, her large stitched leather bag. Right, she is lovely in black velvet with starched Irish lace collar and cuffs. Irene's new picture is Universal's "When Tomorrow Comes," with Charles Boyer.

DREAMED UP FOR FALL!

All gowns worn by Miss Dunne are designed by the famous Hollywood fashion authority, Bernard Newman—except fur costume by Willard George; hat, the May Co.



More fashion news! Wool for evening! At left, Irene Dunne slings a moss-green Rodier wool jersey jacket over her plaid chiffon dinner dress, which combines green, brick-red, gold, beige, and ties in a loose scarf at the neck. Above, the bustle, bursting back into fashion, is further honored by Irene, who wears a handsome version of the modern bustle evening gown of black taffeta with blue and pink satin dots.

Randolph Scott



If you saw Randy Scott in "Frontier Marshal" you're probably wondering why this stalwart Southerner doesn't draw more and better rugged roles. We're for him! How about you-all?

We give you, on opposite page what we consider the prettiest portrait Alice Faye ever posed for! She plays a composite of the famous Sennett bathing beauties in "Hollywood Cavalcade"

Alice Hays





PRESTO-CHANGO!

David Niven plays a master magician in "Eternally Yours," Walter Wanger's bright new comedy. "For my first illusion," says David in scene above, "I shall create a woman." Now see opposite page.

LOOK-WHO'S THIS?

The charming "illusion" at right is none other than Loretta Young, all tricked up as a Persian princess. Loretta, playing Niven's assistant in his magic act, looks more like her usual self in other scenes.





NELSON EDDY'S
New Screen Love: Ilona Massey



How do you like
Nelson with Ilona
Massey, who plays
and sings opposite
him in "Balalaika."
The new Eddy Mer-
cury musical for M-G-M
is a colorful romance
set in old Russia, with
your favorite bar-
itone in the rôle of
an officer in the
Cossack Guard.

**WHO'S THE LIFE OF
EVERY PARTY**

?

● Not Sue or Sam or Jack or Jane—but *energy*—
the life of every party. Baby Ruth is fine, pure
candy any time, all the time, and because it's
rich in Dextrose, it provides real food-energy.
Enjoy Baby Ruth every day at work or play.
CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



THE CANDY BAR THAT'S RICH IN

Dextrose

THE SUGAR YOUR BODY
USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY





Hal A. McAlpin, Paramount

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in Frank Lloyd's "Ruler of the Seas"



RONALD REAGAN Announcing:

That he'd rather be
a movie actor than
a radio announcer
or a lifeguard —
he's made good
at all three jobs

By
**Marion
Cooper**

Typical American boy's success story is Ronnie Reagan's, told here. Young men in search of the right job should read and profit by Reagan's experiences—from digging ditches to life-saving to sports radio announcing—and finally to a Hollywood contract.

WHEN a Hollywood agent wired Ronald Reagan, in Des Moines, Iowa, that Warners had offered him a contract, and ended: "What shall I do?" Reagan wired back: "For heaven's sake, sign it, before they change their minds."

Because to Ronald Reagan, radio announcer, that telegram meant that at last all his dreams were coming true. He had always wanted to act. Everything else, even his love of sports, took second place to his love of acting. When in his rôle of sports announcer he covered the Chicago Cubs' spring training camp at Catalina Island, a friend introduced him to a movie casting director. But Reagan had only faint hopes that anything would come of it. The interview took place on a Monday morning, and that evening he had to leave for Des Moines.

No wonder he went jittery with joy when the news of the proffered contract reached him the following Friday. He was at the broadcasting studio at the time. "I read the first line of the telegram," he told me, "and let out a yell. The rest of the boys finished reading it for me while I was telling the boss 'I quit.'"

Nearly two years have gone by since Reagan arrived in Hollywood, with a willingness to work hard and a fine voice, trained by years of radio work, his only assets. Sitting with him, I thought what a long way he's come since, lonesome, he reported for his first day's work.

"I hadn't thought about being lonesome until I walked on the set," Ronnie recalled. "I guess I was too excited to think about it. But when I saw all the others talking together like old friends, I realized I was just a stranger." Being nervous, too, he imagined all the glances directed at him were hostile. It seemed to him that the harder he tried with his lines, the rottener he got. There was just one tiny fleck of silver in his cloud of misery, and he clung to that. He was playing a radio announcer in "Love Is On The Air," and he tried to pretend that he was back at the broadcasting station, and that this was just another day back home. It helped a little.

Ronnie's first days in Hollywood seem to have been lived in constant dread of being sent home. When he made "Sergeant Murphy," he was thrown from his horse the first day. A dislocated shoulder sent him to the hospital. The next day, with his arm strapped to his side, he reported for work. "It was only my second picture," he explained. "I was afraid I might get fired."

Not a word about that accident was sent to the papers. "The leading man in a horse opera, thrown from his horse the very first day!" smiled Ronnie. "The editors would be sure to say: 'Who dreamed that up?' It seemed too phony."

Ronnie paused, looked stern, as one of the Dead End Kids went by. They appeared (*Please turn to page 90*)



THE OLD MAID—Warners



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



THE handkerchief manufacturers should be very, very grateful to Bette Davis, who has certainly done more to Bring Back the Hanky than any other actress in years. Of course if you prefer to bring along a whole box of Kleenex for eye-rubbing and nose-dabbing it's all right with me—but you'll need some sort of tear-catchers before you're through. You may hold out through Bette's unfortunate love affair and her sacrifices for her unacknowledged daughter; you may even remain dry-eyed as Bette, before long a bitter, disillusioned and difficult so-called Old Maid, does her most pathetic scene in pictures—dancing in the shadows with her memories of her lost love—though I shall hate you if you don't at least swallow hard. But you will never be able to resist the final, heartbreaking scenes in which the Old Maid at last has her reward—one brief kiss from the daughter who knows her only as an irritable Aunt. If that doesn't get you, then I will! I know you're all sick and tired of my saying "This is Davis' best performance"—but when the girl persists in topping herself, what else *can* I say? Blame her, the best actress in pictures, and don't fail to have a good cry at "The Old Maid." Oh yes—Miriam Hopkins is expertly charming as Bette's rival, and Donald Crisp, Cissie Loftus and George Brent are also present.



THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC—Samuel Goldwyn—United Artists



FOR knowing music-lovers, a Jascha Heifetz concert is an occasion—and here they have it. For movie fans, a good picture about street kids who reform is always welcome—and here they get what they want, too. All in all, Mr. Samuel Goldwyn's latest screen novelty is an event, and I think everybody should go to see and to hear it. Whether the above-mentioned Heifetz audiences will accept the Dead End Kid motif unreservedly, I wouldn't know. But it's practically certain that movie-goers will applaud the Heifetz fiddling—although they may yell for *Humoresque* as an encore—and personally I think the great violinist should have thrown in some "number" of definite popular appeal among his exacting and technically superb selections. If that's sacrilege I'm sorry; but with a plot so frankly "movie" and melodramatic surely Heifetz and Mr. Goldwyn would not have lost caste if they had included at least one hummable selection. Mr. Heifetz is seen and heard as himself, surrounded by a story relating how a young hoodlum is reformed by his love of music, joins a settlement music school, and saves the school from closing by persuading Heifetz to play a concert with the children's orchestra. The young musicians are charming and talented. Joel McCrea, Andrea Leeds, Walter Brennan and clever young Gene Reynolds make up the good cast.



STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE—20th Century-Fox



IT MAY sound downright maudlin to call a picture "noble," but that's how "Stanley and Livingstone" impresses me. It is a fine and noble effort. I'll eat those words, though, if they do anything to turn you away from theatres showing it. For noble as it is, it's grand, exciting entertainment, crammed with action from first to last, and made doubly important by scenes shot in Africa by Mrs. Martin Johnson, showing the real country against which the drama of Stanley's search for Dr. Livingstone was acted. Darryl Zanuck deserves a special award for making this picture—not so much because he spent over \$2,000,000 making it, but because he resisted every temptation to cheapen its theme. For—oh, yes—"Stanley and Livingstone" has a message; and it shines through all the thrilling melodrama and cannibal chases so brilliantly that it is never lost and never resented. A skilful blend of fact and fiction, the account of ace reporter *Henry Stanley's* greatest scoop, his discovery of the missing missionary, *Dr. Livingstone*, in the heart of Africa is intensely absorbing, thanks to masterful direction and inspired performances. Spencer Tracy as *Stanley* is at his magnificent best. Sir Cedric Hardwicke is almost equally fine as *Livingstone*; and Nancy Kelly gives a poignant performance—*her* best—as the only girl in the cast. A must-see!



HOTEL FOR WOMEN—20th Century-Fox



A GAY and sparkling cinema piece in the modern manner, "Hotel for Women" is as good a woman's show as "Beau Geste" or "Each Dawn I Die" is he-man stuff. I don't mean men won't flock to see it—how can they stay away, with this practically all-girl cast, and all girls who are young and pretty, too? Yes, I include Elsa Maxwell in that, for Elsa is young in heart and pretty cute herself. The girl of the picture, though, is newcomer Linda Darnell. It's her first part, she's very young and very "new"; and she has everything: charm, grace, and of course beauty; and best of all she is very, very fresh; dewy is the word I want, I suppose. Anyway, she's head girl in this all-harem film, as a photographers' model living in a big hotel for girls only, who upsets several gentlemen including John Halliday, rich and powerful; and Jimmy Ellison, young and handsome. Other girls in "Hotel for Women" have their troubles, too—and take them straight to Miss Maxwell, who plays sort of general all-round adviser and guide. Smart, shrewd, clever and crisp as it is, "Hotel for Women" never becomes too wise or brittle, but keeps the human touch so adroitly that it holds your sympathy throughout. Just consider the cast—which, besides "find" Darnell, includes such troupers and beauties as Ann Söthern, never better; Lynn Bari, and Jean Rogers.



BEAU GESTE—Paramount



HERE'S a new game you can play. All you have to do to start off is say to another movie fan, "The new 'Beau Geste' is better than the first 'Beau Geste.'" Doesn't matter a bit if you're too young and giddy to have actually *seen* the original, silent version. Chances are your opponent hasn't ever seen it either; but you'll get into a good lively argument anyway, as to whether Gary Cooper (new) improves upon Ronald Colman (old) in the title rôle; whether William Wellman's 1939 direction is as good as Herbert Brenon's; whether Ray Milland and Bob Preston measure up; and particularly if Brian Donlevy's performance of the beastly *Sergeant Markoff* is more monstrous than Noah Beery's. As to that last, there's just no argument. (And here I go into the game). Donlevy is terrific as the brutal *Sergeant* who makes life miserable for the Foreign Legion soldiers; it's a gorgeous, gory job of acting, and couldn't be bettered. Cooper can't seem to make *Beau Geste* much more than a stock figure, however, so the picture belongs to the villain rather than to the hero. The mystery of Fort Zinderneuf and the missing Great Sapphire is once more solved, but not before we're provided with fast and furious fighting in the desert, the dramatic reunion of the gallant Brothers Geste; and the grand flashy performance by new arch-villyun Donlevy.



EACH DAWN I DIE—Warners



AS THE advertisements admit, "Cagney against Raft." There you have it—tough guy versus tougher—and a swell, melodramatic spectacle it is, too. "Each Dawn I Die" is definitely no sissy entertainment. I don't cringe easily, but there was a minute or two during some of the more horrid prison scenes—you know, when the crazed inmate gets even with the mean guard—when I had an uneasy feeling that I would be better off out in the fresh air. But not so the majority of the Strand (Broadway, N. Y.) audience—they reveled in it; and George Raft in person should have been there to watch the way they went for him! Here's one local boy who has made good in his own home town. Cagney they liked, too—but somehow Raft won most of the applause as he slid his slick way through his rôle of bad boy who develops a conscience because newspaper reporter Cagney turns out to be the one square guy he ever met in his life. "Each Dawn I Die" may have you talking out of the corner of your mouth, with its realistically sordid revelations of what goes on inside some of our penal institutions in the way of brutality and politics; but it is excellent drama of its kind, and it provides not only Raft but Cagney with ample acting opportunities. To me it is Cagney's finest performance in a long time—minus his freaky mannerisms, plus his genuine artistry.



ON BORROWED TIME—M-G-M



IF YOU'VE skipped seeing this one by accident or design, please listen to me and catch up with it. I wouldn't miss it if I were you. And see it from the very beginning, before *Mr. Brink* enters the scene; then you'll be prepared for the weird happenings in which he participates. People who walk in on "On Borrowed Time" when the picture is halfway through can't appreciate it; and it deserves appreciation and support. I don't often spout about "pictures that will live" but here's one that will. Lionel Barrymore plays an ornery and lovable old fellow, *Gramp* to a very real and believable little boy, called *Pud*, beautifully enacted by little Bobs Watson. The two are great cronies, who go fishing on Sundays, cuss a little, and generally enjoy life a lot—despite the bigoted interference of a horrid relative, *Miss Demetria*. *Gramp* is getting along, though; and one day he meets *Mr. Brink*, a courteous gentleman who turns out to be—well, never mind; *Gramp* keeps him up in a tree until the right time arrives to let him come down. By that time you will love this picture, and *Gramp*, and *Pud*; and you'll probably come to agree with *Gramp* that it was about time to let *Mr. Brink* loose. Acting honors go first to Mr. Barrymore for a grand performance; next to little Bobs Watson—and then there is Sir Cedric Hardwicke as that *Mr. Brink*.

SCREENLAND GLAMOR SCHOOL



The pretty "baby" of the Lane Sisters, Priscilla, has selected for us the highlights of her Fall wardrobe. We like this two-piece suit with its fitted jacket and flared skirt of wood-brown flannel accented with bands of creamy beige. Priscilla's Scotch chapeau and handbag are of brown felt, her gauntlet gloves of beige suede.

Edited by

Priscilla Lane




Jaunty checks, juicy apple, cute girl make a refreshing Fall picture! "Patsy" Lane chose to pose for us in her favorite dress of black and white boldly checked wool, in princess style, and which closes at front with a slide fastener. The collar and revers are faced with black velveteen—a new note.

Glamour School photographs by Scotty Welbourne. Warner Bros. Priscilla Lane is appearing in Warners' "Dust Be My Destiny" with John Garfield.


BEHOLD— THE BUSTLE!

Priscilla Lane lends her aid to the fashion campaign to "Bring Back The Bustle," with this new modified bustle dress of whirled white and orchid bengaline. The deep squared back and two tiny ruffles below the waist are youthful versions of an extreme style.





For festive Fall after-
noons, Priscilla Lane
prefers this black and
white silk jersey—
black skirt with un-
pressed pleats; di-
agonally striped top
with full sleeves, high
circle neck, broad
shoulders. Her gloves,
bag, and pumps are
of rich black suede.



WHEN DEANNA DANCES

She wears brown
moiré taffeta with
pastel pink ruffled
lace bodice and
long-sleeved brown
velvet bolero. The
new Durbin film is
"First Love."



*Ray Jones,
Universal*



Grand for the girls of Deanna's age, the saucy two-piece frock above with its plaid skirt and hood, its zipped-up all brown jacket. Deanna's pumps are popular with the sub-debs for combining comfort with chic. Left, a Durbin favorite is this light sheer wool in apricot tan with white angora trimming. At right, school suit in two tones of blue—swing skirt of dark blue flannel, jacket of shetland wool in lighter shade. Deanna's high-cut open-back sandals are of dark blue suede and lend the youthfully sophisticated note that she likes.



HE STARED at her. "How did you get in?" he demanded.

Her explanation was simple: "I never left." "Well, you're going to leave right now!"

She stretched out comfortably. "I won't either," she announced.

He stood over her threateningly. "Get up—put on your duds—and beat it!"

"I'm going to stay right here. Right in this bed. It's comfy. I like it!" She turned her back on him and switched off the electric light. He switched it on again. He felt like yanking her out by the ear; decided, instead, to persuade her by using common sense and logical argument.

"Listen, kid! I—I'm not saying I'm not happy to have you here—"

"Why—" with heavy-handed irony—"how charming of you! How delightfully chivalrous!"

"Shut your face!"—not so very chivalrously. He glowered at her; made another start: "There's the moral side to be considered."

"And since when are you in the habit of considering it, Lester Donnelly?"

"I wasn't speaking of myself personally. I was referring to Hollywood. I mean Hollywood motion picture contracts—that is, if you want one. They contain what's called a morality clause. An actress has got to mind her p's and q's, walk the straight and narrow. If she doesn't—curtains! Rotten publicity, see? Hollywood won't have it. For the public is always ready to tear a

thickly, "I fail to see what that has to do with it."

"Just that, tonight, I am the one who insists on the conjugal rights—at least," she added hastily, "as far as sharing your house."

He shook his head. "You're nuts, baby," he informed her. "We were married—then. Aren't—now."

Again she laughed. "Are you sure we aren't?"

"Sure I'm sure!"

"That's where you're wrong, Lester."

"Eh?"

"I," casually, "didn't go through with the divorce."

"You didn't—*what?*"

"I—" very slowly, spacing her words—"did—not—go—through—with—it."

"I—I don't get you!" He frowned. "Mind giving me the low-down, kid?"

She sighed. "How can one explain—really explain—one's heart, the queer, contradictory things in one's heart?—I—you see—I hated you—because—"

"Aw—" roughly—"you don't have to draw a chart!"

Hollywood Pavement by Achmed Abdullah

Exciting and colorful drama of love and life in glamorous Hollywood. Abdullah, famous fiction writer, takes you behind the scenes in this emotional movieland romance

star to pieces and give her the bum's rush—the public that, before the newspapers spill the dirt, treat this same star as if she were a lady angel with pink wings. That's what will happen to you. Why—for how can I keep my servants from gossiping?—the local Walter Winchells will have your name smeared all over their columns, the moment they find out that you spent the night here. Colossal-O'Shea will hand you a brick, instead of a break."

She laughed. "Are you through?"

"Yes."

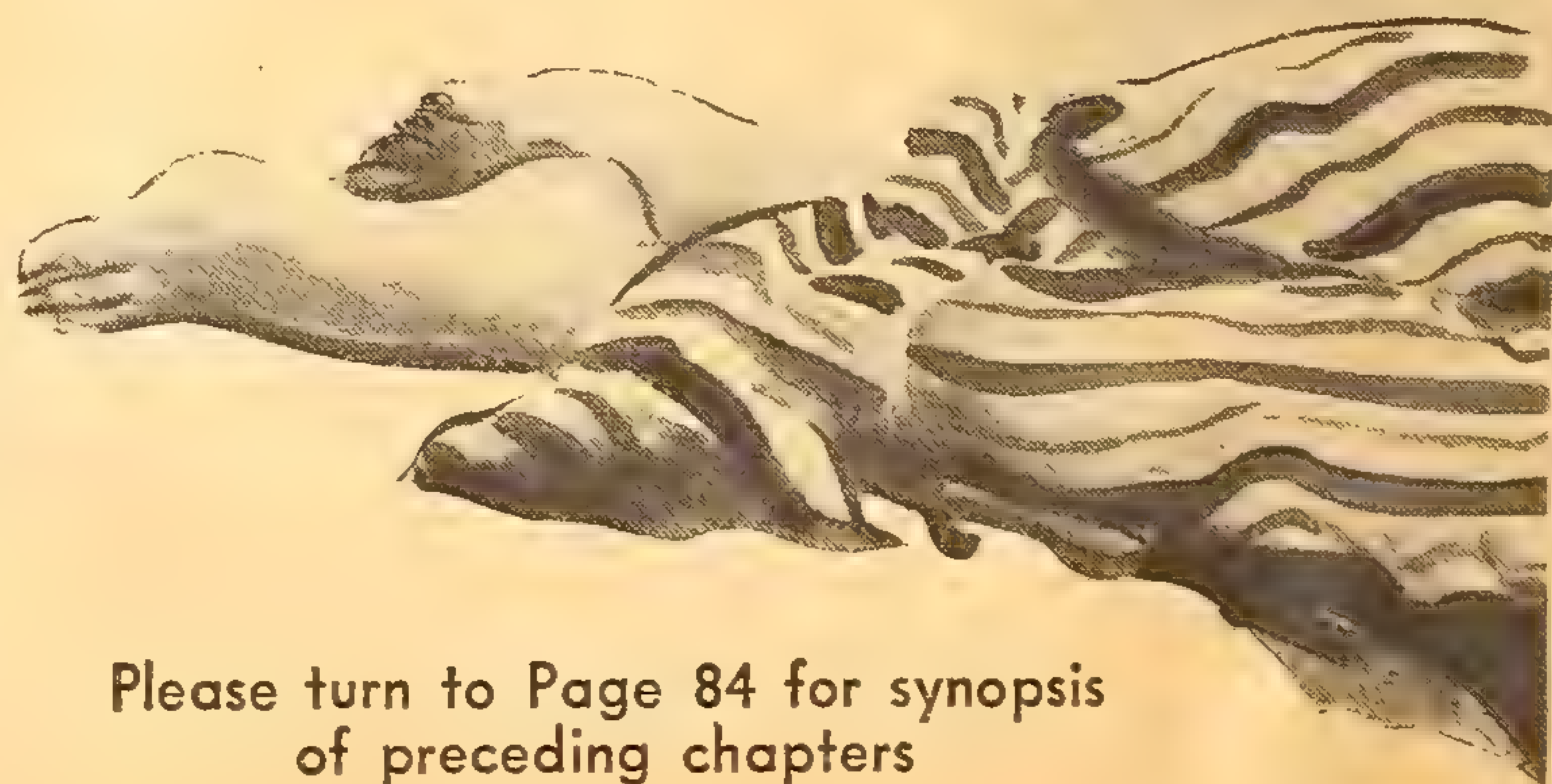
"Tell me, Lester—do you recall, some years back, a stifling New York night in mid-August? When I came to your office, almost as shabbily dressed as I'm today—and when you suggested that I should—"

"Why bring that up?"

"Wait! And we drove over to your place at Bayside, on Long Island. And on the way, being a little gent, you married me. And we reached your house. And your Jap prepared supper. And after supper," in a low, flat voice, "you—"

He looked away from her for a second and mumbled

"How did you get in?" he demanded. Her explanation was simple: "I never left." "Well, you're going to leave right now!" She stretched out comfortably. "I won't either," she announced.



Please turn to Page 84 for synopsis of preceding chapters

"I prayed for revenge. Saw my way when I discovered that you loved me."

"And that's why you—?"

"Yes! That's why I telegraphed you from Chicago, telling you I was going to obtain a divorce. And you wired back—sort of stiff—"

"Didn't expect me to be in a glow, did you?"

"I consulted a lawyer. Paid him a retaining fee. Money wasted—" she smiled wanly—"as it turned out. I—and it's no use asking me why, don't know myself—I couldn't go through with it. I dropped the suit."

He jumped up; paced the room. He said: "I didn't pay much attention at the time. Imagined you were pulling one of those fast divorces. Didn't notice, I guess, that no papers were served on me. I got soused good and proper the moment I had your telegram—see? Was soused for weeks. It hit me sort of hard. Took the soul—and the heart and guts—"right out of me." He slurred; went on: "And now—"

"And now—?" she echoed.

He answered by humming: "Happy days are hereagain!"

ILLUSTRATED

BY

GEORGIA
WARREN



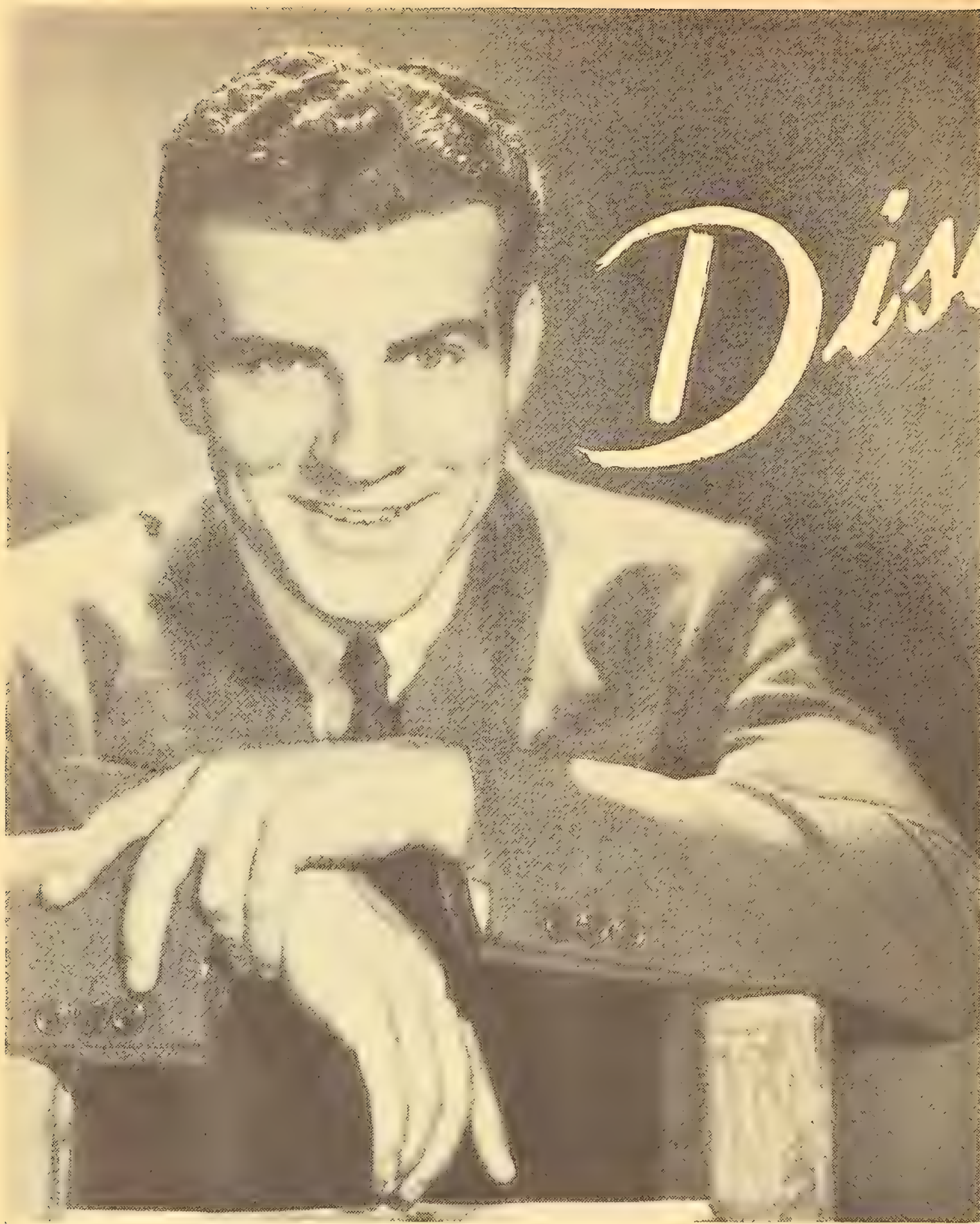
A few months later, rehearsals began. Real rehearsals, as on the speaking stage, since Lester, for his first screen play, used the Broadway technique: repeat and repeat—sharpen every line, every situation—try, try again—until everything dovetails and clicks. So, evening after evening, lights burned in one of the studios on the Colossal-O'Shea lot. From the broad window the radiant miracle of electricity streamed out to cast an attenuated but significant reflection upon Hollywood's asphalt river—indeed, it has no other river—and the policeman on the beat, yawning, swinging his stick, approached the night watchman, borrowed and lit a cigarette and asked: "Lester at it again?"

"Sure. Picture'll be finished in a couple of weeks."

"More power to his elbow! Swell guy, Lester!"

"Are you tellin' me? A prince, that's what Lester is."

Lester. Not Lester Donnelly or Mr. Donnelly. That's what, by this time, he was to half Hollywood—to actor and actress, to star and extra, to cop and newsboy, to taxi driver and Salvation Army lass and drug-peddler and street-walker and soda fountain cowboy. Lester, spoken with affection. Because they liked him. Because—and, partly, it was his shrewdness, since he wrote about every-day people—he talked to Tom, Dick and Harry; was simple and friendly. Because, though the coming man, he had not "gone Hollywood." Lester—spoken with admiration. Because the actors in the cast of "Hollywood Pavement" reported great things. He knew the theatre—they told their friends—knew every last trick, knew how to endow these tricks with the depth and glamor of reality. Knew, too, how to get the best out of people—with a persuasiveness, an enthusiasm, that was dynamic, was like a force of nature. He neglected nothing—and nobody. Took as much trouble with the least little extra as with Gwen Mapleson herself, his wife—and the star. And once—when Sam (*Please turn to page 84*)



Discovered!

ROBERT PRESTON

Frank interview with the dynamic lad who was the hit of "Union Pacific"

By
Gladys Hall



"I'M NOT 'glamorous,'" young Robert Preston told me at the take-off of this, his first magazine interview, "but my life is! I just got on a certain zephyr and it kept blowing!"

Which, if I may say so, is a singularly inept and misleading turn of phrase on the part of young Mr. P., that "zephyr" touch. For no mere zephyr could ever blow this stalwart young man anywhere. Not anywhere he didn't want to go, that's sure. If Robert had been born in March instead of in June, one would say of him that he "came in like a lion." But as he *was* born in June, of all unlikely months for so lusty an infant, we'll simply have to paraphrase and say that he came in (to pictures) like a lion. Which he emphatically did. No cooling of heels, no long apprenticeship in program pictures for Robert, the Robust. Certainly no zephyrs. Instead, a hardy gust of wind, only a couple of breaking-in "B's" and then—"Union Pacific." And then "Beau Geste." And now, as sure as Gable, Tracy, and others of the Great Brethren made the grade, stardom ahead for Robert P.

The people who simply cannot be happy unless they make comparisons are calling Robert Preston "a young Gable"; are saying that he is remindful of Spencer Tracy. Well, there's something to it. Young Preston does have Gable's brawn and vigor—more than a little (ah, there, girls!) of the Gable virility. He has the Tracy rough-and-readiness, too—that famed "earthiness" which makes Gable, Tracy, and the whole world kin. Also, he is of their breed of men who go about in tweed jackets

Robert Preston, above, "as is." Right, in his new film, "Beau Geste."

which do not match the accompanying trousers, hair tousled, pipe clenched between teeth—there is nothing even remotely manicured about Bob. No one will ever call him a Pretty Boy. Young Preston admits that he likes to play "rough parts." He says: "I can honestly say that I have no 'glamorous' aspirations. I go too far in the opposite direction, if anything. If I can play a scene without combing my hair, all the better for me!"

Nope, nothing "arty" about Robert, even if he did rise, a sort of pugilistic phoenix, from the esoteric ashes of Little Theatres and such. Nothing of the Glamor Boy about Bob—except that Nature fashioned him six feet one inch in height, weight 175 pounds, gave him dark golden hair with curious streaks of brighter gold running through it, eyes of a brilliant yellow-gray, strong teeth, big hands, big feet, a strong will, or I miss my guess. Which may not be Glamor but what do *you* call it? There's something sort of leonine about his appearance, at that—if ever you met him coming out of a jungle you wouldn't say, startled, "what are *you* doing here?"

Robert was born, however, not under a mango tree but in conservative New England. In Newton Highlands, Massachusetts, on June 8th, just twenty years ago. *Twenty*, mind you! Out of the mouths—and abilities—of babes come now, not only (*Please turn to page 96*)

HOLLYWOOD has discovered talent in candy stores on Hollywood Boulevard, among movie extras in rare cases, in an Omaha stock company, among headline news personalities, on the Broadway stage, in London, Berlin, Paris—in fact in every nook and corner of the world from Brooklyn to Capetown, but John Wayne's is the unique case of a *movie star* being discovered by Hollywood. And all because of a director's faith engendered from the director's conversation with a prop boy on the Fox lot ten years ago.

But first, let's follow John Wayne from the time he left his native Winterset, Iowa, at the age of four. Then he was known as Marion Michael Morrison, a blue-eyed brown-haired tike. "I wasn't cute or anything like that," recalls John. "I was just a plain Scotch-Irish baby."

The Morrisons moved to California because Grandfather Morrison spoke glowingly of the Golden State, and father Clyde L. Morrison, a druggist, decided to start anew there as a rancher. Lancaster, California, was the first California home of the Morrisons, and it was here John received his first equestrian training. "I had to ride a horse to school every day, and I used to take short cuts over rough country when late, long cuts when the day was too ideal to come early," Wayne laughed.

Ranching duties helped build the Wayne frame. He was naturally a big-boned, big-framed lad, a Morrison heritage. Piling hay, roping, furrowing, hunting, swimming, fishing—all the pleasures of the boy privileged to live in open spaces branded early into Wayne the "out-

door" appearance he retains today, the convincing look of one bred to break an outlaw stallion, to dwell with the wind and breathe with the mountains, a pioneer type of American hero. By the time John reached high school age, the Morrisons were living in Glendale, California. At Glendale High School one September morning a schoolboy crush led John to take a step which was eventually to lead him to prominence in the movies.

"I had a kind of case on a blonde when I was a sophomore in high school," John tells it, "but she had a crush herself on the senior football captain. I was going to go out for football anyhow in my junior year, but I decided I was going to show that girl who the better man was, so I went out for the varsity."

John took to football as if he had nursed a pigskin for years. He became the outstanding linesman on an outstanding team, a stalwart guard who ripped opposing interference to shreds and opened gaping thoroughfares for his own backfield. The blonde by this time had turned her affections to the basketball captain, but John's puppy love was now forgotten.

The University of Southern California became interested in John, and when they offered him a football scholarship, John was theirs. He enrolled in a pre-legal course, and made the varsity as tackle in his sophomore year. That 1928-29 team of Southern Cal's was a national terror and the giant Wayne a tough tackle. When summer came, the University secured a job for him at Fox studios as a prop boy. And that was the end of his law career ambitions. (*Please turn to page 82*)

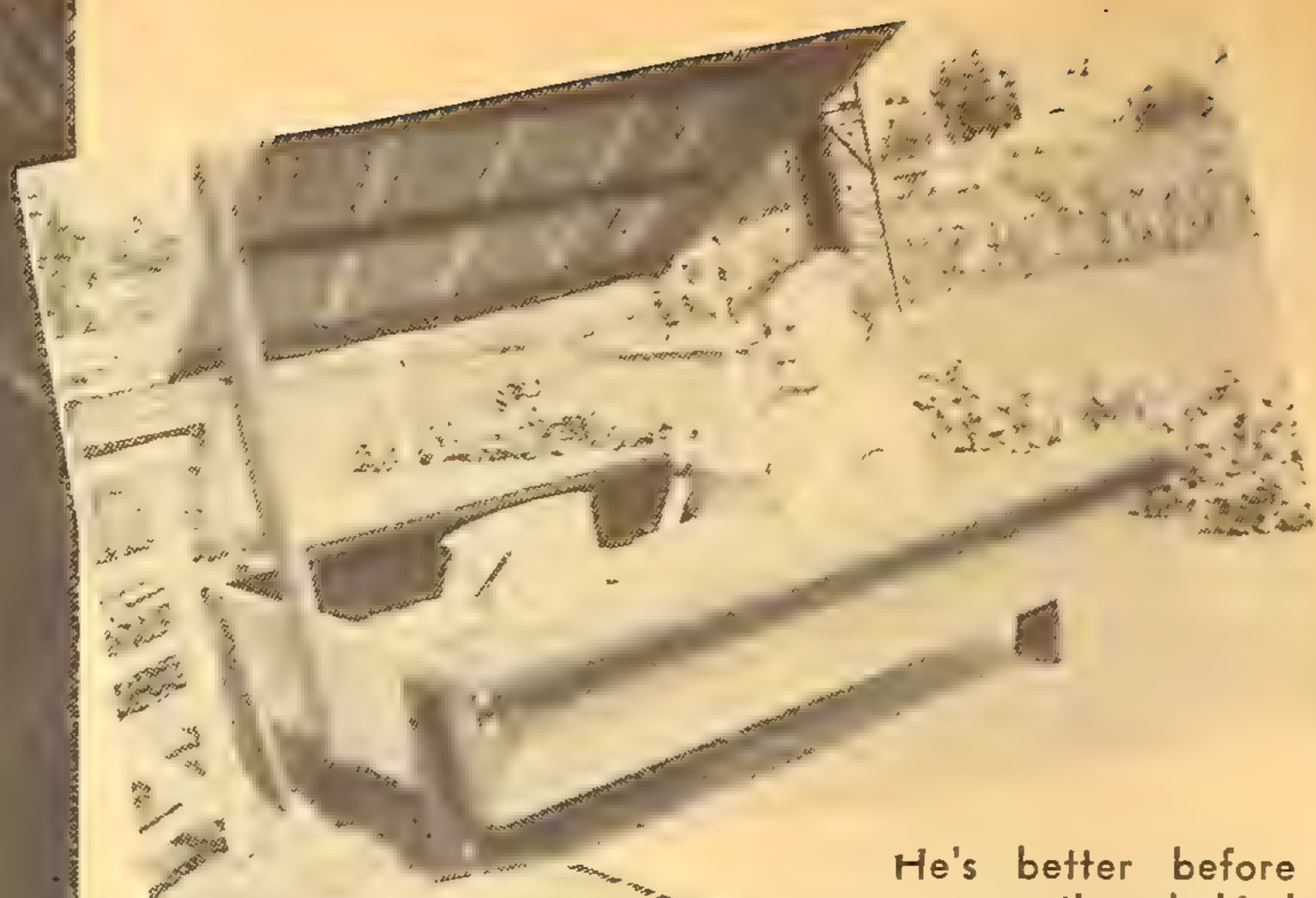
He's been making Westerns for the past seven years, yet it took "Stagecoach" to make him famous

By Sam Adams

**JOHN
WAYNE**

Re-discovered:





He's better before a camera than behind it, Allan Jones frankly confesses; but he enjoys adding to his family album anyway. Left, Irene Hervey Jones in an informal snapshot by Allan. Above, and lower left, the proud father's own photographs of Allan Jones, Jr.



HAVE you any advice for Allan Jones? He's a candid camera fiend as well as a home movie fiend. He's much better at the home movie stuff—just why he doesn't know.

"I can't go anywhere or look at anything without wanting to make a picture of it," he confesses. "I like to have pictures to remind me of trips I take, how the kids are growing, parties Irene and I give, and things we do. I get exactly what I want with my movie outfit, but I'm not a bit satisfied with my stills. I've had the movie outfit eight or nine years and even my friends who know me well enough not to be too polite don't mind sitting through my movie shows. But my stills—!"

"I got a terribly expensive camera, with a light meter, soon after I came to Hollywood, and went around shooting pictures, framing what I wanted with my hands, the

way Hollywood cameramen do; but my pictures were awful.

"Last Fall I went to New York with Irene—my wife—and the first night I was there, I saw the show 'Hellzapoppin,' where my good friend George Mann is making a hit. During this show, they black out the stage at times and have the action go on in a balcony. In this interval, faces in the audience are lit by reflection from the lighted balcony, and this gave George an idea. He gets out in the dark with his camera and snaps famous faces he spots in the audience. He has

the most amazing collection—almost all of them simply terrible likenesses because the people are all roaring with laughter. There are Joan Bennett, Walter Wanger, Al Jolson, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the President and some of the Cabinet—oh, a lot of important people—every one with their mouths open or their eyes rolled up, shrieking. He got Irene and me, too, but it happened unfortunately that we were not so bad. He must have taken us when we were still waiting to hear the joke.

"At any rate, George is an expert. He can do anything with a camera. He looked at my stuff and he shook his head. 'This is frightful,' he informed me, as if I didn't know. 'No background, no composition, no proper focus. You can't do *that*—and *this* is impossible!' In fact, George felt so badly about my stuff that he decided to give me a different light meter. 'This will almost take your pictures itself,' he promised me. Well, I took my pictures with the aid of the new light meter, and they were worse than ever!

"In the end I went out and bought a little Brownie camera. My pictures aren't quite so bad as they were,

"Candid" Allan Jones

He admits his pictures might be better, but he couldn't possibly have more fun

By Ruth Tildesley

and I don't need a light meter, thank heaven. Any hints are acceptable, though, I'm going to build a dark room at the house, and study camera technique in a big way."

He tossed me a snap of the family vehicles, including station wagon, trailer, and kiddie car. "I know that there isn't enough contrast between the trailer and the sky here," he pointed out, "but that's an example of a picture that brings me happy memories. And yet what a nightmare I had last night! I was awakened by my son this morning and was I *glad* to wake? Let me

tell you a story: Once upon a time I had a fight with M-G-M about a part I didn't want to do. I swore I wouldn't do it, and they swore just as solemnly that I would. In the end they re-wrote the thing and I did it, but as part of the studio persuasion they gave me a trailer to use as a dressing room. It was an outright gift to me and was put in my name. Well, last night I dreamed that Eddie Mannix, an executive at M-G-M, sent for me, and we complimented each other on how well we looked and so on. Then he said: 'Oh yes, by the way, we want that trailer back.' I burned up! I told him it was in my name and I'd be a so-and-so if he ever got his hands on it again, and so on and on. I don't know what would have happened if the baby hadn't wakened me just then!

"We have the most marvelous time with the thing. It sleeps four and we can cook in it and keep things iced. Bob Young and his wife and Irene and I wanted to go up to Victorville to the rodeo not long ago, but we couldn't stay over the week-end for various reasons. 'We'll (Please turn to p. 76)



The Jones Family's vehicles, far left: trailer, station wagon, and kiddie car. Left, Allan by Irene; above, Irene by Allan. Top, Baby Jones takes his first ride on Smoky, Allan's favorite horse.

"Don't Try To Be Somebody Else"

Frank words by Ida Lupino on rigid, unguided dieting and on "glamorization" to a standard type. Neither ever pays!

By Courtenay Marvin



Ida Lupino, as she is today, after a return to her natural self, posed with a perfume she adores. At right, Ida, as you saw her, studio-made.



THE Ida Lupino who smiled a greeting at me from a love-seat in her suite at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria bore no resemblance to the Ida Lupino I had seen several years ago. This slim, dark-haired girl, with clear grey eyes, was certainly not the plump blonde that I recalled. This change was another startling example of Hollywood, except that the changeling before me was a product of Ida Lupino, herself, whereas the blonde I had seen before was a product of Hollywood.

We launched immediately into a story of transformation that almost wrecked the picture career of this competent actress, and it began with dieting to become slimmer at any cost. The cost, as you will hear, was health, energy, appearance and personality. In fact, about all the assets a girl possesses. However, in Miss Lupino's case, good sense and courage remained. But let Miss Lupino speak: "When I first went to Hollywood, I weighed about 127 pounds. That, of course, was frankly too much, but I was very healthy. I had energy and good sound nerves. Immediately, I was told I must reduce. I must reduce rapidly for picture appearance. If I had used my better judgment, I would have gone to a doctor

or someone competent to advise me on this subject, but I took the matter in my own hands. I cut down and down on food, so that before long I had reached about 102 pounds. I had lost weight, and I had lost sparkle and stamina. I became nervous and irritable. It did not occur to me that I was semi-starved. However, it is my experience that when one continues rigid dieting for a period of time, desire for food goes, and building-up again is always a far more lengthy and difficult process than that of losing a reasonable number of pounds. Reducing is still a popular subject for feminine discussion, but I would warn every girl against strict dieting, unless under competent direction. I think we can do ourselves great harm. As for me, I became thinner and thinner. One day the studio called me and told me that I was in no condition to appear before a camera. I was advised to rest and try to regain a normal weight. This was serious. My picture career hung in the balance. Immediately, I tried to include building-up foods in my diet, but found I had no appetite. I had accustomed my system to so little, that even the addition of a cereal was too much for me. Then I put myself

in the hands of a doctor. My diet was scientifically planned to remake me and to replenish energy, good spirits, and sound nerves. It was a slow process, and it required from me hope, patience, and persistence."

Again, looking at the girl before me, I could see that she had exercised these qualities and that she had won. I believe that today the general attitude on reducing is sane. Girls have learned that bone structure and our general physical build should control a normal weight, that sufficient firm flesh is necessary for loveliness, rather than a chart figure. For some types, 112 pounds is far too much, while for others it is distinctly under-weight. Reducing, like make-up tones, is a very personal matter. We still find tragic cases in reducing, but not as many as formerly. For today we know something of food values. For example, we know that fried foods, rich sauces and gravies, pastries (*Please turn to page 76*)



Topps True Form Shoe Stores present these pretty - on - your - feet suede operas, with an accent on soutache. Practical for daytime, yet you'll want them for dancing. You can get them in black, brown or wine, and their price is \$2.98.



Famous for inexpensive smartness, Joyce Hubrite shows this rayon crepe, a dress which has as many personalities as the accessory changes you choose to give it. Replace the fresh white trim with some glamorous gold jewelry for dates; or wear a bright belt to match the feather in your hat. It comes in black, brown, navy or maroon. Its price is \$7.95.

Screenland's Glamour Guides

By
Marina



A Real-Form "Girdle of Grace," fashioned to fit, yet giving complete freedom of action to athletic minded girls. Knitted of Lastex and duPont rayon, it has two-way stretch, and is guaranteed not to run. This girdle is priced at \$2.50, and comes in tea rose, black or white. Other Real-Form girdles in this line are designed for young figures, and sell from \$1 to \$5.

If you would be curved but free, wear this "Bias-Bra"! Designed by Model, it does not feel like a brassiere at all, and as the name implies, the bias-cut pure silk Skin-satin acts like an elasticized fabric. It molds without any binding, and that Lastex piece, cleverly inserted in the center, assures separation. In either peach or white, you can buy it for \$1.

"Fun on a budget" best describes these college and career likeables. You can buy these in your stores. For where to buy, turn to Store Directory on Page 87



Camera and News Flashes Telling About Movie Town Doings

Here's

Sandra Lee Henville, also called Sandy, shows what well-dressed boys—and girls—are wearing. How come? Well, Sandy's a little girl who plays boy rôles. Left, showing off double-breasted coat; below, calling attention to new hat; opposite page, showing top of hat, not hiding; far right, Sandy giving a profile view.



MYRNA LOY hates to hurry more than any other woman in Hollywood; she never does today what she can do tomorrow. She's so sold on the most relaxed way of living that the idea of fast traveling was simply something she never even imagined. But now she knows! Her producer-husband, the talented Arthur Hornblow, had been talking about a European trip for ages. She chalked it off to male pipe-dreaming. You ought to hear Myrna describe what happened to her this last summer! One day Arthur phoned from his executive suite and said, "Minnie, we're leaving this week-end." Just like that. Myrna would have gasped, only she didn't want to exert herself so severely. "I didn't believe him until I stepped into that first plane." Next morning they were in New York City. They had a breathing spell, time for Myrna to think maybe she was going to be ill if they stuck to the schedule that had been handed her by her devoted mate. But they embarked in swank on the Normandie, and she was seasick and oh—! She was so weak when she was called upon to walk off that she couldn't greet the press as the reporters wished. "We flew to Stockholm and Oslo, then saw Norway by auto and boat. Some exciting days in Paris and London, a return on the most deluxe of French ships, and when she boarded the New York to Hollywood overnight plane she had a strange new spring in her step. But the moral isn't what you'd expect; Myrna hasn't become a brisk woman. She can whip up sufficient zip for screen rôles requiring snappy delivery, but in private life she's once more figuring that easy does it. She throws up her hands in a Zazu Pitts fling whenever she remembers how she covered fifteen thousand miles in thirty days' time. All that constant dressing was "too much trouble, believe me."

CHARLES LAUGHTON and Elsa Lanchester haven't taken a house on this trip to the Coast for his difficult "Hunchback of Notre Dame" rôle. They are living quietly in the Garden of Allah. No, that's not in the Sahara—it's the swanky cottage hotel built around the exotic home of the veteran star, Nazimova. You can see Charles lolling beside the outdoor swimming pool any afternoon that he isn't scaring the stuffings out of thousands of Hollywood extra folk disguised as Parisians. Never has any actor made so many arduous make-up tests as he did when he agreed to portray the naughty man of Notre Dame. Because of the intense summer heat they tested him at night, beginning regularly at 9 P.M., and finally winding up at 5 in the morning.



WHEN Franchot Tone returned to Hollywood he was met by a swell new car which he'd ordered for himself. He opened his apartment door to be bowled over by a huge floral tribute from Joan Crawford. "Just a memory!" Then he proceeded to have a lengthy lunch with an old pal of his, a fellow who'd loyally devoted himself to many stellar friendships. "I've been gone eight months," declared Franchot, "and what I want to know first is if you've learned yet that such wholesale devotion isn't the best policy?" Franchot's not cynical; he just knows how selfish most actors and actresses are. They have to be, to become dominant personalities.

SONJA HENIE'S real age has just come out. She's twenty-nine! Everyone in Hollywood was surprised to read this news in a national magazine. It also appears she has earned two million dollars in the three years she has been working in America. Do you wonder what kind of rent a smoothie such as Sonja is would pay? Well, here's the data: she writes out a check for fifteen hundred bucks each and every month she resides in Hollywood.

A scene from "Intermezzo," left, showing Leslie Howard, the star with Edna Best, British screen favorite, who's featured in the picture with him. In private life, Miss Best is still Mrs. Herbert Marshall.



Hollywood

By
Weston East



THERE'S never a dull second around Bette Davis. Just when every predictor was positive she and George Brent were secretly carrying on a magnificent obsession, who should return to town but "Ham" Nelson, Bette's ex. Bette and "Ham" have remained friends—Bette once vowed that any woman who still liked her ex-husband was a sap, but we'll forget that—and so now the gossips can't decide whether she's consulting "Ham" about George, or what goes on. From the way in which she's fixed up the grand bungalow she now has on the lot you'd think no man was ever going to be important to her. Bette's brought most of her best antiques over, and when she's working she generally stays all night. With fifty-two cops patrolling the studio at night she has no fear of burglars. She happily does her own dish-washing, too, when she's informally week-ending with chums in everyday circumstances.

LIPSTICK your boy-friend loves to taste is the vogue in Hollywood since Brenda Joyce moved from her college classrooms at U.C.L.A. into leading ladyhood at 20th Century-Fox. It takes youth to wonder why, and Brenda frankly complained to Buddy Westmore, Martha Raye's ex who's a make-up expert at this studio, about the taste of regulation lipstick. Sadness in a beautiful woman is one thing Buddy has never been able to resist, so he diligently set to work and created special lipstick for her—with peppermint flavor. Owen Ward, a Los Angeles college boy, is probably responsible for this new craze that's sweeping the town, because he's Brenda's ideal. When he had to go to Monterey for military training she and her mother soon went vacationing in the Carmel woods, five miles from the presidio. She's promised her boss, producer Zanuck, not to elope, however.

NEXT month we'll be able to tell you the intimate highlights of Tyrone and Annabella's European trip, because they've always been loyal about rushing our way with the news that's worth repeating. They didn't miss a trick and it was the sort of glamorous honeymoon Tyrone had always dreamed about. We're waiting to tell him about the theatre owner in the Middle West who now breathes easier. It seems the fellow had worried no end about Annabella not having a last name. So when he ran her most recent film he happily billed her as Annabella Power. She's going to tackle her none-too-successful career with renewed zest now, because the home folks back in Paris expect that if she's enchanting enough for Tyrone Power she can be a Hollywood victor yet.

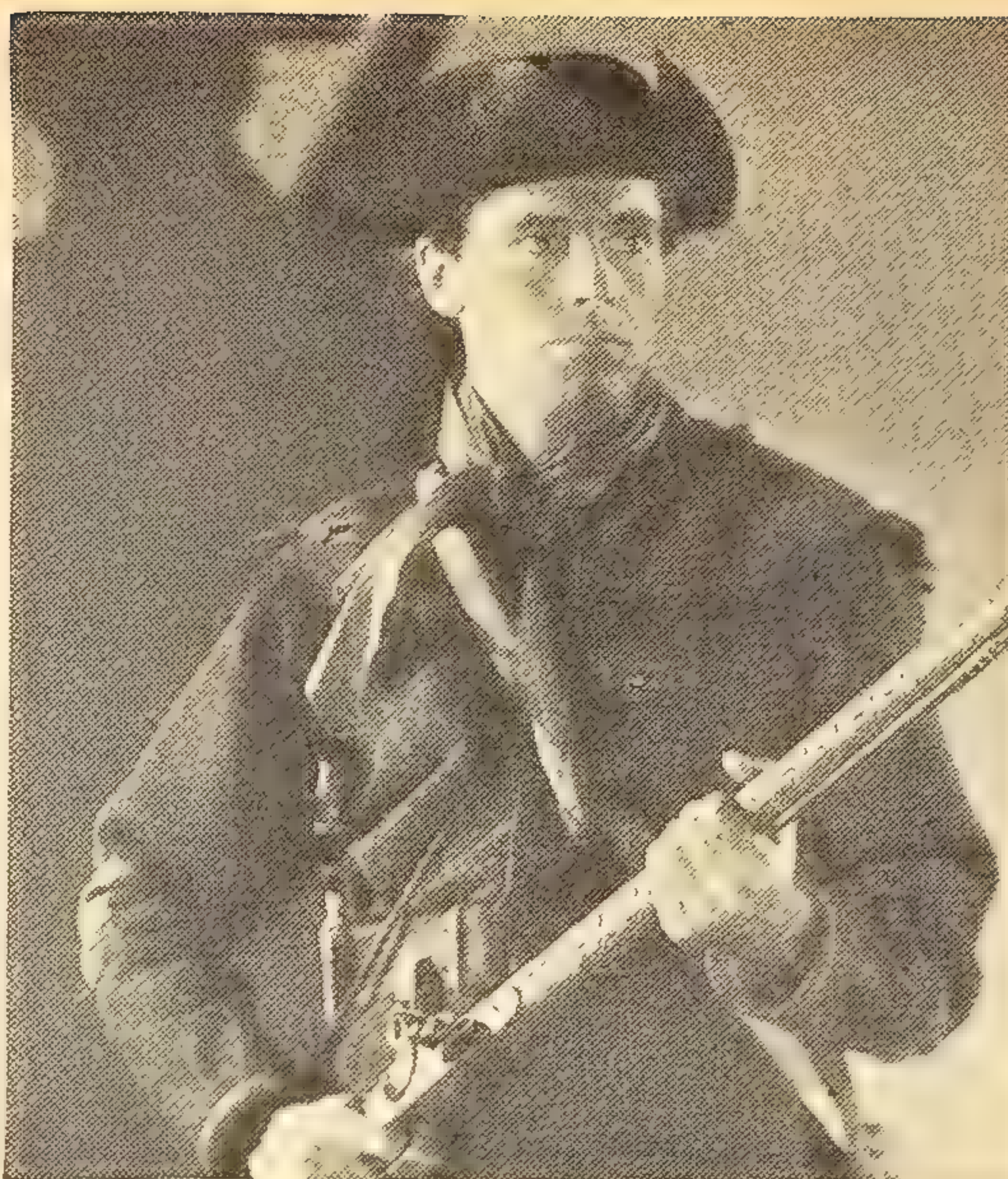
THAT Orson Welles has something even Hollywood can't match is now a proven fact. He is going to do a picture for RKO as no picture has ever been done before. Leave it to Mr. Welles to hold out for what he wanted. The picture will be Shakespeare, no less, probably "Macbeth," which is surprise enough. But Orson will have complete say and the last okay on everything. He will produce, write, direct, and act the picture. (And at his age.) RKO has no say at all, they only pay for it.

HEDY LAMARR can't hit the broad side of a barn with a pistol and she admits it; in fact, she's afraid of the things. In a scene for "Lady of the Tropics" Hedy didn't know how to hold a gun, much less pull the trigger. Finally she told the director that she couldn't do it, and she couldn't without closing her eyes at the sound of the shot. It took a lot of off stage coaching to teach Hedy the trick. But Garbo delights in her prowess as a marksman. She used a pistol and target for diversion on the set of "Ninotchka" while waiting between scenes and proved herself a crack shot.

Returning from England, where they appeared in the picture "French Without Tears," Ellen Drew and Ray Milland brought back two big smiles. The third smile belongs to charming Mrs. Milland.



IT SOUNDS too naïve to be true, maybe, but Linda Darnell, the new leading lady for Tyrone Power, had never been kissed until she played in her first picture, "Hotel for Women." The Power film is her second. When they got around to showing Linda registering love in the big way she was so excited and nervous. Jimmy Ellison did the honors, but he let the director correct her when she attempted to kiss straight on, without allowance for noses! As if experiencing her first kiss before two hundred set workers, and having it a flop, wasn't enough of a blow, Linda had to remember to keep her feet within the chalk marks. Since learning to osculate in Hollywood, she's also had her first trip to a night club. Robert Shaw, almost a leading man on the same lot, took her to the Coconut Grove the other evening. They were chaperoned by the lil gal's studio teacher and her husband. Her entry into movie glory typifies the new approach. On November 17, 1937, she read a notice in a Dallas paper of auditions being given in the Baker Hotel there by a 20th Century-Fox talent scout. Her mother persuaded her to see him. He took her photograph West and on February 7, 1938, at 3:30 P.M., she received a wire saying 20th would pay her way to California (and back) for a screen test. On February 13th Linda, her mother, and a kid brother hit Hollywood. She rehearsed a skit entitled "Two Nuts On A Sidewalk" for three weeks. The test was made on a Friday, viewed by the executives on the next Monday, and two-and-a-half weeks later she was informed she was too young. She cried all the way home. They did say to send in photos as she grew older, though, so she did. Came April 2, 1939, and another wire on the Darnell doorstep threw a simple household into a high fever. Her way would again be paid West for another test. Having occupied her spare time with rôles in Dallas' civic theatre, Linda was chosen for a débüt lead after seventy-eight other girls had been previously scrutinized. When this black-eyed, black-haired honey signed on their dotted line she asked for one concession—and so next June she'll be allowed time off to go back and graduate from high school with her class! Her twenty-one-year-old sister Undine takes care of her now in Hollywood, and this daughter of a post office clerk is quickly skyrocketing in the finest Hollywood fashion.



Henry Fonda dons a soldier's uniform and a stern look for his rôle in 20th Century-Fox's Technicolor film, "Drums Along the Mohawk," the story about pioneer trappers and the American Revolution.



Mickey Rooney didn't care to pose in this baby cap, but Judy Garland, his co-star in the musical "Babes In Arms," told him that tying it would help keep his chin up and Mickey fell for Judy's gag.

THE nineteen-year-old Mrs. Wayne Morris is no society snob even though she and Wayne have sunk a hundred thousand dollars in that mansion in Brentwood. Our other Park Avenue wives in town, Mrs. Gary Cooper and Mrs. Fred Astaire, mix only with the Right People and don't permit interviewers or cameramen to come near their husband's private lives. However, "Bubbles" Morris, whose mother is as rich as the families of the other two women, thinks all that sort of pretense about Society is sheer nonsense. When she met Wayne she was working as a reader for a publishing company, and money to her meant only a means for living graciously. She met him, you know, when Minna Wallis gave a party and paired them. "Bubbles," despite her youth, has supervised the decorating of the Morris home with excellent results. It's cozy in a luxurious way, and while they're not entertaining much all of Wayne's old pals are first to be invited. Mrs. M.'s flair for domesticity has all the girls who chased Wayne so fruitlessly envious. She's adding the clinch in two months—when the Morris baby arrives.

Acme

UNTIL the front office of 20th Century-Fox appreciates Lynn Bari to the point of giving her a star's rightful set dressing room one of the prop boys on the lot is determined to carry on valiantly for her sake. She makes up and changes in a cheap portable affair. But on the door, when she enters, she can read his neat nameplate: "Hedy LaBari." Inside there are pictures on the cardboard walls, new ones drawn every day by the gent. In fact, he even arrives early enough to dust, and mop up the floor. When a prop boy will go to all that trouble for a gal who's happily married, and when a pleasant thank-you is the only reward, I say there's a gal with real oomph!

WHEN Louise Fazenda and her husband, producer Hal Wallis, were seeing Norway and Sweden last month they left their six-year-old son Brent, with his governess, at an exclusive hotel in the country near London. Louise was frankly worried. Perhaps Brent was too typical an American boy! He has excellent manners, but like all peppy youngsters his age he is apt to exercise his own discretion as to when he wants to be quiet or noisy. She kept wondering all the while she was touring Scandinavia whether he was being put in his place by the very proper British lads. When she returned for him the hotel was no longer stuffy. The English kids were speaking American slang, using Brent's pop gun, and playing football with lusty glee.

IT'S nice to discover that when Tyrone Power splurged on a long-distance call from Paris, while abroad last month, he put in the call to his faithful pal and secretary, Bill Gallagher. When Tyrone was attempting to crash the New York stage Bill, nephew of the attorney who staked the Power trip during dark days dedicated to conquering the East, was an enthusiastic booster. The reward, so far as Tyrone was able to reward a friend of such calibre, was the job as right-hand man. Tyrone and Annabella went into Germany principally because Annabella had never been able to get back salary out of the country. They figured they might as well spend it as have it salted there indefinitely.

This is first time the boys have been able to get a shot of Gary's child. Picture shows Coopers arriving in New York to visit Mrs. Cooper's parents (center) and to do the Fair. Little Maria will never get lost while Daddy's around with that grip.





"Happy Ending" brings Pat O'Brien to the screen in a new type of rôle, that of a once-great actor, and one which will tug at your heartstrings. Olympe Bradna, with him above, plays his daughter.



What's this? Your favorite Glamor Girl scrubbing floors? Cheer up, Myrna Loy's just doing the chore for her LADY ESKETH rôle in "The Rains Came," Louis Bromfield's novel on India, 20th Century-Fox.

JOAN CRAWFORD hates her short coiffure and will let it grow out as fast as possible. . . . Mickey Rooney calls his new ranch "The Blue Diamond," so you can see what sort of literature he reads. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan missed a ride in the biggest new plane built on the Coast because she and her director husband made a vow never to go flying without the other, and he wasn't invited. . . . Fay Holden celebrated her twentieth wedding anniversary by asking the Dick Baldwins (Cecilia Parker Baldwin is *Mrs. Judge Hardy's* daughter) out to celebrate their first. . . . Corinne Griffith has been in Hollywood, chiefly to check up on her local investments—she was the star they paid a quarter-of-a-million to quit, because her salary was so high that was cheaper. . . . Didn't Clark give Carole an engagement or wedding ring? She's told the L. A. county assessor she has no jewelry worth paying a tax on!

NOW that Leslie Howard has finished "Intermezzo" and is back in England, it can be told. Incidentally, this picture has had, literally, hundreds of suggested and temporary title changes, and will most likely still come to your theatre as "Intermezzo." During the rehearsal of a scene that required all of Gregory Ratoff's fiery Russian words and gestures in the way of direction, there repeatedly came at the very climax of the action a shrill, off-stage piping sound. After it had spoiled Ratoff's mood in a number of rehearsals, with the raging Russian's ire rising with each bellow of, "Quiet, please," there came the denouement. Ratoff stopped all work and roared that whoever had done the childish trick was fired. Just then, off stage, but in plain view of everyone Leslie piped a plaintive "toot" on one of the musician's clarinets. With blood in his eyes, the intense Ratoff shouted, "I still mean vot I say, you're fired!" However, Selznick felt differently about his valuable star. Ratoff's still mad. By the way, Leslie Howard's daughter who takes her famous father's name in full, and is 15 years old, is the most economical daughter of any star. The family chauffeur takes her shopping and she runs him ragged looking for bargains.

Old-timers and new favorites helped Director Irving Cummings celebrate his 30th Anniversary in motion pictures at a luncheon. Don Ameche, center, is trying to divide his attention between the guest of honor and beautiful Alice Faye.



PARTY-OF-THE-MONTH: thrown by Virginia Bruce; behavior infantile. Appropriate because it was Susan Ann's sixth birthday and Ginny hired a real merry-go-round. Result is that her daughter is now most popular deb in the youngest set. Surprise-screen-come-back-of-the-month: Doris Nolan's. She was a fizzle the first time Universal tried to put her over, and now she's back on the same lot for another stellar send-off. Substitution-of-the-month: Leatrice Joy for Spring Byington. Once a big star and the wife of John Gilbert, and now the wife of a wealthy business man, returned to the screen in the new Durbin picture because a "Jones Family" commitment jerked disappointed Spring from the rôle. Most-amazed-gals-of-the-month: Myrna Loy and Joan Crawford. Because two co-eds had themselves made up as Myrna and Joan, attended a preview, and were accepted by cheering throngs as the McCoy. Most-desperate-try-of-the-month: Isa Miranda's. Acclaimed in Italy for her charm, she is attempting to click in her second American venture. The script on her first was beyond redemption.

JIMMY STEWART recuperated from his longest picture schedule in the gayest night clubs he could find. . . . excusable when you know he had a four-month shooting schedule. . . . Carol Ann Beery isn't going to waste any time—she's the first kid in Hollywood to have a bedroom done (under Wally's supervision) in what he calls "true collegiate" style! . . . Melvyn Douglas's wife, Helen Gahagan, went East to play in summer stock—she urges her to keep up her career—and he's sporting a burned finger as a result of his attempt to cook his own pancake breakfast on Sunday morning. . . . Ellen Drew's final recaptured the eight pounds she lost while making a picture in England; seeing so much territory was so exciting to this ex-candy store clerk that "it wore me down". . . . Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., acquired a farm in Virginia along with his new wife—which was rather a jolly downer, eh? . . . Those would-be "Dead Enders," the "Little Tough Guys," are also reformed, cinematically; they're destined to survive by becoming polite "average" American boys. . . . Richard Greene is now a full-fledged star, and watch the Hollywood women go for him now they're sure Darryl Zanuck is going to keep him on the payroll. . . . Mischa Auer, of all people, has the nightclub complex and he won't go home until morning. . . . Robert Montgomery began his eight months in England in the right way—by selling the Queen of England four handkerchiefs at a benefit. . . . Norma Shearer entertained the cast of "The Women," but Rosalind Russell topped that—Roz took the stand-ins of all the ladies involved in the show to the Coconut Grove to dine and dance with their boy-friends.

JITTERBUGGING isn't dead and in another month or so you can see Artie Shaw at your favorite theatre. He's receiving a mere fifty thousand bucks for leading his band in the Lana Turner-Lew Ayres film, "These Glamor Girls." And if you don't go out of the world over Artie's arrangements, if you don't want to send every time he begins to build, you can get into a saner groove with Kay Kyser, who's being starred in an elaborate film musical, also. A graduate of the University of North Carolina, Kay still has six U. of N. C. boys in his band.



Tea is served in Miss Stanwyck's portable dressing room between scenes of "Golden Boy." Pictured with Barbara is Barnsey (Hollis Barnes), her hairdresser and also one of Barbara's best friends.

Barbara Learns to Live Continued from page 33

about some of the new creations—the hats, coats and suits, and the daytime dresses and evening gowns she wanted him to design for her personal wardrobe.

"I want you to make them all very striking and exotic," Barbara warned Mr. Kalloch with a sly smile. "They must be exceptionally alluring. I want people to think I am Marlene Dietrich or perhaps have them mistake me for Hedy Lamarr."

(If you only *knew* how Barbara's friends the last few years have begged, *and* begged her, to buy herself some chic dresses and hats—but Barbara would always complain that she couldn't be bothered with those dreary fittings, and anyway she'd look silly if she tried to be glamorous. Any old suit would do, and her hat she usually carried in her hands. But you ought to get a load of the chic Mrs. Robert Taylor when she goes stepping of an afternoon or evening now.)

"Come on in!" Barbara called to me as she saw me teetering on the steps. "Everybody else is here. You might just as well move in too. Isn't it nice and quiet and homey? I thought you'd love it for an interview."

"Is this the Capra Company?" somebody shouted over my shoulder.

"No," Barbara shouted back. "Two stages down and to your left. Isn't it awful," she said turning to me, "I have to run an information bureau, too?"

"I can take a hint," said the guy from the trade papers. "Give me a story for the column, Barbara, and I'll leave."

"All right," said Barbara. "Did you hear the one about the taxi driver who drove into a gas station and asked for the Dionne Quintuplets? The station attendant put five gals in his tank. Keep it clean, boys."

"Ready to work, Miss Stanwyck," called the assistant director. "You gotta cry in this scene. Do you want me to blow men-thol in your eyes?"

"No," said Barbara. "All I have to do is

think about some of my pictures and I cry plenty."

If Barbara was once the despair of the publicity department, the photographers, the fan writers, and the visiting firemen, she is no longer. At one time you practically had to beat her over the head with a sledgehammer to get her into the gallery for a fashion sitting. She'd sit there like a ramrod and glare at the camera. But now she goes willingly (though she still says she feels silly) and when the photographer says to "drape" and "droop" she says, "Okay, I'll do a Glamor Girl for you. But remind me to sue you if I don't look like Hedy Lamarr."

The fan writers adore her—Barbara's never too tired or bored to help them with a story—and fairly stumble over each other getting interviews from her. And when it comes to the visiting firemen, Barbara went on a personal appearance tour to Omaha, Nebraska, several months ago and mingled so beautifully that she practically had fallen arches, laryngitis, and writers' cramp when she got home.

"I wouldn't have missed that trip for anything," she said. "But I could have used a little more sleep."

Before romance and marriage made a happy person out of Hollywood's second-best isolationist Barbara used to have those good old black moods of the Irish, when she'd feel so low that nothing mattered. She used to worry herself sick in those days at the drop of a hat; in fact, she wouldn't even wait for you to drop a hat before taking a big swig of worry. But these last three years (she was engaged to Rob almost three years before she married him) she has developed a divine sense of humor, and to save her life now she simply can't work up a good worry.

I remember being with Barbara Stanwyck shortly after she made the picture, "The Plough and the Stars." She took her pictures very seriously in those days, and

when she read the reviews on that picture she nearly hit the ceiling. The critics panned the daylights out of her because she didn't keep her Irish brogue all the way through the picture. The Abbey Players, they raved about, but Barbara—well, that was a Hollywood movie star for you. That now-you-hear-it-and-now-you-don't Irish accent wasn't Barbara's fault at all.

The truth of the matter was that Miss Stanwyck had really worked herself to a frazzle trying to perfect her accent and it had been used in the early sequences of the picture. But one night in the projection room the producer decided that somebody in the picture had to be understood, somebody had to carry the plot, or else the non-Irish movie-going public wouldn't have the faintest idea what it was all about. Well, you can't exactly ask an Abbey Player to change his dialect, so poor Barbara was elected. And to make it all the more mortifying they refused to retake the early sequences.

Now Barbara, you know, is not a Glamor Girl only interested in her close-ups—she is a real actress. And those reviews that accused her of lousing up Dublin with Brooklyn simply tore her soul in threads. She was in black despair for months.

But not long ago she again played an Irish girl in "Union Pacific." Mr. DeMille told her she could have her brogue and she bet him fifty dollars that she would not lose it during the entire picture. Mr. DeMille did not have an opportunity to collect. But this time the critics complained bitterly because Barbara was so bogged down with her brogue that they couldn't understand her. Mrs. Taylor did not hit the ceiling, she didn't even go to bed with a sick headache.

"Oh, well," Barbara said with a laugh—at least I think she said "well"—"you can't win." No fight, no nail-biting, no worry, no nothing. Happiness, I fear me, has done her in.

In the old pre-Taylor days Barbara hated parties almost as much as she did fashion pictures, and it was like pulling out eye-teeth to get her to go to one. But now the Taylors can be found several times a week at parties, premieres, and night clubs. Barbara, who used to take a book along on the few occasions she went to parties, is now so witty and gay that the menfolks gather around for the fun. On fight nights she and Bob can be found at the ring-side, and on baseball nights they can be found at the Hollywood Baseball Park, with plenty of hot dogs, peanuts, and soda pop. If Mr. Taylor hadn't become a motion picture star he would have made a darned good pitcher.

When Barbara and Bob married, Bob and his Great Dane and his horses moved into the Marwyck Ranch, and judging from my recent visit there, they have just about taken over the place. Bits of Bob's clothing were scattered about the living room when I arrived (Barbara's building him a special room but it hadn't been finished), and when I walked towards a comfortable looking couch Barbara called, "Don't sit there! It's the dog's bed. You'll get hair all over you." And at luncheon Bob slipped bites of lamb chops to the Great Dane who watched him with worshipful eyes. "We'll have awful grease spots on the rug," said Barbara as pleasantly as if she were announcing the coming of spring.

"Hagar doesn't dribble," said Robert with a great deal of dignity. But Hagar, like all dogs, did. And no one got the least bit excited.

I must say it's one of the most comfortable houses, and households, that I've seen in these persnickity parts. It's well furnished, but it doesn't make any pretense of being anything but what it actually is—a ranch house. It has quite a "lived-in"



An interesting group in the foyer of the Taylor home. The table decoration is a scale, a rare collector's piece, with a vine-like potted plant in each tray.

atmosphere about it, and you can be quite sure that Bob and young Dion, and the guests, haven't always had their feet on the floor. Only in her bathroom has Barbara gone movie-starish. The bathroom with its marble tub could easily be a "set" for a super-colossal Metro picture. "I always wanted a fancy bathtub," said Barbara. "I was quite a big kid before I knew there was such a thing as a bathtub. And when I think of those awful things in tank-town boarding houses that I had to dunk my body in! The only time that I feel that I have made good is when I sit in my marble tub."

Barbara is one of the few genuine, unaffected, and utterly sincere stars we have in Hollywood. She never allows her charities (and they are heart-warming and wonderful) to be publicized. She can't stand insincerity, showiness, and rudeness, and if she doesn't like you for any of these reasons she doesn't mind letting you know about it.

She refuses to put on an act just because it's the thing to do in Hollywood. One of the easiest persons in the world to work with (the technicians and studio people swear by her), she once ran into a director who was suffering from delusions of grandeur and who considered his star far beneath him socially. He was extremely impolite. Barbara took it as long as she could. But after he had turned his back on her all morning while she was doing an important scene and demanded that she do it over and over again the Stanwyck patience came to an end.

"You over there sitting so grandly on the stool," she called, and then proceeded to deliver the astonished man a beautiful lecture on manners. "I was brilliant," says Barbara when she tells about it. "But I ruined everything. After telling him how I abhorred rudeness and couldn't stand people without breeding I finished off with, 'And now, where was I lousy?' Imagine me screaming away about good breeding, and then coming out with a lousy!" Barbara doubles up with laughter when she thinks about it.

Of all the people in this celluloid town Barbara Stanwyck is probably the only person who has never really lost the human touch. And I'm quite sure she never will.

around Boyer some more. Charles wandered about the studio with me.

"I love working in American studios," said he, "for everything is so efficient and the pictures proceed as on oiled wheels. When you want a certain prop, by the time you may have smoked a cigarette the prop is in its right place on the set. In France you would have to wait a week for that certain prop. Of course the working hours in France appeal to me greatly." In France, you see, they don't start shooting till noon, and they stop at the dot of eight o'clock, no matter how important a scene they might be in the midst of. Then, there is no work ever on Saturday—so from Friday evening till Monday noon the artistes are free.

"I like, too, the personal interest all the American fans take in the actors, I don't mean necessarily in the personal lives of the artistes, but the deep interest and concern they have in the parts we play. In 'Algiers' I had to consider the American public in conceiving the character. They would not have liked me to play *Pepe le Moko* in the same rough way that won success for Jean Gabin, who played in the original French version. I had to temper him down to meet the ideals the English speaking audiences had endowed me with. In France the artistes sink themselves into the characters they play, which very often takes away from the individuality of the star, but which appeals much more to the French people's taste for the drama. So, when I make films in France I am more free to enter into the character I'm to portray. As often as I'm free I go back to Paris to make a film in French. Besides the joy of seeing again my old comrades I think it's a very good thing, for in that way I will never get into a set rut or groove—and then it gives me appreciation of the great studios over here when I return. I would love to play again on the stage in Paris, but that is too difficult to arrange with my shooting schedules here." With what pleasure I recall those great performances Boyer used to give in the Bernstein plays produced at the Gymnase Theatre in Paris, generally with Pierre Blanchar and Gaby Morlay as co-stars. Morlay played *Queen Victoria* in the French production of "Victoria Regina." Blanchar's pictures have been successes in America. His crazed doctor in "Life Dances On" will be long remembered. Blanchar and

Boyer went through the Conservatoire together in Paris. That is the national Academy for acting. The pupils are schooled in drama, tragedy, and comedy so that on graduation they are ready for any part. That, to me, explains the superb artistry of so many of the French actors and actresses. Boyer has tried to get permission to come to Hollywood but Pierre is far too happy in his native Paris to be lured over here. The nearest he has come to it was to go to London to play *Napoleon* to Ruth Chatterton's *Josephine* in a British-made film.

Boyer in the studio is an interesting study of the combination of good fellowship surrounded by the aura of greatness. I have watched various directors working with him and their evident pleasure in the association. The actors give of their best when pitted against his suave, subtle, and at the same time brilliant technique. They all love to work with him but would never dream of slapping him on the back or calling him Charley!

I say he hasn't changed a bit, but I must admit that he seems gayer, very much gayer, than I have ever seen him in Paris; there is a brighter sparkle in those dark eyes, especially so when he is at home and you admire his roses. They are his particular joy and pride. Whenever away from the studio he is generally to be found digging, snipping, and spraying his beloved roses. The new home is very, very modern but at the same time very comfortable. Many of the rooms are round, and all about are books and more books, in French and English. The main feature is the big central room with the ceiling that can be rolled back so as to admit the moonlight, starlight, or sunlight, but can be closed against the damp fog that very often sticks in on this California. Then, of course, there are the tennis court and swimming pool, without which no self-respecting Hollywood home could exist. Charles is a splendid tennis player and swimmer so these last features get their full use.

I am quite sure that when all of you see this latest Charles Boyer-Irene Dunne film you will feel as I do—that each year we should be treated to a film or two played by that soul-satisfying team. Just as we have the "Hardy Family" every so often, so we should have Charles and Irene.



A view of the main living room, with its open fireplace and attractive mantelpiece, as it looks from the foyer in the Barbara Stanwyck-Robert Taylor home.

Don't Be a Dud—Shine!

Continued from page 25

sidelines between "takes," Joan and I. And we were talking about talk. "Well, look then," Joan began with the warm intimate quality of speech she never has forsaken, in spite of all the other changes, "I'd like to say complete honesty is the surest claim to interest that anyone's talk can have. It is—it really is—far better to talk about scrambled eggs, if they interest you at the moment and they're something you know about, than it is to pretend familiarity with a new bill that's due to come up before Congress."

From Joan we get three darn good rules with which to govern our talk:

Be honest. Only when we are sincere in our conversation is it possible for us to be admired for what we are. And it's only when we are admired for what we are that we can hope to hold any esteem or affection that we gain.

* * * * *

It is only smart to cultivate the loveliest speaking voice of which our vocal apparatus is capable. For the more beauty our words have the more they will intrigue people.

* * * * *

Conversation never should turn into anything that even remotely resembles a lecture. And we never should assume that knowledge which is new to us is also new to others. For trying to be impressive we will only succeed in being pompous and boring.

If anyone has any doubt conversational powers can be vastly improved I'd like to contrast for them the Irene Dunne of six years ago and the Irene Dunne of today.

Six years ago, when I met Irene, my editor said to me: "We've got to get something about that Dunne girl in the book. Since 'Cimarron' she's more popular than ever. But no one I've assigned to see her can get a story. Her life story should do the trick. Get it! There must be some events in her life which she'll discuss. She comes of a good southern family, I understand."

That was the whole trouble. Irene came of an excellent southern family. And she had RESERVE! It took me, I well remember, one solid hour to wrest from her the most impersonal facts surrounding her father's death. Irene was raised on the theory that it is not good taste to show your feelings or to discuss your personal affairs. And a very good theory this is undoubtedly, if it isn't carried to excess, the way it often is. We might as well face facts. In our hurried modern lives there's little time for pretty chit-chat. Consequently if the things you feel and believe do not animate your speech it's going to be very wooden and very dull. Not that you must blurt out your deepest joys and sorrows. But you must get something of yourself into your conversation—the way Irene does today.

I spent a Sunday afternoon with Irene a month or two ago. We had tea before a blazing fire. We ate mammoth pieces of the cake Irene had baked the day before. Which proved the law of average goes screwy sometimes; for girls who look like Irene and can act like Irene shouldn't be able to make cakes like Irene makes!

Missy, four years old now, padded in to say good-night, her cheeks as pink as the rabbit applied on her stockinged pajamas. Doctor Griffin and several men

returned from golf and there was the clink of ice and glasses in the library. It was all as charming and in as impeccable taste as it was six years ago. But Irene was different. She actually referred to the oil well she and Doctor Griffin own that is gushing oil. Six years ago she would have died at the thought of discussing anything remotely connected with money. I remember I used to wonder how she ever came to terms with movie producers, who relish a bit of haggling. And she also admitted that she tried hard not to be possessive with her husband, since she thought men turned into very dull creatures when they were afraid to respond to the attraction of other women lest they get sharp looks and sharper post mortems from their wives.

The first time I met Irene I liked her, even while I tortuously extracted her life story. In the intervening years I've seen her many times when no story had to be

For, finding her receptive, people give her the best they have to give, in substance and in manner.

Olivia rates Basil Rathbone the most fascinating talker she knows. "He's familiar with so many things," she says in explanation, unaware that some of her conversational charm can be explained the same way.

We were lunching in Olivia's bungalow dressing room at Selznick's, where she was playing in "Gone With the Wind." She had just come over from *Aunt Pitty Pat's* house in Atlanta, where wisteria climbed around the funny porch columns and jonquils grew amidst the roots of the trees between the porch and the white picket fence. Her brown hair sloped gently from a center part and was fastened at her neck in a heavy knot and held with a snood. Over her hoop-skirted dress, dark blue bengaline with brown velvet bows, she wore a brown worsted hug-me-tight. She was a demure little wren, a lovely *Melaine*. And both *Rhett Gable*, and *Scarlett Leigh*, who were working on the Tara plantation set immediately following luncheon, in a sequence in which *Melaine* didn't appear, called to



William Gargan and Mary Astor, left, are delighted to find themselves seated near Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Townsend (Josephine Hutchinson) at the theatre, but Mary will be surprised to see the trick the flowers on another lady's hat have played on her.

written and when I could relax and enjoy her as a charming woman. But never before has time sped the way it did that Sunday afternoon. I left Irene finally and reluctantly to find I was one hour late for a cocktail party for Walt Disney. And he's my extra-special idol and I'd been looking forward to that party for weeks.

So:

Don't be restrained in conversation. Relax! Get yourself and the things you feel and the experiences you've had into what you say . . . so your words won't be stupid and wooden, but glowing, living things.

Olivia de Havilland is one of the Hollywood girls credited with being most interesting. And I think this is somewhat because of the way Olivia listens. Not that she doesn't talk well too. She does. But she listens gloriously, with her eyes intently level, and with her lips half parted. And as if that wasn't enough she often will delight the person who is talking by saying, "I don't understand. Please explain!" Olivia's eager attitude, of course, increases her interests and her knowledge every day.

us as they passed on their way to the stage.

Olivia opened a jar of marrons from a big basket of delicacies which Mr. David Selznick had sent her. "You know," she said, "talking of Basil Rathbone, I well remember the first time I met him. The talk was of plays and books, urbane things largely. And I thought I never had met anyone so well informed or more genuinely enthusiastic. But I wondered, mildly, how he would be on a desert island. Then we went on location. And, to my amazement, he knew all about wild life too. He could find the trail of a coyote. He was virtually certain we would stir up partridge at a certain spot—and we did. He made me regret I had not read more about wild life. He made it so exciting.

"He cares about the things of which he talks," she said, "so he makes you care too. John Garfield is the same way. Though I doubt he's as interested in as many things as Mr. Rathbone. Few people are." She laughed and she must finish her marron quickly to tell me about a luncheon John Garfield and Barbara Stanwyck had together. "John talked about the stage," she said, "and the Group Theatre, to which he

belongs. And he had such zest for all of it that Barbara was ready to quit pictures and sell her ranch and go right straight back to the stage and Broadway. For the moment he swept her off her feet. Because he also cares so much about the things he is saying."

Olivia gives us a wonderful conversational guide-post:

We must care about whatever it is we talk about before we can expect others to care.

It always surprises me when blondes with cute noses, like Sally Eilers, prove smart, thinking girls. And it shouldn't, because Sally and half a dozen other blondes, almost as saucily pretty, have been demonstrating their wisdom for years. By chance I lunched with Sally the day after I had been with Olivia. At the famous Lucey's. Where sherry in thin glasses is almost as yellow as the tips of the flames in the high-breasted fireplace. And the spaghetti, unlike any other spaghetti you have been able to get at home, takes you back to Italy's sunny hillsides and you feel warm, even though it's California's rainy season.

to good stimulating conversation—with men especially.

"In Hollywood," she wrapped her spaghetti about her fork like a Neapolitan, "small talk at any dinner party is simple enough. You merely say to the man next to you 'Your last picture!' He's almost certain to be an actor, a producer, or a director. And he's absolutely certain to give you his entire attention while he tells you of the difficulties and prejudices he had to overcome in order to make that last picture. Outside of Hollywood," Sally went on, "it isn't that simple. I've often felt like a trout fisherman as I've thrown out one line after another without getting a strike. Eventually, though, if you keep right on casting you do hit upon something that's mutually interesting and then your search proves worth while. For then it isn't nice, polite talk which you and your dinner partner wile the time away, but much better than that—good, vital talk—that later leaves you wondering where the time went and trying to remember just what constituted the salad course anyway."

Right here—before we make any summation about Sally—something must be said

Good diction and a feeling for words is vitally important. For these things make your speech—and your personality too—clean-cut and arresting.

There is one very definite difficulty about talking to Rosalind Russell. It's easy enough to get to Roz for she's one of those amazingly busy people who seem to have all the time in the world. The difficulty lies in keeping others from getting to her too.

An afternoon which Roz and I lately spent together was interrupted by Bob Montgomery telephoning to ask if he might drop in at five o'clock to discuss a matter of radio equity, and ten other people calling about ten other things. Until I stopped counting or hoping for any end to the interruptions.

Roz had just come back from a luncheon and she looked very elegant in a soft black dress with candy stripes of blue and green and red and yellow. "My one Paris creation," she announced. "And I wear it so incessantly that it soon will be threadbare! I remembered I should buy in America when I was over there. But I had to indulge in one imported number."

No one in town talks better than Roz, for my money. She thinks clearly. And she has a divine gift for reducing things to their simplest form. "Well, of course," she says, "I *know* you can teach yourself to talk so people won't run away or fidget the minute you start to speak. Even if you're shy!

"I'm so shy I die, with men especially. I'm not afraid. I know perfectly well no one is going to do me any harm, or even wants to. And I'm not bashful. I don't blush or stutter or fall over things. But I *am* timid about taking any initiative, even about speaking up, until I get the *feel*, of people. I don't know any other way to put it. I'm not a Judy Friendly.

"Shyness," Roz went on, "is a stymie. For it keeps you so aware of yourself that you don't think very clearly about anything else—even though you may know a considerable amount about the subject under discussion. So what can you do about it? You can, I've discovered, train yourself to *listen* at such times. To listen properly. To listen with your whole mind, not with only half of your mind while the other half goes right on worrying about you and the fact that you're appearing very dumb indeed. For once you learn to listen properly you'll find you will relax. Then your brain can begin to function normally. You won't be as effective the first time you speak up as you will be the fifth time you speak up. Naturally! But you'll be on your way."

Roz flexed her arm under the black chiffon of her gown. "Conversational ability isn't so different from muscle. Really! The more you use it the more able it is to do your bidding."

To put it in a nutshell:

We never should force ourselves to speak simply for the sake of talking and making a showing. We should, especially if we are shy, listen with all our attention, forgetting ourselves. Then, when something that is said gets a sincere response from our brain we will find it easy enough to voice our thoughts.

Joan Crawford, Irene Dunne, Olivia de Havilland, Sally Eilers, Rosalind Russell. They're five smart girls who grew up to their stardom. For, among other things, they were quick to appreciate the magnet that conversational charm proves—and to realize there is no insurmountable barrier to keep anyone from claiming it.



Screen charmer Myrna Loy and hubby Arthur Hornblow, Jr., can always find something to smile about. Attending same theatre party as group opposite, they're amused because flowers on hat of lady back of Mary Astor look cute on Mary.

Sally is one of those people you start to interrupt immediately, not because you disagree with her or don't want to hear what she's saying but because she stimulates you so that you can't talk fast enough to keep up with the thoughts that race through your brain—clever thoughts, too, that you never knew you had.

"One thing I did very deliberately for my conversation," Sally said. "I learned small talk. It didn't come natural to me. I had to force myself to become adequate with it, really. But I did it because I can imagine no social experience more ghastly than to be the girl who eats her dinner flanked on the right and the left by the backs of the gentlemen seated beside her—except for those brief moments—as brief as the men can make them—when they turn to give a polite smile and explain that Tillie Winkle on their other side has been telling them the most marvellous things about the love life of birds in Samoa."

Sally grinned. "It's well worth while to be a good conversationalist," she granted. "But it doesn't do you much good unless you get a chance to talk. And I firmly believe small talk to be the best introduction

for the way she delivers her small talk. For, like Joan Crawford, Sally has taught herself three or four or five things about the way to say it. Sally wasn't always as careful of her diction as she is today. Carelessness caused her to slur the endings of her words and do many of the slipshod things that are all too common. Today, however, it is different. Today Sally has a fine appreciation of words and their subtle meaning and she is sensitive of the way they should be pronounced. She finds what she has to say important enough to say it well; consequently her speech has come to be clean-cut and arresting and important to others too. Make no mistake about it—your manner of speech suggests your personality and from the beginning it either adds or detracts from your charm.

Fair enough:

Good conversation must interest both the person who talks and those who listen. If at first you don't succeed in broaching a subject that gets response, try, try again.

* * * * *

Don't Try To Be Somebody Else

Continued from page 66

LIPSTICK FOR ENCHANTMENT

Our gift-of-the-month is a little lipstick that promises you satisfaction in tone, texture and staying-on qualities. Send for our Autumn Make-Up bulletin, which tells you how to get your gift, and also offers help in the choice and use of make-up generally, besides tips on fashions and popularity. Yours for a three-cent stamp to Courtenay Marvin, Screenland Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

and too many too sweet desserts are unnecessary, and that in many instances these foods contribute to weight. We also know that alcoholic drinks are, for many, fattening. We can get along on a small proportion of such foods and drinks. We know, by contrast, that the vitamins found in grains, such as wheat, in vegetables, and in fruits are essential to well-being and are great beauty builders. We need meat, cheese, butter, and some starch and sugar. Every human being needs a balance of normal food, simply prepared, except in specific medical cases where certain foods are eliminated for definite reasons.

Before anyone attempts a rigid diet, she would do well to know something of her physical and chemical make-up, to read some authoritative work on the general subject, and to be sure that though she may cut calories, she is still consuming what her body actually needs. Far wiser, says this department, to have an extra pound or two and sound nerves, a good disposition and good health, than perfect proportions, resulting from an under-fed body. Reduce, by all means, if you need to, but do this by food control rather than by complete denial.

The change in weight, however, was only one problem that Miss Lupino had to face. Normally, she is a soft brown-haired type, with very fine, clear skin and greyish eyes. Several years ago, however, that made no hit with Hollywood. That was in the era of the blondes. So, according to the pattern of those days, Miss Lupino's hair was bleached and over-curled. Her own nice, dark brows were eliminated, and an eyebrow pencil gave her brows for the camera. With blonde hair, she says she used a pink and white make-up. Now the actress had become a type, not a personality. This, she found very depressing. There was Ida Lupino, with a rich heritage of the stage, a trouser by instinct, an actress with much in her own right made to look like the girls that Hollywood was then turning out by the dozen.

Though many of us become dissatisfied with ourselves and long to be different, never forget that personality and physical appearance have some relationship to each other, and when you put these two—which make you—in terrific contrast, you cannot live in harmony with yourself. To improve on what you have, to make the very best of it and to dramatize a little is an excellent idea, but to try to change the basic pattern is a great error, and one that we all realize sooner or later.

After living for a while with this strange blonde, herself, whom Miss Lupino did not care for, came the great upheaval. She decided to revert to herself. I am also told that her recent romance and marriage to Louis Hayward had much to do with her decision. Loving Ida, rather than the type Hollywood had attempted to make of her, Mr. Hayward encouraged her decision to become herself again. Looking at her, there

is no doubt but what Miss Lupino has become herself, again, and is more serene, more confident, and far happier than in a long time. Picture assignments await her, and though you won't see the blonde you may remember—unless possibly in a period picture, when one never knows—I think you will sense more power and ability in this actress than before.

Miss Lupino is very clothes-conscious, but her taste runs to simple, conservative styles, of beautiful fabric and cut. She is too petite ever to make a flamboyant type, even if her taste ran in that direction. She likes black, which is a splendid foil for her clear, clear skin, and soft tones like fuchsia and powder blue. Black and white she considers truly chic. She says she would rather have one beautifully tailored suit than dozens of chi-chi costumes. She uses little



Ruby Keeler, who is Mrs. Al Jolson in private life, suns herself and sips some refreshing Hawaiian pineapple juice on the beach at Waikiki.

make-up, a light dusting of powder and plenty of lipstick. She wears her nails rather long, lacquered in a shade to match the lipstick. When she uses an eye shadow, it is brown. Her face contour is dainty, delicately chiseled, and so she finds hair high on her head very good for evening. For day, she wears a soft, low fluff.

"Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne have perfect taste in clothes," added Miss Lupino. "They know both how to choose and how to wear them. That is an art, and one that every girl might well develop to a degree."

Miss Lupino adores perfumes. She prefers a continental type, and ran off a list of her favorites, many of which you and I know and probably use. She thinks your freshly laundered underthings should always be sprayed with your favorite before putting away, and she also introduced me to a potent point for spraying—those shoulder pads in your jacket or dress. They will act like sachets to retain fragrance, especially on woolens.

As I arose to go, Miss Lupino repeated: "Warn your readers against haphazard, unguided reducing, and tell them not to try to change themselves too much. It is too hard, heart-breaking, and useless to try to become somebody else. They will do far better to make the most of what is rightfully theirs."

"Candid" Allen Jones

Continued from page 65

go in the trailer!' we suggested. So off we went early Saturday morning, with the trailer hitched up to the station wagon, which is equipped with electricity. We played cards most the time on the way up, and ate snacks from the icebox, and it rode so smoothly that not a poker chip slid from the stack. Then we went to see the rodeo, stopped in afterwards to wash up, went out to dinner and to see a show up there, then we all got back in the trailer and went to bed. We rode without a bump and got home at three A.M. Now we have the trailer parked in the back-yard with an awning on the side you can't see in this picture, and when we give a party, there's an extra card room, kitchenette or what-will-you."

He handed me a shot of two little girls and a playhouse. "Now, I already know that if I had had a filter, I'd have had better contrast in this," he observed, "but I hate to bother with filters. If you take pictures of kids, you usually have to do it quick, so I seldom wait. Gail—this one is Gail, our daughter—is a little ham at heart, but I get better pictures with the movie outfit, because she loves to act. To her, everything must be dramatized, and she acts all the time, some sort of rôle that appeals to her.

The baby is a good subject, too, if I'm quick enough, but he usually wants to come to me the minute he sees me so he starts creeping forward and sometimes gets out of focus. Irene took these two pictures of the baby with me and Smoky, my favorite horse. Bob Young and I have stables where we keep 55 horses; 30 of them are horses we board for other people, 18 are horses we own and rent out to those who like to ride, and the rest are ours. Irene and I both ride and so does Gail. She has taken ribbons and prizes and she often shows horses.

"Smoky is my special pet. I bought him three years ago when I happened to see him at some stables I was visiting, and I began to train him myself. He follows me, kisses me, does anything I tell him to. If someone else rides him and I ride another horse, he acts like a spoiled child, pouting, and won't let the other man do a thing with him. But he will come to me without a bridle or rein and go wherever I go, without my even speaking to him. If I put Gail on his back, he takes the greatest care of her. And the baby has been on his back several times and Smoky knows he must see that the baby doesn't fall off. He's very gentle, but when I'm on his back he can do all sorts of dangerous stunts.

"I learned to ride when I was very little. We had a mine, you know, and my father used to turn out the mules and such horses as there were on Sundays to give them a rest. Then he and Mother would go off in our old car. I wouldn't go with them, but the minute they were gone I'd gather the neighborhood kids and we'd get bailing wire, make some straight bits to put between the mules' teeth and use the rest for reins and off we'd go, riding bareback. When my father got home, he'd lick the tar out of me, but I didn't care, I'd had my ride!"

Among the Social Lights — BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS



Star of Society Pages—Mrs. John Roosevelt, the former Anne Clark, charming young member of prominent Massachusetts family. Has been constantly in the public eye since her marriage.



Frequent Hyde Park Visitor—On broad lawns of traditional Roosevelt estate, she pats "Sandy" while "Schean" looks downcast.



Modern Mansion—Mrs. Roosevelt gracefully poses in doorway of her mother's fashionable Nahant, Mass., home.

*But they both praise the **NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care*** a famous cream maker gives today*

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Mrs. Roosevelt, do you give your complexion special care?

ANSWER:
"If 'special' means complicated and expensive—no! But I do use 2 creams. I've always liked Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—and now it contains Vitamin A. I have a special reason for preferring it."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:
How important is a good complexion to a girl who wants to go on the stage?

ANSWER:
"I'd say it's one of the first requirements. Using Pond's 2 creams has done a lot for me, I know. The Cold Cream is marvelous for removing stale make-up—it gets my skin clean and fresh. A healthy skin is so important to me that I'm glad to be able to give it extra care—with 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream."

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Why are you interested in having Vitamin A in this cream?

ANSWER:
"Because if skin hasn't enough Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Vitamin A is the 'skin-vitamin.' And now I can give my skin an extra supply of this important vitamin just by using Pond's."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:
What do you do to guard your skin against sun and wind?

ANSWER:
"That's where my 2nd cream comes in. When I've been outdoors, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This single application smooths away roughness in no time!"

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Do you find that your powder goes on more becomingly when you use two creams?

ANSWER:
"Yes!—I believe in first cleansing and softening the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Then my second step is a quick application of Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away little roughnesses. That gives powder a lovely soft look."

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.



Backstage—Muriel Wright graduated from Maplewood, N. J., high school. Served apprenticeship with Provincetown players last summer. Just got her big chance in road show of "Our Town."



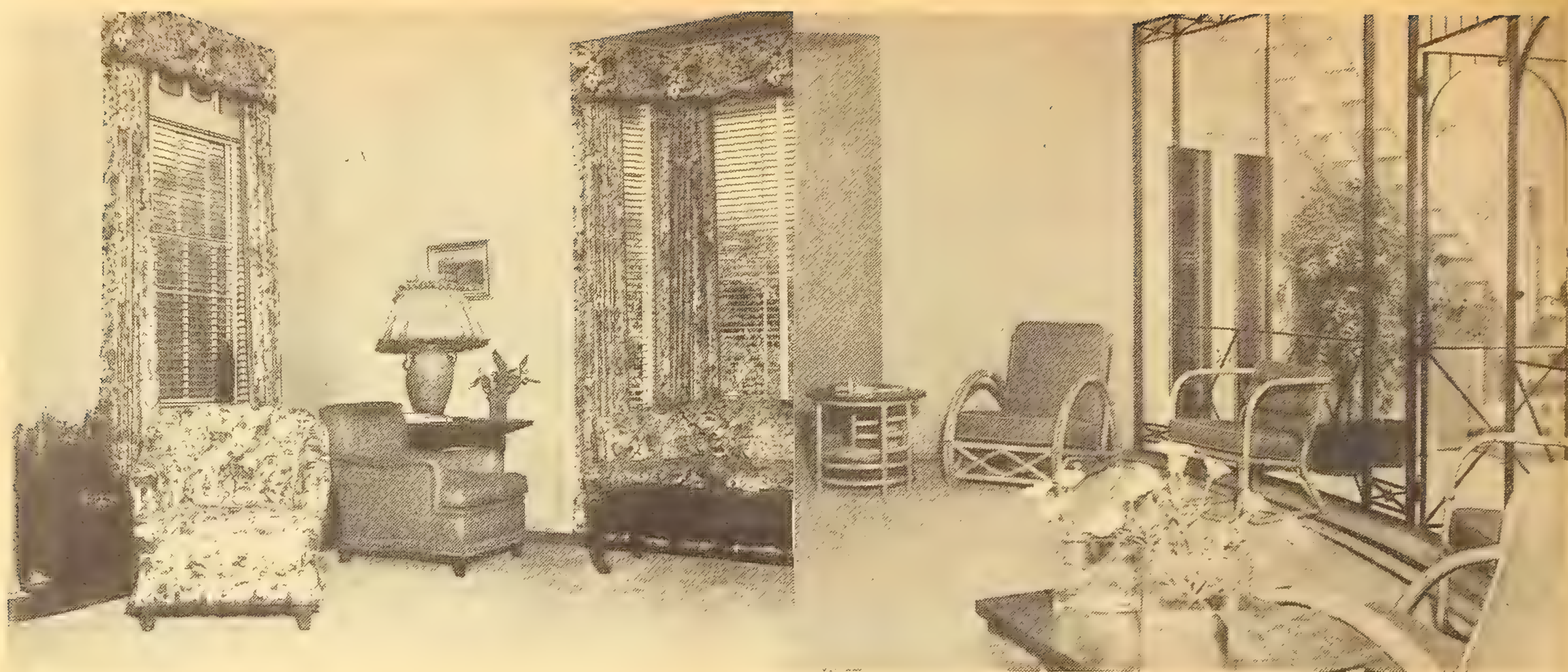
Between Rehearsals—Muriel often relaxed on picturesque Provincetown wharf. Above, a litter of kittens has discovered her retreat.



For Her Scrapbook—Like every budding player, Muriel eagerly collects clippings and pictures. Below, an amateur snaps her with boy friend.

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT Pond's, Dept. 7S-CVK, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and different shades of Pond's Face Powder. enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
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A cozy corner in the living room of the Powers' home, above left, is made cheery by gay floral chintz. Annabella likes flowers and she's responsible for the interesting arrangement on one of the tables in the spacious solarium, right, Tyrone's favorite spot. While resting here he can look out and get an excellent view of the beautiful grounds.

How Tyrone and Annabella Stay Romantic Though Married

Continued from page 27

away your guesses. Take all the time you want to think about it."

I gave up in three. "Tell her, Annabella," said Ty.

"It's the rear end of a donkey," giggled Annabella, doubling up in a laugh. It seems that the Powers are passionately fond of backgammon, played it all over "Suez" and South America, and so quite naturally when they drove to the Grand Canyon for a five-day honeymoon right after their marriage they threw the backgammon board in the back of the car. The day they went down into the Canyon, astride donkeys in the tourist manner, they took the board along with them, slung over the donkey just so, in case they wanted to play a game in the bottom of the Canyon—which they did. The donkey, alas, left his print, not his finger print, but quite a print.

Second in popularity with the Powers is an electric pin machine which someone gave Ty on his last birthday, and which has become practically a family heirloom. "Except for our bed it was the only piece of furniture we had when we moved in," said Annabella. "We ate dinner off it at night, and Tyrone would run up perfectly beautiful scores between the soup and the roast, and it has served every purpose from dressing-table to writing desk. I don't know what we would have done without it." Now that Annabella's furniture has arrived from France, at long last ("the silly boat seemed to like Panama it stayed there so long"), the pin machine has been relegated to a corner of the playhouse by the pool, where it waits for innocent victims who think they can match their skill against Ty's.

"Give me a dime," said Ty. I thought it rather unusual for the screen's handsomest and most romantic actor to turn panhandler suddenly, but I don't surprise easily when it comes to these movie folk, so I gave him a dime, and not my last one either. Ty pretended to look at it carefully, returned it to me and said, "Scratch it." Annabella, a perfect assistant, was right there with a bottle opener from the playhouse bar, and together we managed to

scratch it up quite a bit. "Now watch," said Ty, the great magician, swinging into action. He put the dime in the pocket of his white pants and with a look of feigned annoyance said, "Tut, tut, I must get this out of my pocket, it crowds things too much." Out he pulled a little red box with a rubber band around it. "Now I wonder where your dime is," he said mysteriously, while Annabella giggled. "Must have lost it. Wait a minute, wait a minute! Maybe it got in the little red box!" Annabella was so excited she could hardly sit still. I was blasé. It would be easy enough to slip that dime under the lid of the little red box. I wasn't born yesterday. And I wasn't going to be excited, *even* for Tyrone. He opened the little red box. Inside of it was another little red box with a rubber band. Inside of the second little red box was a third little red box with a rubber band. Inside the third little red box was a little red woolen bag tied at the top. He untied the bag—and there was my dime, scratchings and all! My mouth opened and I forgot to shut it.

"Isn't he wonderful?" beamed Annabella. "Darling, show her the glass and spoon trick!"

I'm a sucker for magic, and Tyrone is no slouch at it, and I would still be there with my mouth open if people from the nursery hadn't arrived with some trees for the front yard (Annabella called them trays). Dinner table magic is quite the thing in Hollywood now, all the best movie actors are going in for it. But I must say that Ty gets more encouragement from his wife than most others. Sandra Cooper spoiled Gary's best trick one night (the one about the handkerchief and the burning cigarette) by saying, "Get your false thumb, Gary." But not Annabella! She must have seen that dime in the red box trick a dozen times or more—but she was just as excited as I was. And no amount of coaxing from me would drag the solution from her.

"Before Annabella shows you the house," said Ty with another of his delicious winks, "I want to show you *the little Charles*."

In a corner of the garden stands "the little Charles"—a replica of the famous fountain statue in Brussels. "It's a wedding present from a neighbor," said Ty. "She told us that Charles Boyer had always been her favorite actor so she named this statue after him. When Annabella and I married she sent it over to us by her gardener with a note saying that inasmuch as we were great friends of the Boyers that she would like us to have *the little Charles*." Why Mr. Boyer, your face should be as red as a beet.

Ty and his dog Pickles (Pickles has no pedigree and was on his way to the dog pound when Ty adopted him) went off to inspect the new trees which the nursery men were planting, and Annabella took me by the hand, a most friendly gesture, and led me through her old-fashioned garden to her new-fashioned home. "It's nowhere near complete," Ty called after us. "I think our carpenters love us so much they don't want to leave us. My lawyer has built two homes in the Valley while we were having a bar built in."

The Power home is set in the midst of three beautiful acres on a high point out in Brentwood, so high that you get a beautiful view of the ocean from the bedroom windows. Grace Moore built the house—it's Georgian in architecture—but never lived in it. Annabella liked it better than any place she had seen in California, and so a few weeks before their marriage Ty bought it for her. There are colorful flowers galore all over the place (Ty and Annabella both are perfect nuts about flowers), beautiful green lawns, and lemon, orange, and avocado groves. When the orange trees are in blossom, and the moon is full, it must be the most romantic spot in the world. "We often walk in the garden at night," said Annabella.

Annabella's house is a delightful blending of the old and the new. She has had many beautiful antiques sent over from her home in France. She has "done" part of the house herself, and the other part has been done by one of Hollywood's best interior decorators. It is far from finished. She and Ty plan to pick up little tables, lamps, paintings, and knick-knacks while they are in Europe. Her living room is formal and is done in Eighteenth Century English. The walls are soft grey green and the drapes are of an old English pattern in glazed chintz with reds, blues, and

SHE THOUGHT:

"ANOTHER WOMAN"

SHE SHOULD HAVE BLAMED HER

ONE NEGLECT *



She was a Perfect Housekeeper. Certainly nobody could say she neglected her home. She kept *that* always fragrantly clean.



... a Wonderful Cook. She never neglected to have her *meals* tempting, dainty—and she always served them piping hot.



... an Ideal Mother. Her youngster was always clean, sweet, immaculately cared for. No one could say he was unkempt.



Yet he became Indifferent. Yes, it seemed as if the only neglect was on *his* side. She sought vainly for the reason.



She thought: "Another Woman"... the first and natural thought of every "neglected" wife. But in this instance she was wrong.

BUT...
She was careless
(or ignorant)
about Feminine
Hygiene

***She neglected her person.** The ONE NEGLECT no husband can ever forgive. She should have used "Lysol" for feminine hygiene.

Let "Lysol" Help YOU to Avoid this One Neglect

IF YOU yourself are in doubt on the important subject of intimate feminine hygiene—ask your doctor about "Lysol".

For half a century "Lysol" has earned the confidence of many doctors, nurses, clinics, *and wives*, as a clean, wholesome preparation for feminine hygiene use. Some of the reasons are...

1—Non-Caustic... "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading... "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.

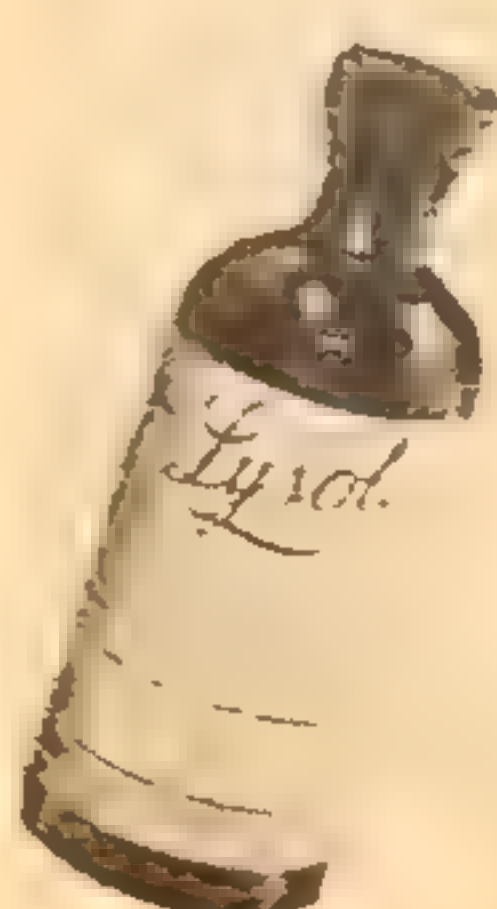
4—Economy... "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the

proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

1889—50th ANNIVERSARY—1939



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Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter...sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does *not* stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—*today!*

Money-Back Guarantee!

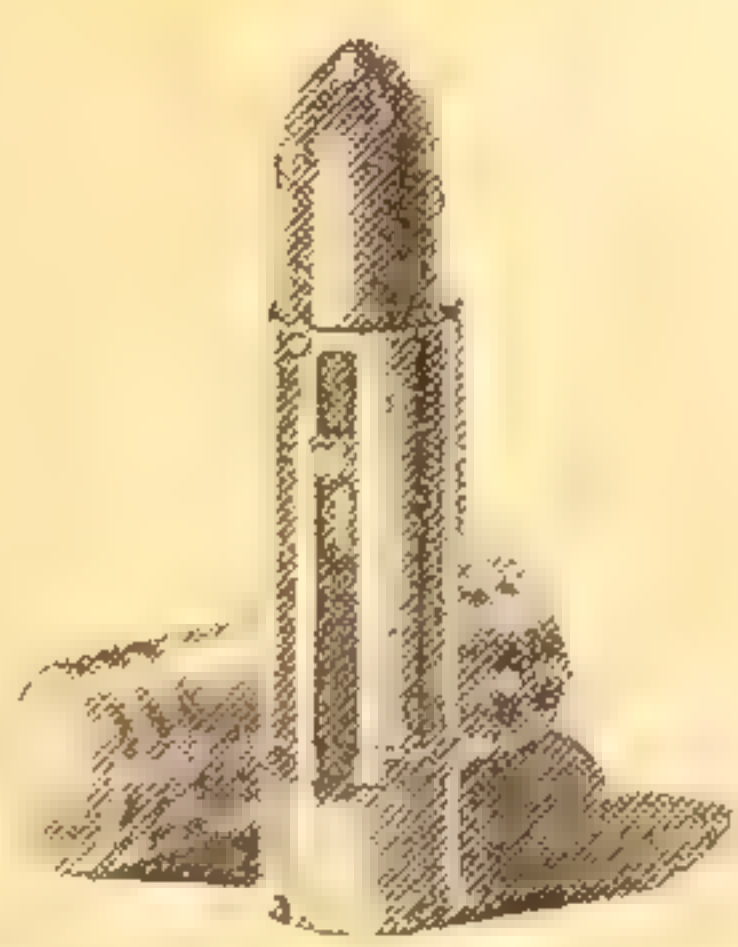
Amazing new WINX is *guaranteed* to be the finest you've ever used. If not *more than satisfied*, return your purchase to Ross Co., New York, and get your money back.



Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WINX Lipstick!

WINX LIPSTICK gives your lips glamour... makes them appear youthful, moist... *the appeal men cannot resist!* Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying—

and STAYS ON FOR HOURS. For a new thrill, wear the Raspberry WINX LIPSTICK with the harmonizing Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Fascinating! Get WINX LIPSTICK, at 10¢ stores, *today!*



MAGIC HARMONY! *Winx* LIPSTICK
WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!

greens predominating. The rug is very heavy pile, hand-tufted, and on the beige side. The sofa is a wooly fabric the same color as the rug. "There is so much to do still," said Annabella as we crossed the hall to the library, which by the way, has books, plenty of books. One alcove is completely filled by Annabella's books, all in French. The chairs are the comfy kind, and two of them covered with glazed chintz to match the drapes. A nice fireplace which makes you feel sure that this is the room in which the Powers will spend those chilly winter evenings. Off from the library is the bar which Ty had built on to the original Moore house. The bar's quite modernistic, of course, and on the walls are a framed caricature of Ty and several old programs of his father's.

The dining room has a Duncan Phyfe table and chairs. There's a built-in plate rack (with lovely Spode in it) and an early English cupboard with Sheffield silver on it. Again there are the inevitable chintz drapes. There is a glassed-in sun room down-stairs with gay porch furniture and colorful pots of flowers. The sun room leads off into a little patio where under a spreading tree the Powers like to have their lunch on days when they are not working at the studio.

Upstairs there are two tremendous bedrooms with adjoining dressing rooms and baths—one for Ty and one for Annabella. (There is a "guest room" but it is used as a storage room now and I don't think the Powers are in any hurry to furnish it.) Annabella's room is very, very feminine, with flowers all over the place, including a big bowl of gardenias on the table by her bed. The one picture in the room is a large autographed picture of Tyrone Power in a leather frame. The room is done in French Provencal with a pale grey green rug and gay flowered chintz drapes. Ty's room is strictly modern. The rug is brown and the drapes are brown and yellow. The wall-paper is very interesting—it's a new kind of wall-paper that looks exactly like bamboo. On either side of his double bed are little tables—on one is a picture of his mother, on the other is a picture of Annabella. On his dresser (all the furniture is natural wood) there is a picture of his sister Anne. On the walls of his dressing room are some rare old prize-fight prints. In the middle of the bedroom floor—the day Annabella took me on the tour—were a pair of old tennis shoes. In the middle of the bathroom floor were a pair of old golf shoes. Mr. Power, I assume, is the

type who never picks anything up. But Mrs. Power is not the type to scold. "Poor boy," she said, "he cut his foot and his shoes hurt."

Annabella's pride and joy are two of the beautiful antiques which arrived from France. One is an Archbishop of the Fourteenth Century, from an old cathedral, who sort of looks over the guests (I hope with not too much disapproval) as they enter the Power home. The other is a cabinet, Fifteenth Century, with rural scenes painted on it, which stands in the upstairs hall. It has been in the family for ages and when Annabella married Ty her mother gave it to them for a wedding present. "When I was a little girl in Chantilly," said Annabella, "my mother would put me in her bed when I was sick. The cabinet stood right by the bed and I used to imagine myself playing in those various pictures. I didn't mind being sick because I could make-believe with the dream cabinet."

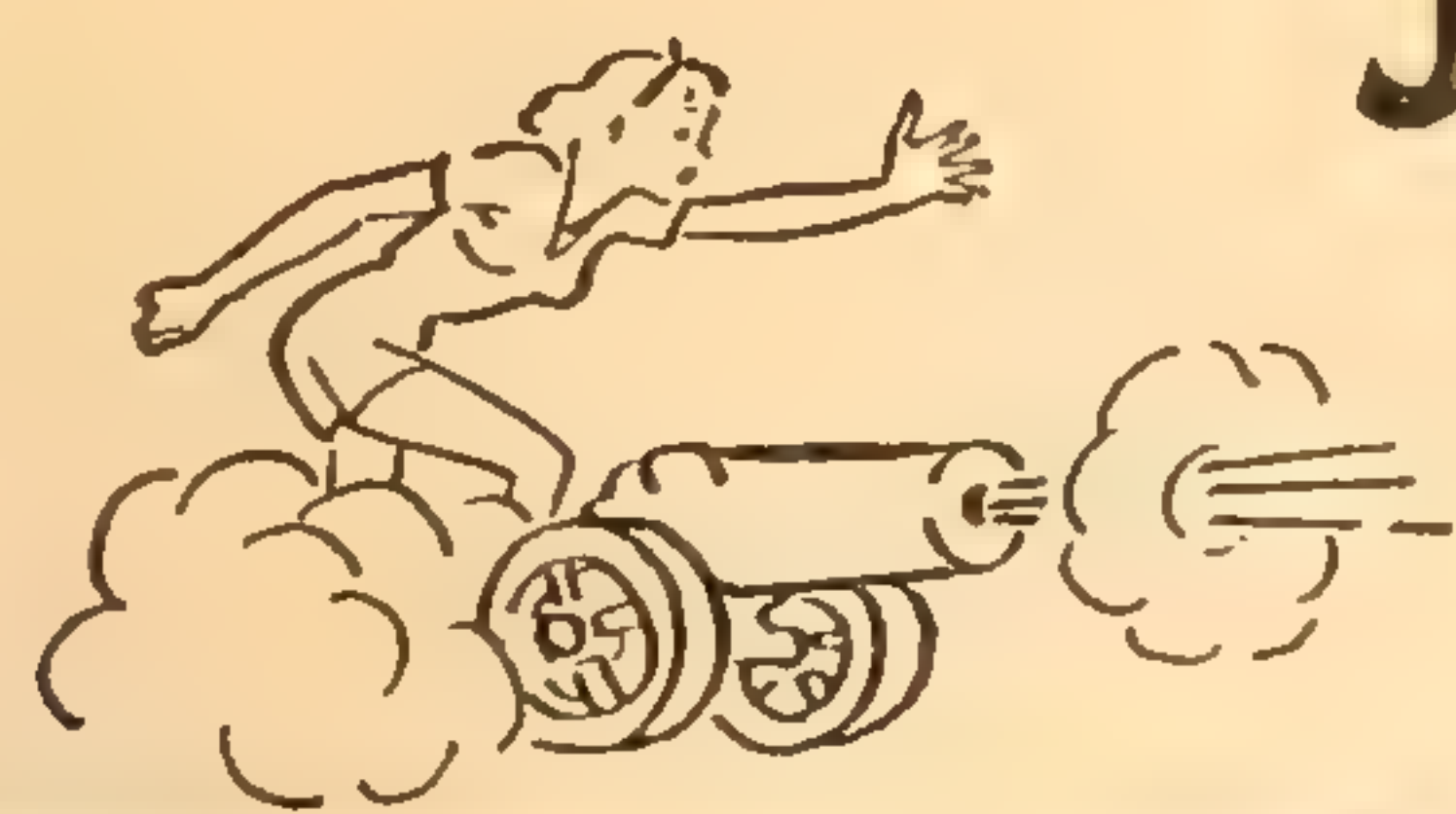
And what kind of a person is this Annabella, you ask? She ought to be really something when you think how Ty threw us all over for her. And she is. Really something. She has a frankness about her that's charming, not a frou-frou, or a ga-ga, or a la-de-da in her entire little body. She is probably the only girl Ty ever knew who didn't go coy on him. Not that Annabella's not feminine, she's feminine right down to her red-tipped finger nails, but she also has that delightful boyish quality about her of being a companion too. Whether or not Annabella will be a success in Hollywood—the land of the "Biased Nod"—I am not at all sure. She finds it impossible to tell producers, directors and stars that their pictures are good when they aren't. No, I guess she won't be a success. But she'll certainly be a success with Tyrone—and you only have to be with Annabella five seconds to know that that's all that really matters.

"I hope," said Annabella, as we descended the hill in the back of the house to see Tyrone's elaborate electric train, "that we never finish the house. It is so much fun planning and shopping. And every day Tyrone brings me home a little package, something for the kitchen, the play house, the library. 'What is this?' I say. 'Something new?' And then I have to guess. I love little packages." I wish I could put Annabella's enthusiasm for living and Tyrone Power on paper, without sounding sloppy. But take my word for it those are the two most in-love people I have seen in a month of Sundays.



Tyrone's desk and leather-covered chair, above, are strictly modernistic and of natural wood, to match the other pieces of furniture in his room.

LADY ESTHER SAYS—



“Join the Revolt against Heavy Creams —and keep your Accent on Youth!”



“**Trust to youth** to break away from tradition! Go to schools and colleges, talk to women under 25—and you’ll find a rebellion against heavy, *waxy* creams! Youth today demands a lighter cream!”



“**Why cling** to heavy creams that require tugging and pulling of delicate facial muscles (which can hasten that aged look) . . . *waxy* creams that leave skin shiny? My 4-Purpose Face Cream works just the opposite—puts your *accent on youth!*”



“**Our rapid,** modern living gives your face cream *more* work—a *different* kind of work to do. Heavy, *waxy* creams aren’t as efficient in removing imbedded dirt; that’s why modern girls have swung to my cream as the *one* cream for their skin.”



Life’s delightful moments are made up of tender glances, whispered words—romantic interludes which can be *yours* with a radiant skin! But be sure to give your skin “young skin care.” Help it be beautiful always and you’ll face your mirror as you face the world—with a lovely face, gay with happiness, contented in your success.



Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream has its wonderful following because it is a *modern* cream. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won’t you please follow the test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn’t the one cream for you?

Lady Esther urges you to make this “Cleansing Tissue Test” NOW

FOR the sake of your own appearance . . . to help keep yourself from *looking older than you really are* . . . make this amazing “Cleansing Tissue Test”!

First, cleanse your skin with cream you’re at present using and remove it thoroughly with cleansing tissue.

Then do the same—a *second time*—with Lady Esther Face Cream. Now, wipe it off well and *look at* your cleansing tissue.

Thousands of women are amazed...yes, *shocked then and there* . . . to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with

their own eyes that my 4-Purpose Cream removes minute, pore-clogging matter many other cold creams **FAIL TO GET!**

For, unlike many heavy, “waxy” creams—Lady Esther Face Cream does a *thorough* cleansing job without any harsh pulling of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, *at my expense*. Mail me the coupon and I’ll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Put *more accent* on your **YOUTH!**

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HERE'S HOW she does it. She's learned the secret many busy people know—this famous Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum. Carry a package around with you. You'll always find it refreshing and restful.



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GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR?

We invite you to visit the Beech-Nut Building there. If you're driving, we would be delighted to have you stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

Rediscovered

Continued from page 63

"One sniff of movies was enough," John nodded emphatically. "I realized immediately as I carried tables, poles, crockery, *et al*, from stage to stage that this was the business for me. I had no thought of acting. I wanted to develop into a director."

A man named John Ford was directing the silent classic, "Four Sons," when John "propped" for that production. Ford was intensely interested in football and the two developed into fast friends. When Ford made "Salute," a football picture, and went to Annapolis to shoot location scenes, he took the young prop boy with him. John was assigned the job of arranging for Southern California football players to make the trip and appear in the picture, and was a sort of generalissimo-in-charge-of-football-players. He also acted in the production, taking a very small speaking rôle.

When he returned to Hollywood and propping, Wayne was seen one day by director Raoul Walsh as he carried a table onto a set. Walsh was then preparing to direct "The Big Trail" and was looking for a lead. He told Wayne to let his hair grow long and then report to him.

"I thought seriously of using hair restorer, herbs, and roots to hasten the growth, but I calmed down and let it grow naturally. Walsh looked, tested me, and I was an actor, or rather I was in the movies. I knew I couldn't act, but I knew also that with the proper development I could become an actor." John stated this in deep seriousness.

"The Big Trail" was produced in 1930 and was a big success. Wayne was heralded far and wide, and was sent on a nightmarish personal appearance tour with the picture. "I was dressed like a dime novel hero off the prairie, with long hair and ten gallon hat. It required more than nerve to go on a stage with the outfit I had on, and recite the prepared speech the publicity man wrote for me. It required insanity and a blind faith in human nature! No sane human would have dared tempt an audience's ability to throw vegetable like I did on that tour."

But John lived through it, and returned to Hollywood with the same physical frame he started with. Fox officials had changed his name from Duke Morrison to John Wayne when he was signed for the lead in "The Big Trail." Wayne had been known as Duke from high school days on, and had fought many a fist fight to prove to disbelievers that the Marion was misleading.

"They just walked up to me," John laughs, "said that my new name was 'John Wayne' and walked away. I had no say, I didn't even get a chance to grunt, either 'okay' or 'no'!"

But Fortune which had smiled so suddenly on the tall young man, dropped the corners of its mouth just as quickly and frowned young Wayne into obscurity. He was cast immediately into two horrible fiascos, one a college story in which the male basketball team plays the girls' basketball team in the climax. Then another poor picture rôle, and John was through temporarily. His star had zoomed and then hurtled down just as quickly. But the young giant wasn't discouraged. The acting bug was too deep in him to be cured by a setback. Courage and determination are solid in Wayne, and he grimly set about a new career. He made a few westerns in 1932 for Columbia and other studios, and then Leon Slesinger took Wayne under contract and starred him in a series of action rôles. Then Trem Carr placed him under a six year contract.

From 1933 to 1938 Wayne appeared on the average of eight sagebrush sagas a year. In May of 1938 Wayne's contract with Trem Carr ended. Wayne's agent signed him with Republic the day after his contract with Carr lapsed. Republic wanted Wayne for its "Three Mesquiteers" series of westerns, a small-budgeted series which enjoyed tremendous popularity with kids and smaller towns. Wayne signed a five year contract with Republic and took the place of Robert Livingston, who was being featured in a series of action features. Livingston originated the rôle of *Stony* in this western series of three pals—*Stony*, *Tucson* and *Lullaby*. Ray Corrigan and Max Terhune are the other two "Mesquiteers."

But even while he signed with Republic, John Ford still had plans for Wayne. Ford had taken an option on a short story written by Ernest Haycox, titled "Stagecoach to Lordsburg," and had told Wayne that if he ever directed the picture he was going to cast Wayne in the male lead. "You're just the man in Hollywood to play the *Ringo Kid*, John," Ford told him, "and you'll get that rôle if I can humanly help it." This Ford had stated in 1937. Wayne knew that Ford was dead serious, but "I figured that I wasn't big enough in name value for the rôle. Shucks, exhibitors were getting me in Republic's westerns for a much lower price, so why should they pay for me in a glorified western by Wanger at much higher rentals?" But still the rôle meant so much to Wayne, almost as much as Ford's faith in him, that he prayed silently for two entire years that he be given the chance to do right by Ford's faith. Then Wanger announced production on the picture late in 1938 and castings were begun. Ford insisted on Wayne for the *Ringo Kid* and Wanger consented to test him.

"Was I nervous when that test came!" John still shakes a little at the thought of it. "We did the love scene from the picture, Claire Trevor and I—the scene over the fence after the baby is born. Three things kept preying on me. I had to justify Ford's faith, I had to overcome the producer's opinion that I wasn't a big enough name, and I had to do it for myself, the wife, and the kiddies!"

Wayne went home from that test, and told his wife, the former Josephine Saenz of the California social register, "It's all over, honey. I muffed it."

But Wayne hadn't muffed it. Wanger raved so over the test he became more enthusiastic than director Ford over Wayne. Negotiations were begun immediately for a loan-out from Republic, and here again Wayne became nervous.

"I thought maybe the studio might have some objections to my loan-out since we had to finish the 'Mesquiteers' series for the season, according to our contract with exhibitors. But the two studios finally got together and I went over to Wanger's."

The rest is Hollywood history. *The Ringo Kid* was brought to vibrant life by Wayne, and over the country reviewers, fans, and theatre owners lauded his performance. Many a city reviewer called him a "new personality on the Hollywood scene." Today Wayne faces a brilliant future. He will do one picture a year for Wanger for the next three years, according to terms arranged by Republic, and negotiations are current to allow Wayne to do three or four outside pictures a year apart from his Republic chores. In addition Republic is planning to star John in top budget films after he finishes his "Mesquiteers" series.

"Please don't get the idea," Wayne is insistent on this point, "that I'm rebelling against my Republic contract. I'm not. They say they're going to be fair with me. I walked into the Republic contract with

my eyes open, and I know full well how much good these 'Mesquiteers' films do me in small towns, and no movie star can ever afford to overlook his small town fans."

An incident which occurred after the preview of "Stagecoach" is full indication that Wayne still retains his level head, his modesty and forthrightness. William Berke, who produces the "Mesquiteers" for Republic, also attended the preview. Wayne, having just signed his autograph for a clamoring group and having just been enthusiastically applauded for his performance, walked over to Berke, and asked in full sincerity, "When do we start the next 'Mesquiteers,' Bill?" Not the slightest bit of swelling of the ego or added, self-importance. Just an ordinary guy asking about his job.

Modesty is a keynote of Wayne's character. He is modest almost to the point of bashfulness. Ask any of the crew on Wayne's pictures about him, and the opinion is unanimous: "He's an okay guy." Wayne has excellent possibilities of reaching his first movie ambition—to become a director. I talked with Berke, the producer, and he told me John had a keen insight into the making and directing of pictures. "He knows his scripts better than any star in Hollywood," Berke stated. "He has come to me many times with suggestions and every suggestion has been beneficial and, believe it or not, incorporated into the final draft. And," added Berke, "many of the suggestions have been for other members of the cast, to build their rôles or throw a scene their way. Wayne realizes that it's the story that makes a star and is unselfish and intelligent enough to offer constructive criticisms and suggestions on the general script and not the parts which affect him alone."

All the fist fights in Wayne pictures are

Returning to the screen after a long absence, Lilian Bond, as Gladys, fights off the unwelcome attentions of Marc Lawrence in the rôle of Floyd, the underworld chief, in this scene from "The Housekeeper's Daughter," a new Hal Roach production.



done by himself. He will not allow doubles in these scenes. "It's one way of keeping in condition," Wayne says grinningly, "and anyhow I'm a big brute," (he's six feet three and weighs 200, although he screens to look less than his actual height)—"and I can take care of myself."

Wayne lives with his wife in an apartment in Hollywood. He has three children, Michael Anthony, a boy aged four, Toni, a girl aged three, and the new baby, another boy.

When Wayne isn't making pictures, you can find him hunting in the High Sierras, or down in Mexico sailing on the Pacific in someone else's boat since he doesn't own one himself, or working out at the Hollywood Athletic Club, swimming or

playing handball or boxing. Off the screen he never wears cowboy clothes. He believes cowboy outfits are for the screen and screen alone, unless one lives on a ranch or is an actual cowboy in real life.

The Waynes were married in 1933 in Loretta Young's garden, and Loretta today is one of their best friends.

"Guess I owe a lot to one man's confidence," Wayne points out in summing up his Hollywood career. "The movies and the public have been kind to me. I haven't had a day off contract in seven years. And I'm darned happy to hear that people liked me in 'Stagecoach.' It's swell to feel maybe I can act after all. But all it takes is one good rôle and good direction to make the industry and fans realize what you've got."

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THAT'S WHY CAROL WAS UNPOPULAR

I WISH I'D NEVER
COME ON THIS
CRUISE! I HATE IT!
EVERYBODY'S SO
STAND-OFFISH--

NO, THEY
AREN'T, CAROL
--REALLY!



BUT YOU MAKE IT HARD
TO LIKE YOU, CAROL. I KNOW
NOBODY MENTIONS BAD BREATH,
BUT--WELL--WOULDN'T YOU TALK TO THE
SHIP'S DENTIST ABOUT IT?



TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH
COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD
PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA
AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T
CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL
PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES
THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
AND THAT'S WHY...



COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!



"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth... helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop

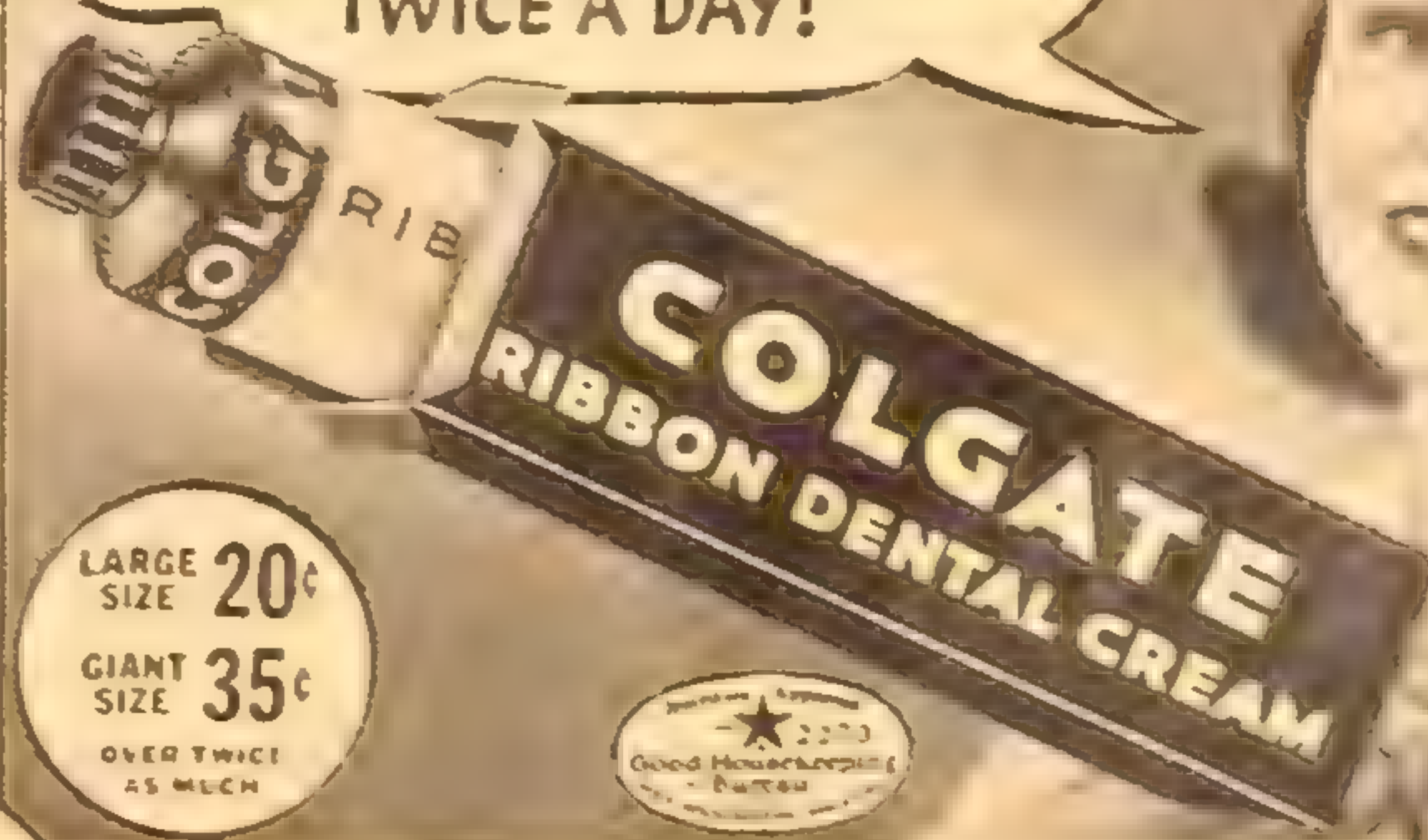
the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER... THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

COME ON, TED--GIVE THE REST OF US
A BREAK! EVERY MAN ON BOARD'S
WAITING TO DANCE WITH CAROL,
YOU KNOW!



BAD BREATH KEEPS
ROMANCE AWAY!
PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S
TWICE A DAY!



LARGE
SIZE 20¢
GIANT
SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE
AS MUCH

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that's why
women choose

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Special "Quilting" makes Fibs the ideal *in-ternal* protection...keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues. The rounded top makes Fibs easy to insert, so no artificial method of insertion is necessary!



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This Surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbs far more quickly than surgical cotton, that's why leading hospitals use it. Thus Fibs provides utmost security.



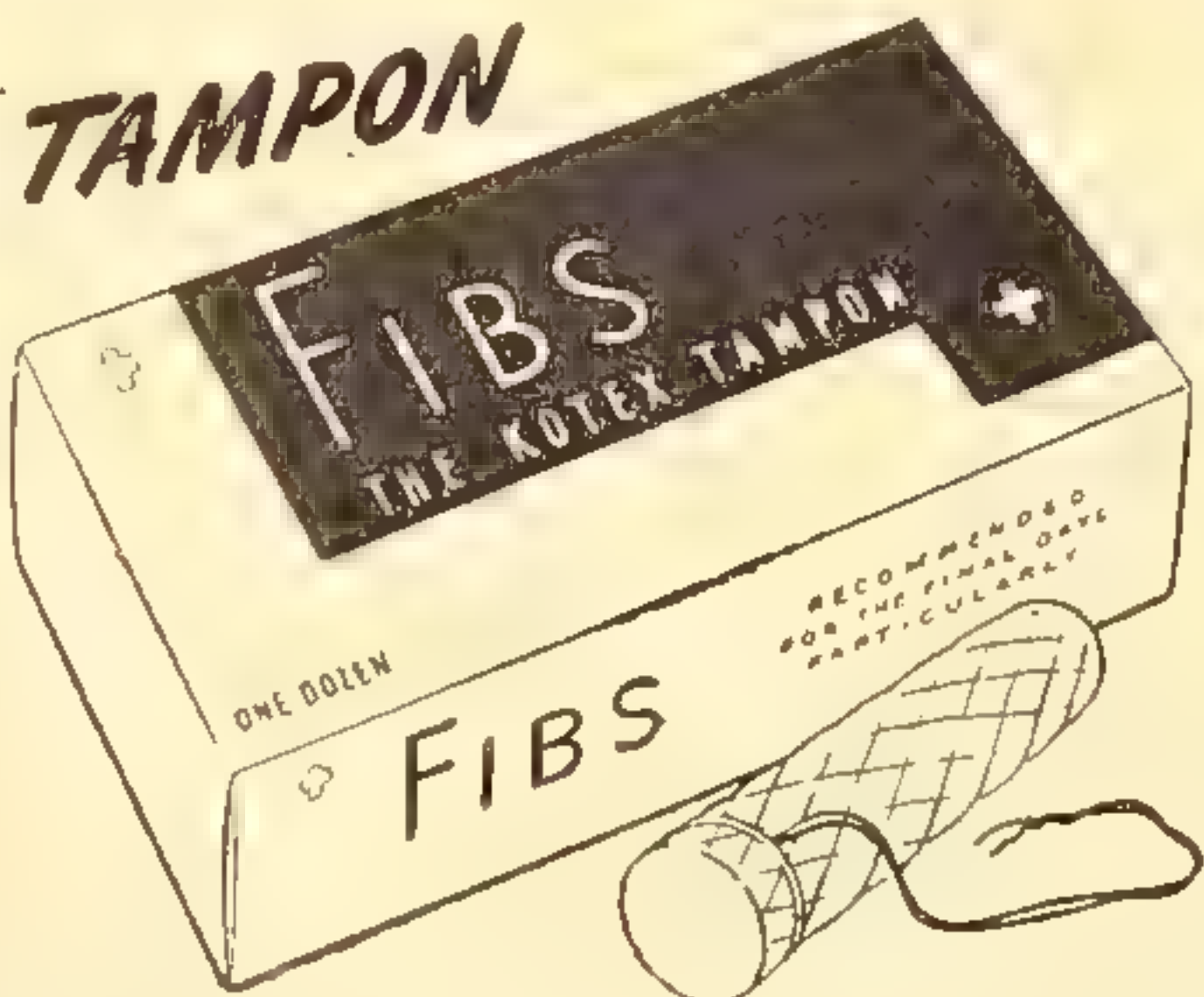
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I enclose 10c for trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex
Tampoon, mailed in plain package.

Name

Address

City State

Hollywood Pavement

Continued from page 61

FROM PRECEDING CHAPTERS:

ONCE a Broadway hit, but a failure in Hollywood, Gwen Mapleson hopes to repeat success she made under guidance of Lester Donnelly, her discoverer and ex-husband. They meet after a separation—she a down-and-out actress, he the once-famous stage producer, selling newspapers. His ambitions rekindled, Lester plots a hold-up to get money for a new venture which will give them both another start. A mysterious man appears, promises to send him the money if he'll forget the hold-up. Next morning a messenger delivers \$5,000, newspapers carry stories about his production plans, about a big party he's giving. Lester develops the plot for his play, tells Gwen the heroine is an actress—a girl who fails because of selfishness, but in the end wins out, and love comes to her from the Hollywood pavement. Everybody who was anybody attended Lester's party, including Jim O'Shea, film producer who, after reading the script tells Lester he's interested, even agreeing to have Lester cast, produce, and direct it. After midnight, when the party's in full swing, Gwen arrives, poorly dressed just as Lester ordered, but looking young and lovely. Lester acts surprised to see her, rushes to her. Gwen apologizes for her appearance and for coming, saying she didn't know he was having a party, and makes a move to leave. Seeing that this is having just the effect he wanted to produce, Lester keeps up the act—calls her "My Cinderella," introduces her to O'Shea and to the other guests. It was after three when the party broke up. Gwen was the last one to leave. Lester said he'd phone her in the morning. Twenty minutes later, Lester goes to his room and finding Gwen there, reclining on his bed, and wearing a pair of his pajamas exclaims—"Why—what are you doing here, what are you waiting for?" Her reply was: "Give you two guesses."

Kerkovitz, his assistant today as he had been, years ago, in New York, argued with him, begged him not to waste so much time and effort over a girl who played only a bit, saying that her part was unimportant and did not matter—Lester exclaimed: "Which shows how little you know, Sam. No part is unimportant. A good production is like a fine, sound engine. Everything down to the tiniest cog must be smooth, oiled, in perfect condition and coordination—" He interrupted himself; turned to Gwen. "You've been lousy all day!" he yelled at her. "What's the matter with you?"

"I—" weakly—"I've a headache."

"So have I! And it's you've given it to me—the way you're muffing that last scene. Oh—" he stormed—"a ham—that's what you are. You—you give no illusion of reality—no emotion—no nothing!"

She was furious. Oh, she thought, to be blown up in front of the whole company—and some of the extras giggling. "Lester," she cried. "I want you to understand, once and for all, that I am—"

"The star! Sure. Well, you won't remain the star much longer, unless you make up your mind to shimmer and glitter a little more."

She sobbed—and he glared. "Cut out the water-works," he cried, "and try that scene again! From where that newspaper guy—that's you, old man," to Bruce Macdonald—"gives you the frozen eye, tells you, by his silence, that you give him a pain in the neck. So, at least, he wants you to believe. So he walks up the Boulevard, in the direction of Vine Street. Automobiles shooting right and left. You—Gwen—don't give a damn. You rush after him—damned near get run over—" He paused. "Well—go on! Run!"

She obeyed. He was far from satisfied. "Didn't you hear me? Run!"

"I did run!"

"You didn't. La-de-da stuff—hand on hip—the old-fashioned kidney-walk—that's what you gave me. Now then—let's try it again! Run! You're trying to catch up with the fellow you're crazy about."

She ran. "A little better," he admitted. "Okay. You've caught up with the news-stand guy. Say the words—"I love you, Bill—I need you..."

"I love you, Bill—" she echoed—"I need you."

"My God!" His voice peaked a frantic octave. "Lousier and lousier!" He tore his hair. "You're as lifeless as a mechanical doll! I—I won't let you ruin my play! I shall awaken you—to flesh and blood—if I've to bounce a brick off your dome."

Then, suddenly, almost, she laughed. Why, she reflected, it was just like former days, back in New York. The same old Lester. And no use arguing with him. No use losing one's temper, getting mad or hurt. He knew his onions when it came to the theatre! She said meekly: "All right, Lester. I'll try and do better."



Zorina, blonde and beautiful ballet dancer introduced to the screen in "Goldwyn Follies," plays starring rôle in "On Your Toes," Warner Bros.

"Attababy, Gwen! Now hop to it!"

Once more she ran across the stage. She caught up with Bruce and clutched his arm. "I love you, Bill—" she cried, with a deep shiver in her accents—"I need you—!"

"Elegant!" Lester roared. "Absolutely elegant! That's the stuff to feed the troops! Don't be scared of over-acting! You *can't* over-act! Not as long as you feel—really feel!" He clapped his hands and addressed the cast. "Now then, boys and girls, let's go!" he exclaimed. "Right from the beginning of that last scene. That scene on Sunset Boulevard where that tough little skirt—that's you, Ruthie!" to an extra—"gives the eye and the old wiggle to the news-stand guy—get ready, Bruce!—and he gives her the dead pan—hardly notices her. For he lamps the other dame, his former sweetie—" He winked broadly at Gwen and whispered to her: "One swell sweetie she is, too!"

So it went on, day after day, week after week; until a minor executive decided it was high time to earn his salary by registering a kick. "Lester," he told him, "you're piling up expenses, thousands and thousands of dollars, by these continuous rehearsals. You know, this isn't Broadway, where rehearsals don't cost much."

"But 'Hollywood Pavement' is going to be as good as a Broadway show. At least," arrogantly, "any Broadway show that I've

ever been connected with. Do you get me?"

"I—I won't permit—"

"Tell it to the marines—or to Jim O'Shea!"

The latter smiled—and upheld Lester. So the rehearsals went on. Longer and longer hours; and Lester driving himself as pitilessly as he drove the others—the actors, cameramen, soundmen, stage-hands—who dragged themselves home at night, tired to the marrow. Tired—though inspired and happy. Eager to carry on. For—they felt it with actors' sixth sense—victory, the making of motion picture history, was in the air. The huge Colossal-O'Shea concern buzzed with the excitement of it. The editorial office buzzed; the casting office; the wardrobe room; everything and everybody in that enormous movie rabbit-warren buzzed. Rival firms buzzed: "Lucky stiff—Jim O'Shea. Got another world-beater up his sleeve."

Hollywood Boulevard buzzed—and Sunset Boulevard—and Beverly Hills. Mary Pickford buzzed—and Charlie Chaplin—and Bette Davis—and Paul Muni. Actors and actresses, in job or out, buzzed—in basso, baritone, contralto, alto, soprano, mezzo-soprano—and falsetto. Buzz. Buzz. With a sensing, a foretelling, of victory. "Victory," said Gwen, "thanks to you, Lester."

"No. Thanks to you. You're the star."

"The play is the thing."

"The star—"

"The play—"

"Don't let's quarrel. Play and star—combined."

"There would have been no star—without you. There never was—without you."

"Aw!"

"You know it's so. I—I used to hate you in the old days. Because you made me suffer. And now I realize that, to be great on the stage, one must not shirk

the suffering. One must welcome it, embrace it. One must feel, feel every experience in one's own heart and soul and body. One cannot portray life until one has lived it—to the hardest, richest, fullest. Until one has learned all its lessons—its most sordid—and its most glorious."

He laughed. "Author! Author!" he cried. "Swell lines you're spilling, kid. Maybe I'll find a place for them in my play."

"Not in this one. This one is perfect, is sure to be a triumph."

And triumph came, one evening, when Hollywood Boulevard was packed, and when a gigantic electric signboard, above the entrance of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, hiccoughed through the dusk with crimson, orange and emerald-green bulbs that spelled:

COLOSSAL-O'SHEA PRODUCTION
LESTER DONNELLY PRESENTS
GWEN MAPLESON
IN
HOLLYWOOD PAVEMENT

Oh Yes! A triumph. Even rival producers, rival supervisors, writers and directors forgot their envy—at least temporarily—as the last reel faded out. Applause it was. Applause like far thunder; steadily bloating, jerking, thumping, droning in hectic beats; then growing like a solid phalanx of sound. And loud yells: "We want Lester!" "Gwen!"

He stepped in front of the curtain, arm in arm with Gwen—who was lovely and young and beautifully gowned.

The applause continued; was followed by sudden silence as he raised a hand. "Not much to say," he began, "except that we thank you—the wife and me—from the bottom of our hearts. We thank everybody on the Colossal lot—from Jim O'Shea down or up, just as you prefer—for hav-

ing helped us so loyally, so bravely—for having turned the play into a success. And—" he paused—"the wife and me think this is a swell town, and we're thinking seriously of taking out Californian citizenship papers. And now—" another pause—"let me say a few words about our climate—"

And laughter. More applause.

Very late that night, three people—Lester, Gwen and Jim O'Shea—were happily yawning over one more bottle of champagne. O'Shea got up. "Lester," he said, "lunch with me tomorrow—you, too, Gwen—and I'll have your new contracts ready."

"We got to have more dough, Jim."

"I know that song by heart. Well, I'll see what can be done. And—speaking of dough—you might pay me back the five thousand bucks."

"What five thousand bucks?"

O'Shea did not reply. All he did was to reach into his pocket, to take out a jeweled platinum cigarette lighter and toss it on the table.

A silence. Then Lester stammered. "So you were the guy who—?"

"Yes." The other laughed. "Thought you were bluffing me—eh? Well it was *me* who had *you* bluffed—all the time!"

"Okay by me. I share the pot."

O'Shea left; and Lester turned to Gwen: "What about a spot of bed, kid?"

"Go on up. I'll follow in a moment."

She stepped out on the terrace. She looked upon Hollywood—so garish and so lovely—so mean and so decent—so hard-boiled and—oh—so— She interrupted her thoughts. She smiled. There was a breeze that brought to her the warm, sweet odor of that great Californian world, and the blurred noises of the night were to her as the happy voices of children at play.

THE END



The perfume that says

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Evening in Paris Keyed Scents... your key to perfume harmony. Have all your beauty preparations the same exquisite scent. Evening in Paris Face Powder \$1.00, Perfume 55c to \$10.00.

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*As these Wonderful Little
IRONIZED YEAST Tablets
Add 10-25 lbs. in a Few Weeks*

SCIENTISTS have discovered that thousands of people are thin and run-down only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without these vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Once these substances are supplied—and you get them now in these amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets—the improvement that comes in a short time is often astonishing. Thousands report wonderful new pep, gains of 10 to 25 pounds in a few weeks—complexions naturally clear—a new natural attractiveness that wins friends everywhere.



Posed by professional model

Why they build up so quick

Food chemists have found that one of the richest sources of marvelous health-building Vitamin B is the special rich yeast used in making English ale. Now by a costly process, this rich imported ale yeast is combined with Vitamin B concentrate from yeast and with 3 kinds of strength-building iron.

The result is these new easy-to-take Ironized Yeast tablets, which thousands of formerly skinny people who needed their ingredients hail as one of the greatest weight-building, health-building discoveries of all time.

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Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't begin to eat better and FEEL better, with more strength and pep—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the pounds of normally attractive flesh you need—the price of this first package will be promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga. So get it today.

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IMPORTANT

Beware of substitutes. Be sure you get genuine IRONIZED YEAST. Look for "IY" on each tablet.

Yours for Loveliness

A beauty background for
the tones and styles of Fall



Don Juan lipstick stays on and gives two types of lip make-up.

THE Don Juan lipstick is scoring great popularity for a newcomer, and for good reason. Here, as the makers say, is "The Lipstick That Stays On!" Not only that, but Don Juan gives two types of lip make-up—a soft, natural patina of color that lasts all day without retouching and leaves no traces, even when you kiss, or a highly lustrous brilliance that also stays on all day, but is not entirely traceless. Directions tell you how to achieve either effect. A versatile aid, indeed, in striking ebony-toned holder, with white cameo motif. Truly a lipstick you will treasure, Don Juan comes in twelve rich, exciting colors; you will find it for sale in your better drug and department stores.



"Quick Trick" is dedicated to nail grooming and color harmony—always!

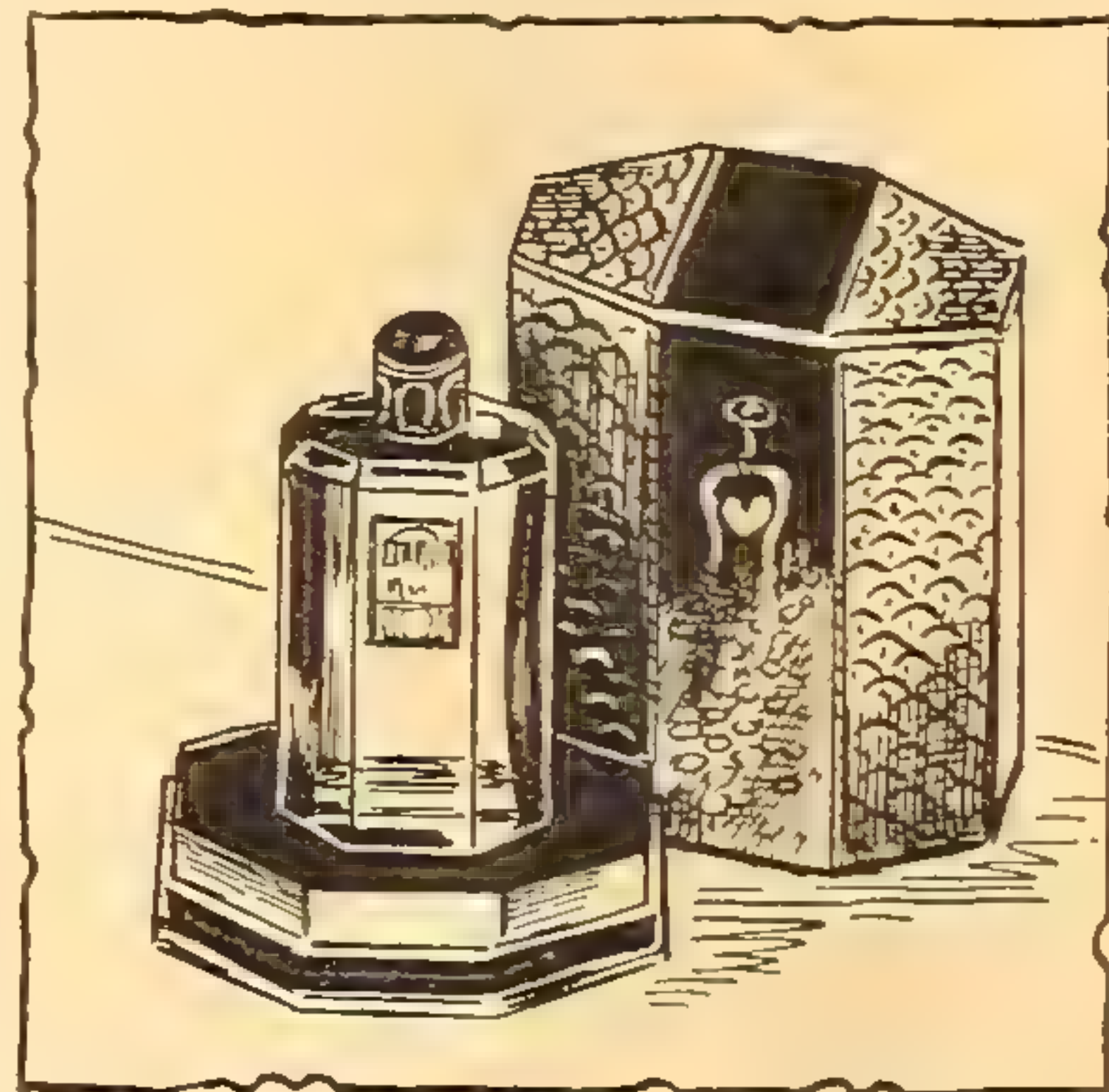
HOW many times, when you need a quick change in nail enamel, or when you're off on a week-end or longer trip, have you wished for a compact nail grooming kit with the bare essentials and no more? Well, Revlon gives you one—"Quick Trick"—a little tweed-like case, palm size, holding Revlon Nail Enamel, Oily Polish Remover (twice as much of this as Enamel), orange wood stick and emery boards. A grand groomer when traveling, for your desk drawer and for home too, or the little gift. The case comes in three color combinations, at just the price we like!

THOSE hands that had a happy Summer in sand, sun, and wind probably show it, and now need a little care. For softening, smoothing, and erasing Summer signs, I find Rapidol Hand Lotion very helpful. This is a fragrant, creamy lotion, not sticky or greasy. It spreads rapidly, takes a few seconds to apply, and is one of the quickest and pleasantest hand conditioners I know. A good general softener for arms and elbows, etc., and you will find it in the chain stores.



Morey Dissolving Lotion brings clearer, finer, and lovelier skin.

THERE is a skin condition that many of us suffer from today. That is a slowed-down functioning of the tiny under-glands, that should be constantly and normally eliminating, so that the skin remains clear, smooth, and finely textured. Modern living habits seem to retard correct skin functioning, and the result is, frankly, a poor skin. Recently, I came across Morey Dissolving Lotion, a fluid, that simply does wonders for a congested skin condition. I am delighted, personally, with results, and so are others who have used it. It helps to eliminate pore obstructions, truly cleansing them, so they naturally contract. It helps to bring a clear, fresh tone, because it gets to the base of your trouble. I will be glad to tell you more about this "find."



L'Aimant is truly a magnet, a perfume of a mesmeric quality.

A NEW presentation of Coty's perfume, L'Aimant, is reason to remind you of this distinctive and lovely fragrance. As an accent to your Fall costumes, you will recognize its unfailing charm and attraction. Ten fine Coty creations for make-up and toilette, from perfumes to perfumed accessories, appear in this "Links of L'Aimant" series—magnets, indeed, for attraction and admiration. Beautifully packaged. C. M.

SCREENLAND'S Glamor Guides

Fashions featured on Page 67 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.

Joyce Hubrite Frock by Hubrite Informal Frocks, Inc., 100 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Davis & Co., Cambridge, Ohio
Bon Marche, Cheyenne, Wyo.
W. M. Norvell Co., Chillicothe, Ohio
D. G. Stewart Co., Decatur, Ill.
Dupont Wideman Co., Detroit, Mich.
John Taylor Dry Goods Co., Kansas City, Mo.
The Marks Store, Miami, Fla.
Chapman & Turner Co., Norwich, N. Y.
Thomas Kilpatrick Co., Omaha, Neb.
The Paris Co., Salt Lake City, Utah
H. S. Barney Co., Schenectady, N. Y.
Rhodes Department Store, Seattle, Wash.
Robertson Bros. Dept. Store, Inc., South Bend, Ind.
R. F. Herndon & Co., Springfield, Ill.
Albert Steiger Co., Springfield, Mass.
Smith & Lang, Stockton, Cal.
Walker Bros. Dry Goods Co., Wichita, Kansas

Topps True Form Shoe Stores are located in the following cities:

Baltimore, Md.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Jersey City, N. J.
Louisville, Ky.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Syracuse, N. Y.

"Bias-Bra" by Model Brassiere Corp.,
358 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Stewart & Co., Baltimore, Md.
Wm. Filene's Sons Co., Boston, Mass.
Flint & Kent, Buffalo, N. Y.
Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.
The Lindner Coy, Cleveland, Ohio
Crowley, Milner Co., Detroit, Mich.
G. Fox & Co., Hartford, Conn.
H. P. Wasson & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Hahne & Co., Newark, N. J.
Lord & Taylor, New York City
John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Pa.
Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co., Rochester, N. Y.
Famous & Barr Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Lansburgh & Bro., Washington, D. C.

"Girdles of Grace" by Real-Form Girdle Co.,
358 Fifth Avenue, New York City

M. O'Neil Co., Akron, Ohio
W. M. Whitney & Co., Albany, N. Y.
Rich's, Inc., Atlanta, Ga.
The Glove Shop, Berkeley, Cal.
Jordan, Marsh Co., Boston, Mass.
Boston Store, Chicago, Ill.
Titcher-Goettinger Co., Dallas, Texas
Nielson's Dept. Store, Denver, Colo.
Wolf & Dessauer Co., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Bullock's, Los Angeles, Cal.
Gimbel Bros., Milwaukee, Wis.
L. S. Donaldson Company, Minneapolis, Minn.
L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J.
Stern Bros., New York City
Langston, Co., Oklahoma City, Okla.
Olds, Wortman & King, Inc., Portland, Ore.

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FROM YOUR MAN—

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Neglected Hands often Look Older
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ANNE's pretty hands were getting un-
attractively harsher and coarser.
Sun, weather and water tend to dry
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But—wise girl, Anne! She began to
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Jergens supplements nature's moisture.
Quickly helps give back delicious soft-
ness, even to neglected hands.

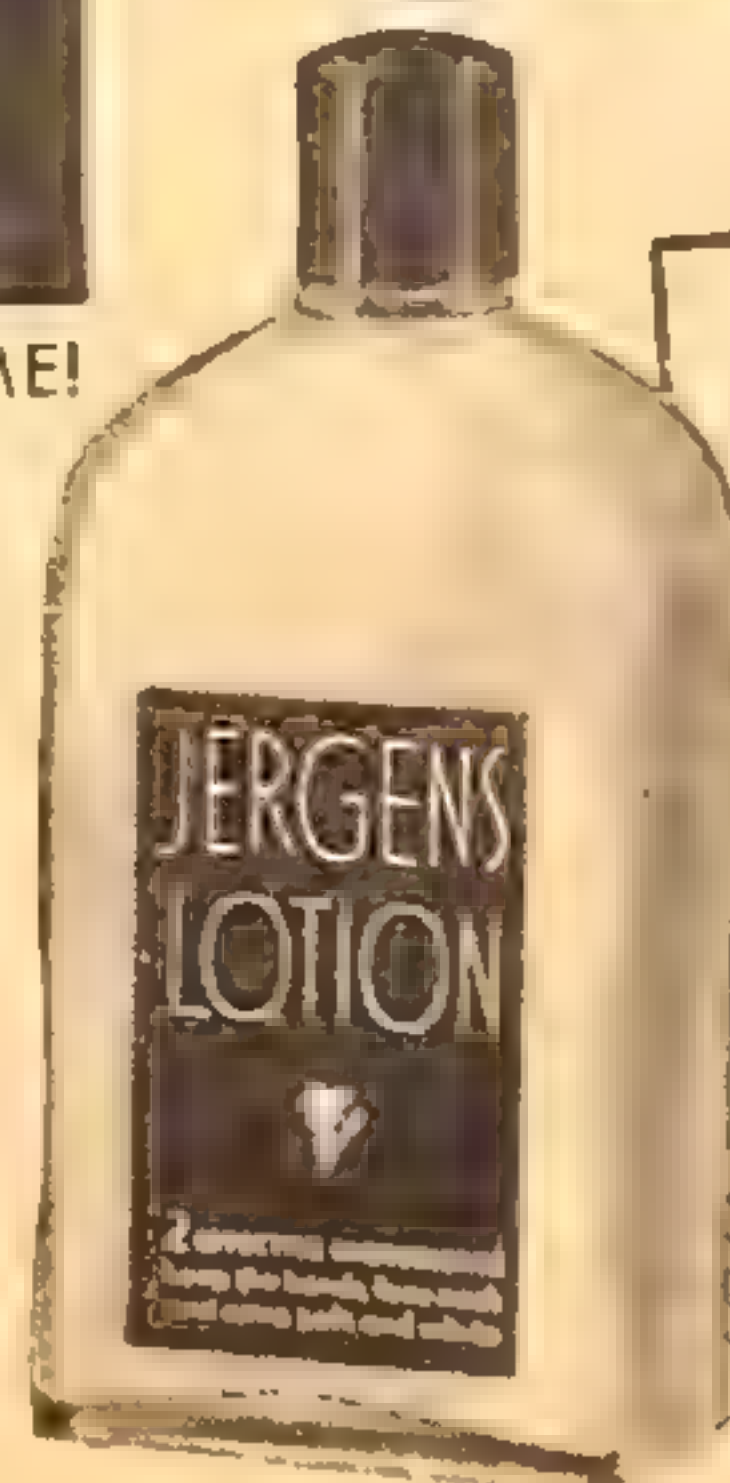
Many doctors help roughened skin to
lovely smoothness by using two ingre-
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roughness when used faithfully. No
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grateful women swear by Jergens! Start
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ture for your skin.

New Beauty Aid! Jergens
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Norvell Reveals the Path to Romance

Continued from page 31

return to the stage periodically, her gifts will be claimed by the screen the greatest part of the time in the future. Her chart shows that she will either win an Academy Award, or some other distinguishing honor through some rôle she will portray in 1940.

Janet Gaynor has known all the success and happiness that come to many Libra persons. What does the future hold for Janet? Will she continue in pictures? Will another marriage prove successful for her? Will Janet give up her career in favor of a home life? The stars show that Miss Gaynor will make several more outstanding pictures and that she will not consider retiring for at least another three years. Her career has been a long and successful one, and there will be a public demand for her talents for years to come. Janet will return to the screen at intervals even after she announces "retirement," and when she does finally give up her work, her chart shows that she will be financially independent and seek happiness in a lasting marriage.

Two other stars, who are typical of the qualities that most Libra-born have in common, are Constance Bennett and Virginia Bruce. It will be recalled that both these stars have had more than one marriage, which brings us to a very vital point regarding the romantic happiness of persons born in the Sign of Libra. In fact, most of the stars mentioned above have had two marriages. Is this the usual course of events in marriage for Libra? It is true that those born in this Sign have attracted unhappiness in love and marriage in the past, but it has been a cycle through which they have passed. It is by no means decreed by the planets that all Libra-born persons attract unhappiness in love and marriage. They can find happiness in marriage if they observe a few simple astrological rules and if they work with the stars to attract marriage partners who are compatible mentally and physically.

Here are a few "Don'ts" that you should observe in romance and marriage if you were born in the Sign of Libra.

Don't try to dominate the one you love.
Don't be flirtatious in an effort to arouse jealousy.

Don't maintain a cold, aloof personality.
Don't give encouragement to someone you do not love.

Don't become involved with "in-laws" after marriage.

Don't try to run the home and the husband's business also.

Don't seek a divorce until you have tried for at least two years to make a success of marriage.

Don't expect all men to be gods with divine ideals, for most men still have clay feet.

Perhaps it will be helpful to those born in the Sign of Libra to give a list of the eligible Signs for romance and marriage. By observing these astrological guides it is often possible to avoid misunderstanding and unhappiness in romance. The following Signs are the most suitable to Libra-born: Gemini, May 21 to June 20, an air Sign, and one of the most compatible for those born in Libra. Typical are: Priscilla Lane, Paulette Goddard, and Jeanette MacDonald. These people are idealistic and romantic; they have the light, humorous touch to their personalities which most Libra persons enjoy. They are excellent for friendship, romance and marriage. A union with Gemini seldom ends in divorce.

The next most compatible Sign for Libra is that of Aquarius, January 20 to February 18. Clark Gable, Ronald Colman and

Florence Rice are typical of this Sign. Their natures are calm and well-balanced. They keep in check the tempestuous Libra nature, and know how to retrench when it is necessary.

If you find, however, that Gemini and Aquarius persons do not quite suit your discriminating tastes, you might find happiness with one born in the Sign of Taurus, April 21 to May 20, typified by Margaret Sullavan, Gary Cooper, or Bing Crosby.

YOUR FORTUNE THIS MONTH

Every Sign of the Zodiac will be influenced in a certain way this month. Some will find romantic happiness, others are inclined to disappointments; financial problems will confront many, while others will begin to emerge from financial chaos for the first time in years. It is important for YOU to know the astrological indications for you at this time, so if you were *not* born in the Sign of Libra, which we have been discussing, find the section dealing with your own birth Sign below, and learn what the stars portend for you this month.

March 21 to April 20—Aries

Watch your finances this month, avoid taking chances in investments. Seek out promotion and assistance through superiors. Go on trips, change residence, or expand socially, for Mars favors new ventures. Vibrations from the Sun may effect the emotional life; you may be somewhat discontented in romance or marriage. Make changes only after due deliberation. It is best to wait until November for radical changes such as divorce, or a new romance. A strange message may come through a letter, or by telephone. Watch the health and diet in the last two weeks of the month.

April 21 to May 20—Taurus

Venus brings into play romantic vibrations at this time that may tend to change existing love affairs. It is a most favorable period for romance, engagements, courtship, or marriage. Interests in literary or musical affairs may be encouraged this month owing to vibrations from Mercury. Finances are still somewhat doubtful; invest only in safe ventures, and conserve the money you have at present. No crisis is imminent in your life this month, and temporary disturbances are to be overcome within the next two weeks.

May 21 to June 20—Gemini

A good month to change your environment and move to another location. This period favors travel, business deals through correspondence, or the handling of finances through a second party. Checks, or other monetary considerations may come through some connection established in the past. Guard the health, and rest and relax when times of stress or excitement arise. Those who are married may find some restlessness this month. Difficulties should be settled without resorting to divorce. The last two weeks of the month are decidedly better for love and marriage, for afflictions of Venus and Mars will cease and the vibrations will be more conducive to peace and calm. The 3rd, 5th, 8th, and 10th are red letter days. The other days are routine. Seek promotion and changes in business.

June 21 to July 22—Cancer

Your ruling planet, the Moon, brings you several good opportunities to advance along artistic and creative lines. On the 7th, 12th,

*Wear it just
one amazing
day!*

..YOU'LL NEVER WEAR
ANY OTHER GIRDLE

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Girdles of Grace

Knitted of Lastex and du Pont rayon...and fashioned to fit. They mould and control, nip in waistlines, flatten diaphragms, round out hips...yet allow perfect freedom. They will not twist or "hike-up" and are guaranteed non-run

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Real Performing RADIO
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PATENTED DESIGN. Has enclosed geared luminous dial for perfect tuning. Many owners report amazing reception and distance.

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GRAY HAIR
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Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint tell-tale streaks of gray to a natural-appearing shade—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 27 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 50c at drug or toilet counters always on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get **BROWNATONE** today.

14th, and 21st, you will meet several persons who may assist you in attaining your goal. The month is favorable for all personal and business activities. It marks the beginning of a cycle of prosperity and your luck should suddenly be better than it has been for several months past. This month presents opportunities in romance that you should take advantage of. If you have been disappointed in the past look to your stars for courage to face the future; happiness will be yours in any romance that is consummated this month.

July 23 to August 22—Leo

Travel and change location at this time. Interest yourself in finances, and if you handle certain situations right you stand a chance of making a good-sized sum of money. Real estate, oil, gold, stocks, and bonds all hold promise of returning profit for those Leos who invest their money in such ventures. Some famous person in power may assist you this month. Take care of your health, as afflictions to the stomach, heart, or nerves may cause undue anxiety. The month ends on a favorable note.

August 23 to September 22—Virgo

Have confidence in everything you do this month; you have been reluctant to make changes for fear you might be taking the wrong step. If you desire to break old ties in romance, you will have justification at this time, for someone may cause you unhappiness in love. It would appear best to sever such ties and begin anew in your quest for romantic happiness. Money conditions will improve; new ideas for changing present business conditions may come to you. The month favors office routine, beauty parlors, restaurants, institutions of public welfare, insurance and banking business. Those associated with

When "Beau Geste" was screened in the days of silent films, Ronald Colman, Ralph Forbes and Neil Hamilton, shown at right, had rôles which Gary Cooper, Ray Miland and Robert Preston play in the new talkie version of the French Foreign Legion story.



others in partnership may seek to dissolve such ties. The month is excellent for all progressive moves.

September 23 to October 22—Libra

To the changes already predicted for Libra-born, I may add that Venus, the love planet, offers love-fulfillment this month. A good time to seek a new romance, or to become engaged or married. Your principle fault this month will be toward extravagance; curb expenditures, and save your money, for you may suddenly need it. Visits to relatives or friends may occur this month. Do not become involved with the problems of some person who may seek your advice, for Venus makes you to sym-

pathetic. The month is generally good for all routine affairs, and for romance or marriage problems. Favors literary, musical, or artistic interests.

October 23 to November 22—Scorpio

Watch the health this month, especially the diet. The vibrations from Mars and Saturn may cause some nervousness and confusion. Try to attain orderliness in all personal affairs and avoid what might lead to legal entanglements. The vibrations of Venus and Jupiter are favorable for meeting new friends, or for better state of understanding in romance or marriage. Remember that you are apt to be slightly dominating, and you can avoid quarrels

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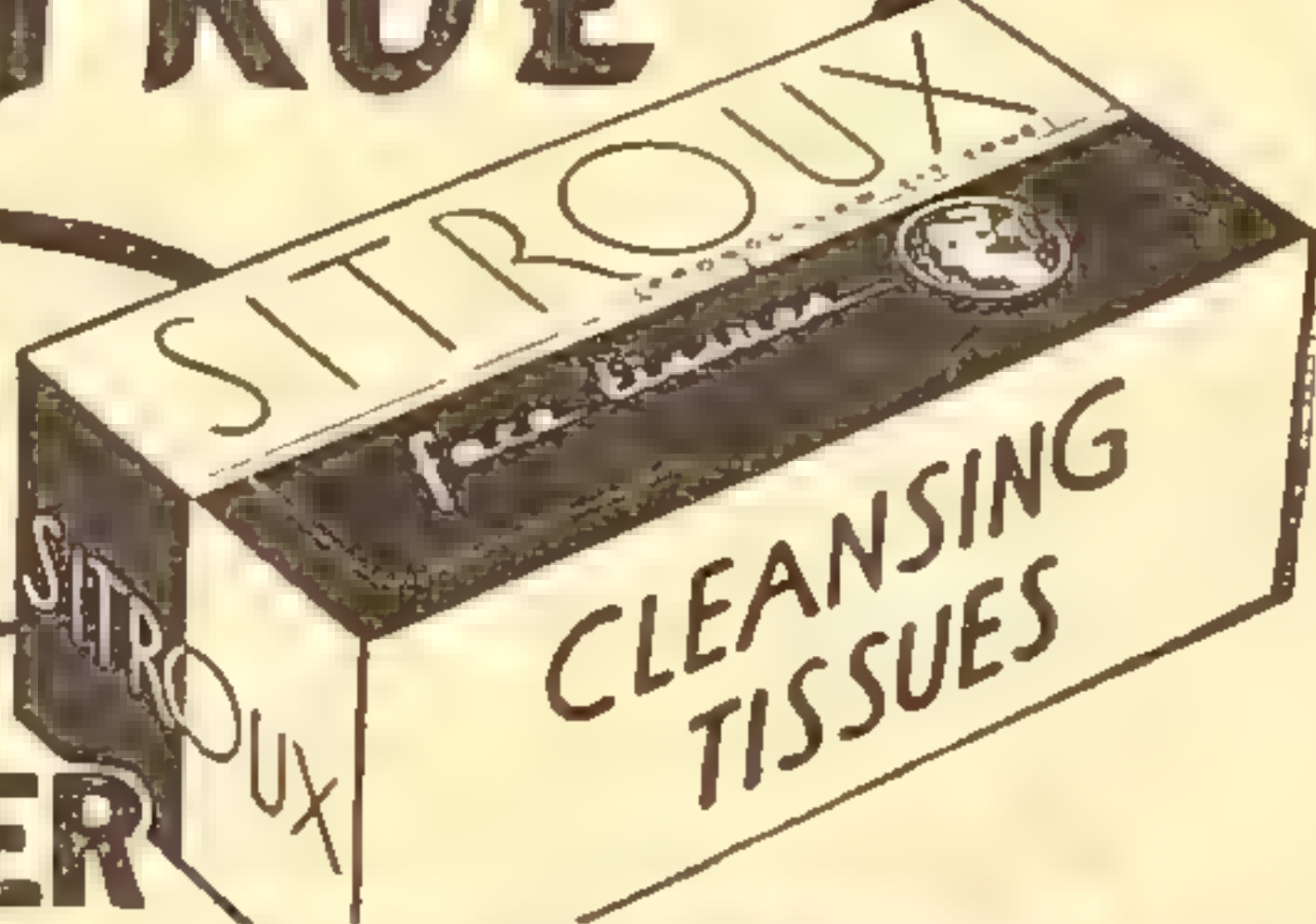
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with the one you love by being less jealous. The 3rd, 5th, 12th, 16th, 18th, and 24th are all good days for seeking promotion, salary rise, or a new job. Selling is favored, as are artistic or creative processes. Avoid risky investments.

November 23 to December 21—Sagittarius

The home comes under better rays from the planets this month. Any misunderstandings that exist should be ironed out by this time. A letter or message may come that holds news important to your future. Seek out people socially for you have secluded yourself too long. Beware of the jealousy or enmity of some person who dislikes you. Favors money matters, especially the acquiring of money through an independent business venture. Music, teaching, secretarial work, selling and clerical work are favored. A change in position is likely the latter part of this month.

December 22 to January 19—Capricorn

Caution should be the watchword for you this month. This is especially true in regard to finances. Saturn still obstructs you in something you are trying to accomplish, but do not give up yet. Money owed you may be repaid at this time. Promote any new business ventures that you have in mind for the rays from the Sun are giving you vitality and energy that has been lacking for some time past. The automobile trade, amusement ventures, inventions, music, literary work are all favored for those born in Capricorn. Venus brings into play very romantic vibrations and solution to some trying problem of the heart. Those unhappily married may seek separation if there is no other solution, for the stars favor a new cycle in romance this month.

January 20 to February 18—Aquarius

Uranus brings gains from contacts you have made in business. Money may come through an investment in real estate; inventions or creative plans may materialize at this time. You have been under a cloud for some time in health, finances, and romance. These departments of your life are due for startling changes now. Do not accept delays any longer, but force any situation that you wish to materialize at this time. Do not make concessions in romance or marriage, for the chances are you will have to dissolve the present emotional affair in your life in favor of a happier state. However, many Aquarius-born have at last found the consummation of their love dreams at this time, so if you are still unhappy seek further for love happiness.

February 19 to March 20—Pisces

A good month to tackle any problems that may exist in business or personal life. You have the assistance of Jupiter in business, and of the beneficial rays of the Sun to carry you through any plans you may have outlined. The rays of Mars may bring some disturbance in love or marriage. Watch out lest you force a break that should not occur in marriage or romance. The month is excellent for travel, investments, going into business for yourself, or into partnership with someone else. Favors restaurants, beauty shops, drug stores, soda fountains, musical work, acting, dancing, singing, radio, and writing. Those born in Pisces are better off in business for themselves than working for others.

Different Astrology Reading for Each Sign

Through the study of astrology you may be able to gain a better understanding of your problems, thereby making it easier for you to solve them. However, in the condensed advice given on these pages for each Sign of the Zodiac, Norvell cannot give a thorough and complete horoscope reading for every Sign, therefore you must consult YOUR particular astrology reading.

Announcing Ronald Regan

Continued from page 51

with him in "Hell's Kitchen." "Good afternoon, Ronnie," said the little terror in a subdued voice. Even if I hadn't caught the suppressed grins of Reagan and a property man standing close by, I would have known something was up. The Dead Enders are seldom so polite. "I've got them going," Ronnie confessed. "They think I'm a tough guy." He laughed. "I told them I used to be known as 'One-punch Reagan' when I boxed in college. They don't know I never went in for boxing."

He could have told them about the sports he did go in for, at Eureka (Ill.) College. His record in football, basketball, track and swimming make him out tough enough. Also, he holds a 2nd Lieut. commission as a reserve officer in the U. S. Cavalry. There were the seven summers he spent as a life-guard, too, on the beach near Dixon, Ill., when he won many medals for saving lives. He was fifteen when he started on that job. He worked at it seven days a week, from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M., and during those seven summers he had only three days off. He spent two of them swimming. Those vacation jobs paid Ronnie's tuition fees at college. In spite of the long hours, Ronnie thinks it was the best job he ever had. He admits, however, that life-guarding has its drawbacks. "That sign on your chest gets you places with the girls," he told me, eyes twinkling, "but when you're stuck on the beach thirteen hours a day, what good does it do you?"

There's another phase of the job that gets life-guards down. Despite the popular impression that the rescued throw their arms around their savior's neck, crying "my hero," or pump his hand in an excess of gratitude (according to the sex of the rescued), Ronnie says that isn't so. "They very rarely even say thanks," he told me. "More often, they blame the life-guard for not getting them out sooner."

Ronnie found a satisfactory way to get even. He took to cutting notches in a log, one for each person he rescued. He'd wait until they were conscious. If they showed signs of getting nasty, he didn't wait to hear the complaints. He walked over to the log, and deliberately cut a notch. Someone would be sure to inquire what the notch was for. Ronnie would point nonchalantly back at the victim. "That's him," he'd announce.

Not having time to date the girls on the beach didn't bother Ronnie as much as it did the other guards. He was in love with the girl who lived next door to him, and had been since they were in the seventh grade. They stayed in love all through high school and college, and played opposite each other in the school plays. They became engaged, and were planning their marriage when she took a trip to Europe. They'd been out of college about two years by this time, and the wedding was set for her return. "I told her she'd better take the trip before she married me," Ronnie said, "because there didn't seem much chance of her getting it after the wedding."

Ronnie's income as a sports announcer, added to what he earned writing a weekly sports column for a local newspaper, would hardly cover trips to Europe. The movies were a faraway dream, with no prospect of materialization. She took his advice and went to Europe. In Paris she met a young man in the diplomatic service, and married him instead. Ronnie is quick to defend her.

"It was a natural thing to happen," he told me. "All through high school and college our interests had been the same, but after we were graduated things were dif-

ferent. We started to drift apart, we didn't see each other as often as before." He paused, then added: "Anyway, I was always telling her the only mistake she ever made was me. I guess she decided I was right, that's all. She's a wonderful girl."

At any rate, that experience hasn't made Ronnie bitter. He still thinks marriage is the happiest state, and is anxious to try it as soon as he finds the right girl. He doesn't like the helpless type. When he takes a girl swimming or riding, he doesn't want to have to teach her, or worry about her every minute. "She doesn't have to be an Amazon, or bursting with vitality," Ronnie hastened to explain. "I'd just like her to be able to do things."

He thinks a sense of humor is essential, too. As to whether he prefers blondes or brunettes, he isn't particular. "What's the difference?" he asked me, laughing. "Nowadays, the color of a girl's hair is like the map of Europe. It's liable to change from week to week, anyway."

Ronnie isn't married—yet; though he and Jane Wyman are among Hollywood's constant twosomes. His great love, next to acting, is still for sports. He was pleased as punch when invited to announce the Rose Bowl Game this year. Everything went smoothly, Ronnie being careful to stay in the press-box for the duration of the game. Because he nearly missed out on announcing a game back home once, when he left the press-box to buy a hot dog, and then nearly couldn't get back again. Only that time it would have meant his job.

"I lost the ticket out of my hat band," Ronnie said, "and the gateman didn't know me. The harder I pleaded, the tougher he got. Finally, after I'd told him all over again about the column I wrote and all the rest of it, he threw me out, one hand on my coat and the other where it would do the most good. By that time, I didn't have

The three Robinsons, Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. and Manny, managed to squeeze in a European vacation just before the star started his new film, "The Life of Dr. Ehrlich."



much time left, and I was frantic. By running around in circles, I finally located a gateman who knew me, and he let me through, just thirty seconds before I was 'on the air.' Up to then," Ronnie smiled, "I'd thought I was getting to be pretty well known around town. But after that, I was careful to stay put until the game was over."

"Staying put" was not always a hardship for Ronnie. He did it voluntarily when he was fourteen years old, and thoroughly enjoyed himself. It was when he and another boy were digging a cellar for a building contractor during summer vacation. They were earning 35¢ an hour. "Only we weren't earning it," Ronnie laughed. "We dug a hole big enough for the two of us, and

then stopped. Day after day we just sat there, talking, and eating ice-cream and pies we bought when the wagon went by. Whenever our employer called down to us, we told him we'd struck rock and were doing our best. Of course," Ronnie told me, with the same grin he must have worn then, "he couldn't possibly get in to find out for himself. We'd taken care to make the hole just big enough for us, and he was an enormous man."

That job panned out exactly at noon one day. Ronnie had started a down-stroke with a pick, when the twelve o'clock whistle blew. He never completed that stroke, for what seemed to him an excellent reason—it was lunchtime. The next summer Ronnie Reagan began his career as a life-guard.

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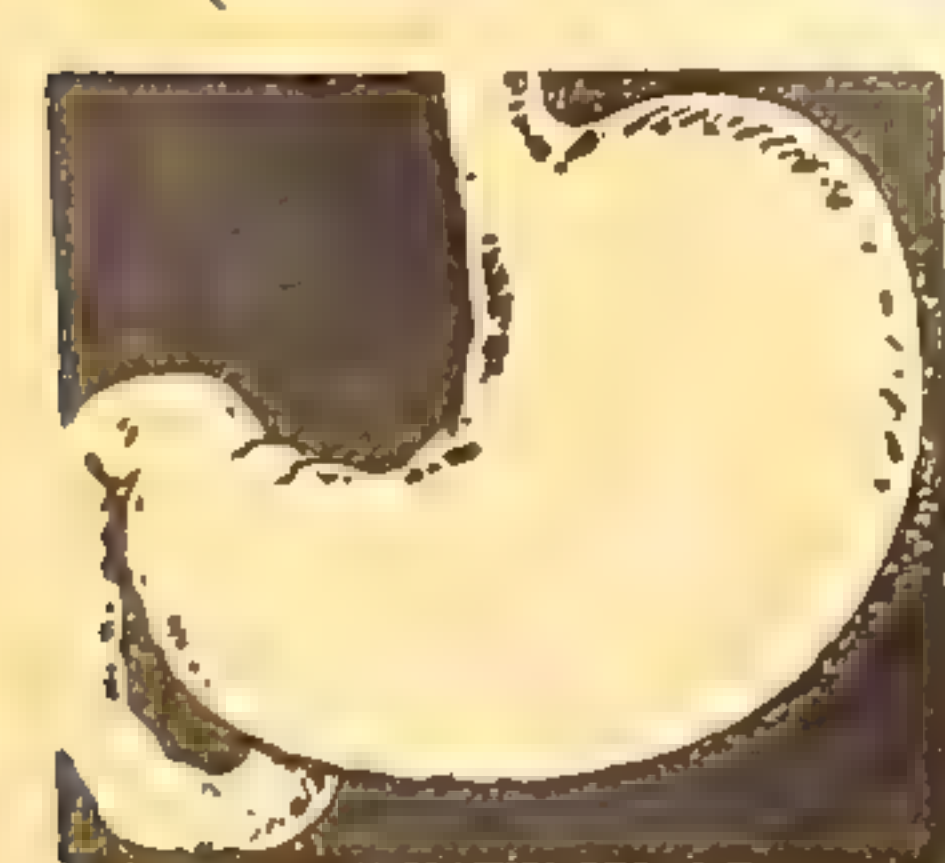
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Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 15

"String beans, sliced thin and cooked the English way, so they are green when served, would be our vegetable. The salad—I must tell you about the salad! You needn't serve cranberry jelly with your turkey with this one. Take crushed fresh cranberries, a little grated lemon peel, some finely crushed Dole pineapple, and mould them in cherry Jello. It's wonderful. I wish I had some right now! You can get this ready the night before, if you want to.

"Of course the dessert will be pumpkin pie. What Iowan would refuse a chance to serve that? I understand there are various schools of thought about pumpkin pie. Some say you have to use molasses, some wouldn't dream of it. The recipe we use here is this:"

PUMPKIN PIE

(The filling is made first and allowed to cool, then it is put into the unbaked pastry and the two baked together.)

- 1½ cups cooked pumpkin, mashed
- 1½ cups milk
- ¾ cup light brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon powdered cinnamon (Burnetts)
- ½ teaspoon ginger (Burnetts)
- ¼ teaspoon powdered clove
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons melted butter

Dice the pumpkins into a saucepan, almost cover with water and simmer over a slow flame until tender. Strain off the water and press through a wire sieve with the back of a large spoon. Put the mashed pumpkin and all other ingredients into a bowl and beat with a rotary beater. Cool.

Pie Crust

- 2½ cups sifted, all-purpose flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup Spry shortening
- 5 tablespoons cold water

Sift flour and salt together and add ½ of the Spry. Cut in with a pastry blender or two knives until the mixture is as fine as meal. Add the remaining Spry and cut until the particles are the size of a navy bean. Sprinkle water, 1 tablespoon at a

time, over the mixture; with a fork, work lightly together until all the particles are moistened and in small lumps. Add just enough water to moisten. Press dampened particles together into a ball. Do not handle the dough any more than necessary.

The telephone bell summoned Joy to the den, where she sat perched on the desk beside a typewriter and assured her caller that she was already invited to the preview of her latest picture, "Unexpected Father." Before she had slipped off the desk, a second caller extended an invitation, also to the preview, but refused to ring off until he had made a date for dinner the next free evening. She hadn't reached the living room again before a new summons revealed that old friends from New Orleans had just arrived and hoped to take Joy to see "Unexpected Father." Studio luncheons, Brown Derby dinners, etc., had to be substituted.

"Sounds like plugs for the picture," beamed Joy, "but this is such a friendly town, I think. Everyone wants to be nice to you! But talking about food for Fall, what about chocolate cream pie? It's heavenly!"

CHOCOLATE CREAM PIE

- 2 squares Baker's bitter chocolate
- 3 tablespoons cornstarch
- 2 cups milk
- 3 egg yolks
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 egg whites
- 2 teaspoons Burnetts vanilla
- ¼ teaspoon salt

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Mix together sugar, cornstarch and egg yolk, add milk and stir. Then pour into top of double boiler with melted chocolate. Cook until thick, stirring slowly but constantly. When quite thick, remove from fire and add vanilla. When cold pour into pastry shell that has been previously baked and cover with meringue made with egg whites and sugar. Brown quickly in the oven.

When Joy entertains a crowd, they usually play the numbers game. "It makes a tremendous lot of noise, but it's fun. Each person is given a number, from one up to whatever number is playing. The first in line calls out a number and the one whose number is called must immediately call another number, or go up to the end of the line. This keeps up, rapidfire, until you're exhausted. Once I was *three* and Allan Jones was *eight* and we got so we couldn't re-



The name of William Lundigan's new film is "The Forgotten Woman," a Universal production, but the title will never apply to Bill's mother, Mrs. Michael Lundigan, of Syracuse, New York, who is visiting her son in his new Hollywood home.

member another number quick enough—he would shout ‘Three’ and I’d scream ‘Eight’ and he’d shout back and so on, until finally I managed to gasp another number and could get my breath. Maybe it doesn’t sound funny, but it is!

“Another crazy game that we play is the pan-and-spoon game. Some one is sent out of the room and the rest decide what he is to do when he comes back. When he comes in, I have my pan and spoon and beat loudly on one with the other until he gets close to wherever he is to do his stunt, then I beat softly and he knows he’s there. The beating goes louder if he doesn’t do whatever it is, and softens as he gets near it and stops when he does it. Once Jeanette MacDonald told us that Gene Raymond could stand on his head and do acrobatic stunts, and we decided he should do one, and he did! Irene Hervey had us play the game at her house and they had me sing a song from the New York show, *You’re My Dish!*”

“It’s the funniest feeling when you have never played the game before and you can’t imagine how you are going to know what to do. You hear the frightful noise and you know you must move. Then you step forward—or across the room—and the noise lessens and you know you are in the right direction. You touch a lamp and the noise gets louder, you touch the piano and it gets softer. Then you sit on the piano bench and it lessens. You play something and it gets louder. You play something else, but that isn’t it. Then you sing and the noise stops! I don’t know *how* you know, but you do. Something seems to tell you. Nobody ever misses. It’s interesting thinking of something complicated that you are sure someone can’t do—but he does.”

The telephone bell rang again. This time it was someone from the home state, wanting Joy to go to see “Unexpected Father.”

Jackie Grows Up

Continued from page 29

Finally one day he came to us and said, ‘Hey, when am I going back to work again?’ Naturally, we asked him why. ‘High school’s swell and the kids are swell,’ he explained. ‘But gee whiz. I’ll lose my confidence if I don’t work soon. I guess I never was happier than when I was working. I’d sure like to be busy again.’

“Either way, we knew we were taking a fifty-fifty chance. We had tried both ways. We reminded Jackie that he’d have to have a private tutor again, no kids to play with, and all the other changes that must come. We assured him, though, that it was up to him to make his own decision. So Jackie went back to work.”

Having been off the screen for several years, Jackie’s parents thought it much wiser for him to sign a one-picture deal with Monogram. This he did. “Boy of the Streets,” a production that cost little money, sent Jackie Cooper right up the ladder to his former place. Since then he’s been working steadily and finds it impossible to accept all the jobs that are offered him.

Jackie has caused his parents so little trouble because the word “can’t” is never used in their household. Not once have they ever said to him, “You *can’t* do it.” They’ve trained Jackie to come to them and ask, regardless of what is in his mind and heart. If they think the question at hand is wrong, they try to discourage him by suggesting something twice as good. When Jackie felt that he wanted to smoke, he went to his parents and asked permission. They didn’t throw hysterics and scream, “You can’t. You’re too young. Cigarettes are bad for you.” Instead,

Jackie’s father went out and bought him a pipe. Not only that, but he started a collection of pipes for Jackie. Every time he does something particularly good, he gets another for his collection.

Ever since he took a boat trip through the Panama Canal, Jackie has been mad about swing music. When he developed a great enthusiasm for playing the drums, the Bigelows were happy to encourage this pastime. Their one concern now is to tear him away from the drums long enough to get his proper rest. Jackie has organized his own band. He has ambitions to take it out on the road and he throws himself into his work with all the frenzy of seventeen. It’s a wonderful outlet for his emotion. But they have to curb him occasionally, to keep him from getting too nervous. Most of the members of Jackie’s band, though just kids, have to support their mothers. So Jackie is always trying to get them jobs in his pictures. Those Sunday afternoon jam sessions in the Bigelow home are tough on the neighbors. Their playroom isn’t sound-proof and even Marlene Dietrich, who lives across the street, has to close her windows. It keeps the kids at home and that’s what the Bigelows like. Jackie has great admiration for Spencer Tracy, but Gene Krupa, the sizzling skin-beater, is really the number one idol.

One Sunday when Krupa was in town, he came out to Jackie’s house. Shep Fields was there too. Jackie was beside himself with excitement. He really snapped his boys into it and they put on a twenty-five thousand dollar show. Judy Garland sang. Tommy Wonder danced. Lana Turner, Freddie Bartholomew, and other young hopefuls were among the spectators. Jackie practices as much as three hours a day. He sits with his drums in front of his victrola and plays with such swingsters

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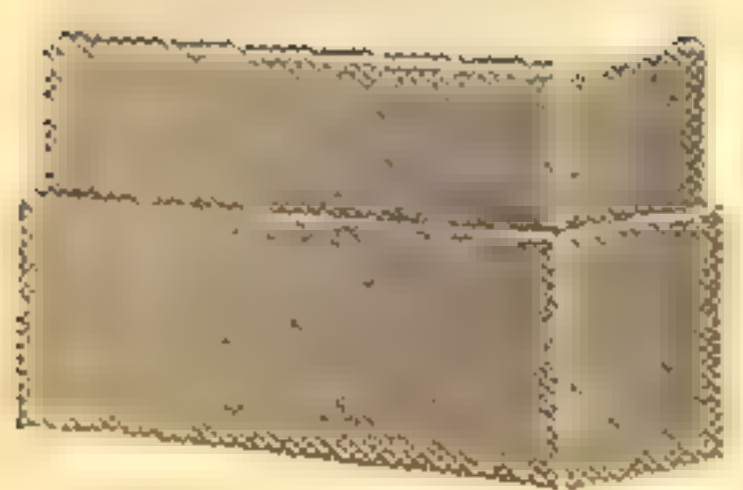
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Jackie Cooper and Freddie Bartholomew may be screen rivals, but that doesn't keep them from being good friends. They're together again in Universal's "Bright Victory."



as Louis Prima, Tommy Dorsey, and of course the one and only Gene Krupa.

Another one of Jackie's ambitions is to take his band out to Joan Crawford's house and let them swing it. Joan doesn't know this so perhaps when she reads this story Jackie will get his wish. Jackie also has a great collection of guns and swords. He's taking boxing lessons and just to give you a rough idea of how good he is, his dad offered to wrestle with him one day. Mr. Bigelow came out of it with two cracked ribs and a sprained thumb! After Jackie finished "Spirit of Culver" his father sent him to Palm Springs for a few days—to get him away from swing—and presented him with a typical Gene Autry cowboy outfit, complete even to spurs. When they made Jackie Mayor of Palm Springs for a day, it was well worth his sacrifice of swing!

There isn't one ounce of jealousy or selfishness in Jackie Cooper's make-up. At the preview of "Boys Town" Jackie laughed and cried and applauded Mickey Rooney every time he came on the screen. Later on Jackie had occasion to work with Gene Reynolds, who so poignantly played the crippled boy opposite Mickey. Gene had a crying scene to do, but it wasn't coming off very well. Jackie, who is a good mixer on the set and always trying to help everyone, took Gene aside. "What would you do if your mother died?" suggested Jackie. "That's what I always ask myself when I have to make myself cry." Gene Reynolds went back into the scene and cried his heart out. Jackie on the sidelines cried right along with him. Just two young troupers. Freddie Bartholomew, who was in the same picture, is eighteen months younger than Jackie. In spite of Freddie being heralded as a dangerous rival, Jackie thinks he's swell.

Jackie likes to go to cafés and he likes to take pretty Pat Stewart when he does. After he has heard the band, Jackie is perfectly content to walk out on a large party and be home at the time promised his mother. The advent of his seventeenth birthday is causing quite a bit of readjustment in the life of young Mister Cooper. His old hopped-up flivver that looked liked a Christmas tree on wheels has now been replaced by a sedate sedan, given to him by his parents. While he still objects to tight-fitting clothes, Jackie is watching his appearance carefully. In fact, one day on the Universal lot, he carried on a serious discussion with that studio's "Little Tough Guys." The topic of conversation: "how important it is for boys to keep their hair cut."

There is one other person who enters into this story. He is Norman Taurog, Jackie's uncle who has made many of the finer pictures to come out of Hollywood. It was Norman who directed the never-to-

be-forgotten "Skippy." It was Norman who recently directed "Boys Town" and many other great pictures in between. To Jackie, Norman poured out his own tender and kindly philosophy of life. One of the most-loved directors by Hollywood stars, it was Norman who first told Jackie, "You've got to live a thing to make people believe it."

Jackie has never forgotten this. That is why Jackie today is a *living* example of the best in American boyhood.

Are Movie Stars Good Sports?

Continued from page 23

professional writer or the reporter puts it.

Not all the movie folks are explosive on the tennis court. In fact, I have found that by and large the individual stars generally express their screen personalities while in the throes of a pitched tennis battle. Charlie Chaplin, for instance, is a cool and calculating player. He plans every play carefully. Being left-handed he has a trick swing that puts a terrific spin on the ball. He deservedly prides himself in outsmarting his opponent with his deceptive delivery. His attitude toward his tennis is the same as that toward his work. By virtue of his sensitive, artistic nature, when he fails to come up to his own expectations he plumbs the very depths of despondency. A bitter man and a woeful figure—until tea is served.

Carole Lombard, on the tennis courts, is as unpredictable as she is consistent on the screen. She has a keen and analytic mind. She knows every shot on the court and can sense an opponent's weakness almost instantly. As for her playing, like many champions of the court, she is either very good or else—. At times, her game becomes downright inspirational. There was one instance where Carole and I were having some publicity pictures taken. While warming up, Carole played her usual good game. But suddenly something happened. The moment the battery of cameras was turned on, I thought I was playing a combination of Helen Moody, Anita Liza and Berkeley Bell. Swell gal, Carole!

Marlene Dietrich is an interesting example of a constant personality. She approaches tennis as though it were a rôle in a von Sternberg movie. Mystic, detached from the other players (and often from the ball), and comporting herself as though wrapped up in dreams of a life on some faraway enchanted isle, she is always a source of delight to the onlookers and irritation to her partner. There is no doubt that she thoroughly enjoys the game, but

she insists on playing it her own way. Her will to win may be lacking, but this is compensated by her acute desire for good form and grace.

I always think of Ronald Colman as the perfect gentleman of the screen—and the tennis courts. Unruffled as a palm leaf on a still summer night, he wades through a tennis match with all the ease and graciousness that he portrays in a screen rôle. When faced with a momentary disappointment, inevitable in the course of a set he merely creases his brow, smiles disarmingly and passes it off with some dry, self-deprecating witty observation. It is difficult for me to believe that he does not write his own dialogue, so closely do his private habits and speech resemble those of his screen work.

Comedians supply another side to Hollywood tennis. Whenever I have played with comedians, tennis seemed always to be subordinated to laughs. Edgar Bergen and Jack Benny often play at the Beverly Hills tennis club. I have never seen Edgar play a straight set of tennis. Perhaps Charlie

McCarthy was right when he told me during one match: "Bergen couldn't get the ball over the net with a steam shovel. So what does he do? He plays to the house for laughs with his clowning. He ought to stick to tennis. He'd get exercise—more than he would as a daredevil motor cyclist."

I wouldn't know whether Charlie was right. But I do know Edgar gets a lot of fun out of tennis. His pet pastime is to pump a deep lob across the net, rush in short, close to one of the alleys and, throwing his voice to the opposite side of the court, shout a bit of nonsense at his adversary. The latter, keeping his eye on the ball, is naturally deceived. He lams the ball to what he thinks is the unoccupied side of the court. Whereupon Edgar deliberately takes the range, makes the kill and nearly strangles himself laughing.

Jack Benny has no inferiority about his game. He says that he may not be in a class with Vines and Perry, but he sure can take just as good a shower.

Groucho Marx is a player who fairly drips with confidence. To all who care to listen, he proudly contends that he could beat any man twice his age—or over. All Hollywood is scouring the land, it seems, for a phenomenal octogenarian tennis player, hopeful of making Groucho eat his words. None too sure but what Hollywood might unearth his master, Groucho is somewhat reconciled and is content to let his laurels rest on this bit of repartee: "All right. If they find the guy, so what? I've eaten a lot worse than words when I was in vaudeville."

The tennis court is not only an escape from the blistering Kleiglites and a rehearsal hall for the mirth-provokers. It also has become Hollywood's favorite site for the settling of petty grudges and the readjustment of injured egos. The head of the studio becomes just a guy named "Joe" if cursed with a faulty backhand. And an unemployed actor can ascend to the seventh heaven of self-satisfaction by smearing a current screen idol with an overhead smash and a zippy back-spin.

No opus on Hollywood tennis is complete without special mention of one celebrity who divides his leisure moments between gunning for lions in the Rocky Mountains and gunning for Carole Lombard's goat on the tennis court. A crack marksman and an accomplished tease, he always brings home the bacon. It has become a ritual with Carole to greet each new day with a solemn and "So Help Me" declaration that she'd rather have her option dropped than be seen on a tennis court with "that man" again. Yet before the sun dips silently into the distant Pacific, you can be sure that Miss Lombard has had another exasperating session with "that man—the brute."

His pet method of peeving La Lombard is to bear down from the opening shot and run up a comfortable three or four game lead. Then throw away points till the score is tied and the seething Carole bursts a pipe screeching a plea to the tennis deities on high to unleash their wrath upon the head of the ruthless creature across the net. Whereupon he chuckles immensely and proceeds to annex a few more games before giving her pride another severe jolt. To add to her vexation, when she flubs an easy shot he halts the game to pick apart her latest picture and describe in cruel detail the mess she made of her important scenes.

You know, of course, who this monster is. The only man in the world who could do such things and say such things to the glamorous Lombard—and get away with it. That's right. Clark Gable—who likes tennis, likes horse-play better, but best of all likes Carole, the light of his life, whom he fondly calls "Ma" both on and off her clay, lime-striped "torture rack."

And what do you call HIM, Carole?



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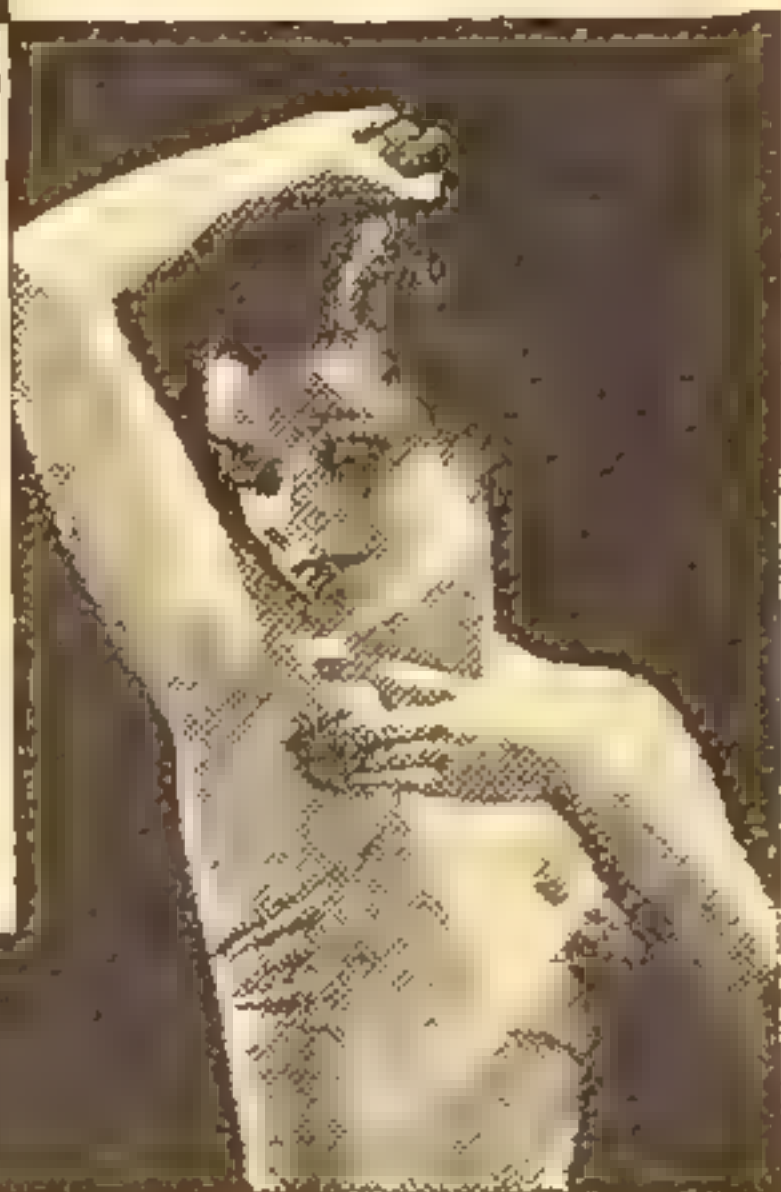
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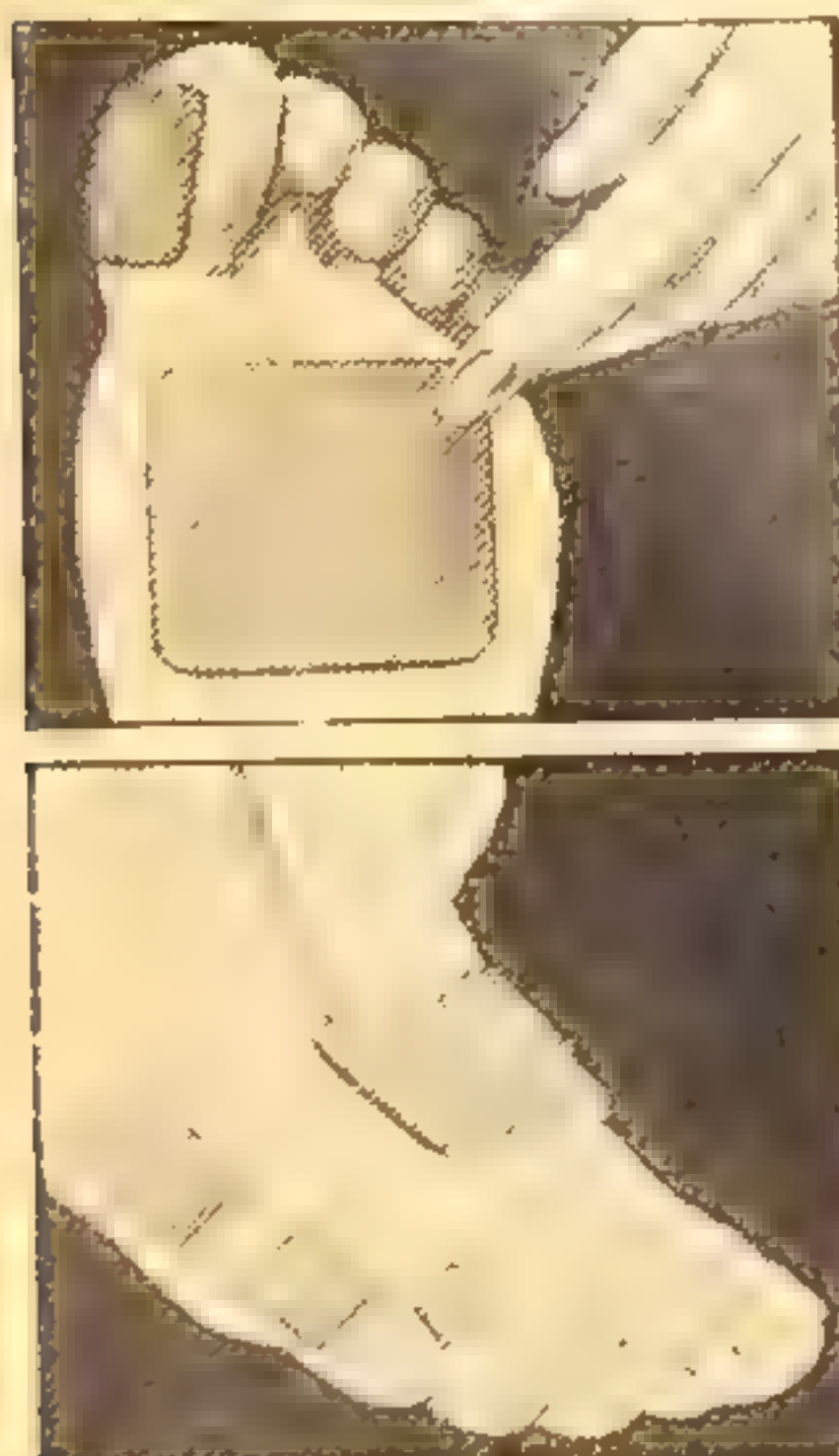
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Discovered

Continued from page 62

words of wisdom, but the performances of maturity. Robert's mother, a musician by inclination, was one of the eldest children of a large New England family. So that she had, early, to become one of the mainstays of the family and did not, therefore, have much chance for expansion along artistic lines. Climb around on his Family Tree as he will, his mother's musical ability is the only artistic bent Robert can discover on either side. His father, Frank Meserve, is a clothier, a solid and substantial citizen, one of that great good number called "the backbone of the Nation" who just about manage to make ends meet as their reward for being backbones. So that while Robert and his younger brother Frank went through grade school and high school, they were public schools, and though they were offered college if they wanted it, they had to earn what spending money they had, they were brought up to believe that what we get in this world we work for, or go hungry.

When Robert was two years old the family removed from New England to Hollywood. Strangers here, they settled in a small house in a neighborhood which, it developed, was entirely Mexican. So that the boys went to school with little Mexicans and were dragged out when they began to speak with Spanish accents! They were removed to another school which turned out to be pupiled almost entirely by Italians. One of Robert's best friends now is one of the Italians he went to school with. And he is grateful, now, for the understanding of foreigners, of the sons of laboring men which his cosmopolite schooling gave him.

Eventually Robert attended Lincoln High School in Los Angeles, met a few Americans for a change, decided to become a boxer, Made His First Appearance On Any Stage. He still thinks it's one of those things that he ever did school dramatics at all. Because he did *not*, he says, particularly admire actors. "Boxers, gridiron heroes, tennis champs, those were my men!" says Robert. But he had a friend who was a member of the Glee Club, did a lot of school theatricals, and Bob used to hang around so much waiting for his pal that the dramatic teacher finally gave him a part in a play "just to fill in space." The play was called "The Haunted House." The dramatic teacher's name was Edward Wenig. "And," says Robert, "if I ever reach that state of grace where people care about who 'discovered' me, the credit line or the blame attaching goes to Edward Wenig. It all dates back to him, everything I've done. *He made me an actor.* Against my will, too. All set to be a boxer, as I was, I was always late for rehearsals and kept poor Mr. Wenig in a state of perpetual exasperation. Anyway, I appeared in a number of school plays.



Lana Turner getting ready for the scene with Lew Ayres in "These Glamor Girls," pictured on page 35 of this issue.

I was in the Shakespearean contests, of course, they went along with your Lit. class. I'm sure the first thing I ever 'rendered' was Hamlet's Soliloquy. It *must* have been. Contrary to most guys, though, I liked Shakespeare. That should have warned me. It didn't.

"The summer I got out of school, that was in 1935 and I was fifteen, Edward Wenig took me by the scruff of the neck and practically gave me to Mrs. Patia Power, Tyrone's mother, you know, who with her stock company was doing Shakespearean repertoire out here. And I got the part of *Julius Caesar*, playing opposite Mrs. Power herself. Isn't that terrific! I spent the next year wandering around Hollywood, playing in Little Theatres, the kind that want you to pay as you play; at benefits in the Hollywood Bowl for Mothers' Day—that sort of thing.

"Then I went to one of the public readings at the Pasadena Playhouse. I forget the name of the thing I did—it was an original. I must have fascinated Gilmor Brown because he gave me a part in one of his plays, which we did at Padua Hills, to see what was wrong with me. It was then discovered that my voice was wrong. It sounded like it had gray hair on it, my voice, or as though it was coming up out of some ancestor's tomb. What ailed it was, I'd played so many old parts, just when my voice was changing, that I'd thrown it into an unnatural register. More than unnatural, *uncanny*. Gilmor Brown kept me at his Play Box Theatre, which is a sort of stepping stone to the Playhouse itself, for about a year, playing a variety of parts. He finally entrusted me with something at the Playhouse. It was then I had my first, last, (I hope) and only juvenile part, as *Dennis* in 'Ethan Frome.' I don't want to play juveniles. You see," explained incredibly young Mr. Preston, "I don't *feel* young. I'm not the coltish type. Not a play-boy. I've never been much of a one with the girls. Haven't had time. Playing at the Playhouse, working in a parking station, ate up my days and nights. My brother, Frank, two years younger than I, has had quite a life already. Not me. And by the way, I had to wear a mustache for 'Beau Geste' and discovered that I could grow my own, overnight!" (Let Gable tie that!).

"Well, then I got what it takes—the 'breaks'! There I was at the Playhouse playing supporting rôles as humbly as any *Heep*. Then the Screen Actors Guild de-

creed that professionals couldn't play in amateur houses which automatically disbarred Onslow Stevens, Robert Young, Randolph Scott, and others from playing at the Playhouse. So I got the plummy parts they would have had. I got Gable's screen part in 'Idiot's Delight,' I did 'The Last Mile' and others. Talent scouts from over Hollywood way began to look at me with tape-measuring eyes. Bella and Sam Spewack talked to me about doing one of their plays in New York. I wanted to go to New York. Hollywood? Oh, definitely, no! That was not farthest from my mind, it wasn't even in my mind at all. I was just about ripening up for Broadway when Sidney Justin, Paramount's lawyer, saw me in 'Idiot's Delight.' He told Harold Hurley, a big mogul at Paramount, that 'something should be done.' And something was.

"Mr. Justin took me over to Paramount. Mr. Hurley called director Robert Flory in to talk with me. Right then and there they asked me to make a screen test. They gave me my choice of what I wanted to do. I picked a scene from 'Idiot's Delight,' one from 'The Last Mile' to do. It was in my favor that I wasn't under any tension. I didn't really care, then, whether they took me or not. They shot 2000 feet of film, which is several hundred more than they usually shoot for a test. J. Carroll Naish worked in the tests with me, which was swell of him and a big break for me. Right away, I was impressed. I honestly hadn't had any 'arty' ideas about 'The Theatre' but I suppose I was a little superior about mo'om pitchers. How wrong I was! I discovered that the lighting was such as to make theatre lighting look like a leaky gas-jet. I found that in a jail scene I could really run up and *shake the bars* without fearing that they would come apart in my hands. The thing was *real*—you could do real things—I began to take a keen interest. I began to hope that they would sign me. They did—that same afternoon. To a long term contract. And I went into 'King of Alcatraz.' I have an idea that director Flory was then casting 'Alcatraz' and didn't want to bother testing 60 other people and so took what was offered him—me. Still, they didn't have to sign me to a contract. I felt swell. I felt a little defiant, too. I went back over to the Playhouse and found myself defending pictures, not because I was in them but because I *meant* it.

"I gave up my job at the Santa Anita Race Track, too. For two years I'd been parking cars at Santa Anita to support myself while I was working, for no pay, at the Playhouse. Say," Robert laughed, "I often told Gable where to park his car—he was grand, too. He almost always turned up in time for the fourth race. I'd have to say to him, 'Sorry, Mr. Gable, but it's all filled up in the Clubhouse parking space.' 'Yeah?' he'd say, 'okay, where do I go?' I'd indicate the general admission parking space, where the flivvers napped. He'd never grouch. After a while it got so that when Gable drove in he'd just jerk his thumb in the direction of the Clubhouse parking space, I'd shake my head 'No,' he'd jerk his thumb toward the general admission space, I'd nod my head 'Yes' and off he'd go. There were several of them who were not so nice, believe me, who'd just crash on through. Not Gable. He's sure regular! Tracy was swell, too. And we all tried to get Will Rogers because he was always good for a grin, too, and for a four-bit tip! Well," grinned young Preston, with a chesty sigh of gratification, "well, by golly, *this* year I've seen them all, all the stars, in there, *inside* the Clubhouse, right in there with them!

"It was a kick for me, of course, to be able to go home and tell my folks about

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T-219



"When Tomorrow Comes" is a triple treat—besides Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer it has Frances Robinson above.

my contract. My mother, being a mother, said, 'I'm not surprised, I knew it all along!' My Dad had been a bit skeptical about my being an actor, at first. He thought it was just another bug I was off on. First it had been music, then boxing, now acting, then what? But even when I was at the Playhouse he was right in there with me. Any time I could have pointed out to you just where Dad had been sitting—there was always a program torn into little pieces under his seat!

"So, 'Alcatraz' was my picture break. Then I did a couple of other 'B's', 'Illegal Traffic,' 'Disbarred,' the latter with Gail Patrick and Otto Kruger. And then—'Union Pacific'!"

Robert leaned his elbows on the table in the Paramount commissary where, over a dish of ice-cream for me, a 'coke' for him, we were talking. He said, now, gravely enough, "I never have got the straight of how or why I got that part in 'Union Pacific.' I still don't really know how-come I escaped the common fate of so many others—the fate which leaves them cooling their heels on the lots without so much as a bit part until the Front Office, checking over expenses, points to a player's name, says, 'What's he done?'. The answer is 'Nothing' and the answer to that is, 'Well, let him go!' I don't know how I managed to bust out of 'B's' before I be-gan to be-gone forever! I've heard several versions: one is that Mr. DeMille ran some reels of 'Alcatraz' for the purpose of looking at another player, saw me and thought he saw something in me, along with a lot of faults. Whatever gave me the break, I'm not asking any questions. I'm trying to answer the questions, that's job enough for me!

"I can't say enough nice things about Mr. DeMille. Show how clever he is, I had just one tense scene to do in the whole picture. It came toward the end of the script. Mr. DeMille made me do that scene *the first day I worked*. He knew that if I was going to be tense at all, it would be that first day. Pretty smart? He and Barbara always kissed each other good morning and good night. He always shook hands with me, with the other members of the cast, every morning and evening. Boy," said Robert, acting twenty-ish for the first time, "he's sure keen!"

"I've got an awful lot of nice things to say, too, about the sweetheart I recently lost to Bob Taylor! Golly, that Barbara

Stanwyck is simply terrific. She was so good to me—she wouldn't let me do a thing unless she okayed it. She wouldn't even let me pose for a still unless she okayed the pose. She'd take me off and give me all kinds of tips—like 'there's the camera over there, take a good look at it and then forget it!' or 'don't let anyone get *too far* in front of you!' She'd advise me about how eyes screen the best—she gave me other kinds of advice, too, telling me to read only the bad things about myself, saying that there are enough back-slappers in the world so that I'd be sure to get a big enough load of the loving things said about me—telling me that no matter how thickly I was buttered there'd always be some reviewer or critic, maybe off in Kearney, Wyoming, who wouldn't like my face and would say so—and how right she is! Gosh," breathed Bob, "when I first saw 'Union Pacific' I thought it was terrific, I thought I'd never seen such an acting job in my life as Mrs. Preston's little boy turned in—and then I saw it a second time and I thought that Mrs. P.'s little boy might have done a whole lot better—and then I saw it a *third* time and—let's skip it! Enough to say that I saw so many faults they'd make another story—so many things I'll never do again that I'm practically Preston, Limited!"

"Barbara warned me, too, never to think of myself as of unique importance. Well, she was dead right about that, too. When we went out on personal appearance tour with 'Union Pacific' I found that out. When I appeared, they cheered me and my applause hadn't died a natural death before another actor stepped out and got the same identical hand, and then some of the extras and bit players appeared and they didn't even know their names but doggone, if they didn't get the same hand, too! The golden word 'Hollywood' is what pins the orchids on us. I learned that—for keeps.

"Well, after 'Union Pacific' I went right into 'Beau Geste'—and again I didn't have to worry because Gary Cooper was my Papa and he took the best of care of me. I don't know, at this minute, what I'm going to do next, who my next Papa will be. I think maybe Lynn Overman from what I hear. Lynn was my Papa when we made the personal appearance tour. He told me what *to* and what *not* to—and if I haven't learned that Mama and Papa Know Best, I'll eat it!"

"I sure have to give it the laugh when I remember how I used to think that the Hollywood bunch were a cynical lot, hard-bitten and all. Why, say, short of giving me their names and parts and contracts they didn't stop at anything. I have to laugh when I think how some arty people look down their five yards of noses at motion picture stars. I played with some mighty fine 'artistes' at the Playhouse but I never had a leading lady that approached Barbara Stanwyck. Everything Gary Cooper knows he learned in pictures. And if you think these stars get along just because they are 'personalities' that's because you've never worked with them. When you do work with them, as I've done, you know that they are actors who *know their jobs*. So here I am, and—"

"What," I interrupted him here, "what about your Private Life? You have now attained to that state of living in a gold-fish bowl where some information about The Private Life of Robert Preston is indicated. So, come, cast caution to the winds, *give!*"

Young Mr. Preston looked not a whit dashed. A very self-confident young man, Paramount's Very Whitest Hope—you wonder how, at a piffling twenty, he has ever managed to acquire so much self-possession, poise, balance, what the flowery novelists would label *savoir-faire*.

He said: "This is my first magazine interview, you know"—(I did Clark Gable's first magazine interview, too, by the way—is history repeating itself?)—"so I may be a bit stupid about what you want. But when you mention my Private Life I take it you mean—have I got a gal? Yes, I *have* got a gal. Her name is Cay Felter. She does dramatic work on the radio. So we have much the same interests. We're not going to get married suddenly, nothing like that. I can only say that it's this serious: we do intend to run around together for quite a while!"

"I haven't done the social at all, in Hollywood. Haven't ever been inside the Troc. I don't know hardly any of the picture people socially, as yet. But we're going to do the social sometime, my girl and I, just to see what it's like. I know that a little of it will go a long way with me, as long as the rest of my life, no doubt. I still spend a lot of my spare time at the Playhouse. I sit in at the round table discussions. We go to the movies a lot, Cay and I, and I go to all the fights. I've got a nice house, now, that's what I wanted most. And my folks are happy. My mother doesn't have to work any more if she doesn't want to. She's been manager of the record department of a music shop for 16 years. She's still at it because she wants to be. The big kick is that she knows she can quit if she wants to. The rest of my 'kick' consists in the happy fact that I don't have to put on the same suit every day any more. And I've bought what I always wanted—a *new* car. Instead of one of the second hand flivs which were my lot in cars, B.P.—Before Pictures.

"I want to make pictures like the story, 'F.O.B. Detroit' which I may do, an automobile factory story. That's the type of thing I want to do—pictures where I can do six or seven scenes with my face pretty dirty. I have only one fear, of getting typed. I'm not a 'mood' man," laughed young Robert, "but I do have enough temperament to want variety in what I do, guts, and plenty of them.

"So," grinned Mr. P., not a bit out of breath after the longest "side" any actor ever delivered for an interview, "so, the zephyrs are still blowing and where they will blow next, nobody knows!"

I repeat, they are *not* zephyrs—blasts and gales and hurricanes have wammed Mr. P. right out of the "B's" and into the Biggies, and they are continuing to blow Robert Preston, hardily, toward stardom.



Audrey Maynard, the cutie in "Million Dollar Legs," belongs to Paramount's "Golden Circle," group of coming stars.

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